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*Quinti Horatii Flacci*

C A R M I N A.

T H E  
O D E S, E P O D E S,

A N D  
C A R M E N S E C U L A R E

O F  
*H O R A C E:*

W I T H  
Three E N G L I S H T R A N S L A T I O N S.

A N D  
' N O T E S C R I T I C A L a n d E X P L A N A T O R Y.



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P A T I N G H A M.

P R I N T E D f o r t h e E D I T O R. M, D C C, L I I I.





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**Q**UINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, Venusinus, patre, ut ipse quidem tradit, † libertino, & exactio-num coactore; ut verò creditum est, falsamentario: cùm illi quidam in altercatione exprobrasset, *Quoties ego vidi patrem tuum brachio se emungentem?* Bello Philippensi || excitus à M. Bruto Imperatore, Tribunus militum meruit: victisque partibus, venià impetratâ, scriptum Quæstorium comparavit: ac primò § Mæcenati, mox Augusto in gratiam insinuatus, non mediocrem in amborum amicitia locum tenuit. Mæcenas quantopere eum dilexerit, satis demonstratur illo epigrammate:

*Ni te visceribus meis, Horati,  
Plus jam diligo, tu tuum sodalem  
\* Ninnio me videas strigiosorem.*

Sed multo magis extremis, tali ad Augustum elogio;

*Horatii Flacci, ut mei, esto memor.*

Augustus epistolarum quoque ei officium obtulit, ut hoc ad Mæcenatem scripto significat; *Antè ipse sufficiebam scribendis epistolis amicorum:*  
nunc.

\* *Porphyrio*, one of the most ancient Commentators upon *Horace*, Expressly attributes this Life of our Author to *Suetonius*; and the Stile of that Biographer, as Mr. *Dacier* observes, is discernible thro' the whole Piece.

† Sat. 6. L. 1.

|| He was then a Student at Athens. See Epist. 2. L. 2.

§ In the Manner this is related, one would imagine, that *Horace* was not known to *Mæcenas*, till after he had made his Peace with *Augustus*, and bought the above-mention'd Place; whereas, on the Contrary, it was thro' the Interest of that Favourite, that he obtain'd his Pardon from *Augustus*, and the Restitution of his Estate. *Suetonius* must, therefore, mean the Time when *Horace* began to be admitted to the Familiarity of *Mæcenas*, to a Share in his Confidence and Pleasures.

**H**ORACE was of VENUSIUM, and, as himself relates, the Son of a Freedman, a Collector of Taxes; but whom common Fame hath degraded into a Merchant of Puddings and Sauces; which Report had probably no other Foundation than the Sarcastm of a certain Person, who, in a Dispute with him one Day, said, *How often have I seen your Father wipe his Nose with his Elbow?* In the *Philippic* War, he was early engaged by BRUTUS in the Cause of Liberty, and honour'd by him with a Tribuneship in his Army. After the Defeat of that Party, having obtain'd his Pardon, he purchased a Secretary's Place in the Customs. The first Thing he aspir'd to was to get into the good Graces of *Mæcenas*, in which he soon succeeded; and then insinuated himself into the Favour of *Augustus*, and ever after held a considerable Place in the Heart of that Prince, and in that of his chief Minister. The Friendship which this Favourite had for him abundantly appears in the following Epigram:

*Dear HORACE, if so lov'd as Thee,  
E'en my own Bowels are by me,  
Like shrivel'd NINNIUS, may I show  
A just annihilated Beau.*

But it appears in a much stronger, as well as nobler Light, in those few Words which he wrote to *Augustus*, when he was on his Death-Bed: *I conjure you to be as mindful of HORACE as of me.* AUGUSTUS offer'd him the Post of Secretary to his Closet, and wrote to *Mæcenas*, to signify his Mind in that Respect: *Hisberto I have been able, without the Assistance of any Person, to write to my Friends; but being now over-burthen'd*

\* This was the Reading of the learned VOSSIUS. *Ninnius Cressus* was a Poet of that Time, as remarkable for his meagre Lankness, as *Horace* for his plump Corpulency.

nunc occupatissimus & infirmus, Horatium nostrum te cupio adducere. Veniet igitur ab istâ parasiticâ mensâ ad hanc regiam, & nos in epistolis scribendis adjuvabit. Ac ne recusanti quidem aut succensuit quicquam, aut amicitiam suam suggerere destitit. Extant epistolæ, à quibus, argumenti gratiâ, pauca subjeci. Sume tibi aliquid juris apud me, tanquam si convictor tibi fueris. Rectè enim, & non temerè feceris: quoniam id usus tibi tecum esse volui, si per valetudinem tuam fieri posset. Et rursus: Tui qualem habeam memoriam, poteris ex Septimio quoque nostro audire: nam incidit ut coram illo fieret à me tui mentio. Neque enim, si tu superbus amicitiam nostram spreveris, ideo nos quoque *ANOT-ΠΕΡΦΟΝΟΤ ΜΕΝ*. Præterea sæpe eum, inter alios jocos, putissimum penem, & homuncionem lepidissimum appellat: unâque & alterâ liberalitate locupletavit. Scripta quidem ejus usque adeò probavit; mansuraque perpetuò credidit, ut non modò Seculare carmen componendum injunxerit; sed & § Vindelicam victoriam Tiberii Drusique, privignorum suorum: eumque coegerit propter hoc, tribus Carminum libris ex longo intervallo quartum addere: post Sermones verò lectos quosdam, nullam sui mentionem factam ita sit questus; *Iratum me tibi scito, quòd non in plerisque ejusmodi scriptis mecum potissimum loquaris. An vereris ne apud posteros infame tibi sit, quòd videaris familiaris nobis esse?* Expressitque Eclogam, cujus initium est,

*Cum tot sustineas & tanta negotia solus,  
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,*

*Legibus*

§ Ode 4. and 14. L. 4.

over-burthen'd with the Weight of Business and Infirmities, I wish you would bring your HORACE to me. He will then leave your Table, where he has only the Place of a PARASITE, for my Royal one, and will help me to write my Letters. He was not disgusted at Horace's refusing this Office, but continued to be his Friend as much as ever. There are some of his Letters yet extant, which are a sufficient Proof of this, out of which I have transcrib'd what follows. Prithce take some Freedom with me, as if you had a constant Place at my Table; and don't be afraid of offending me: For you know very well, that I would have had you to have lived with me in that Manner, if your Health would have permitted. And in another Letter: Our Friend SEPTIMIUS can inform you after what manner I remember you; for I happen'd to speak of you before him. Altho' you were so proud as to decline my Friendship, yet I do not return the Compliment by the Pride of a reciprocal Neglect. There are also many other Letters, wherein he rallies him, calling him the little Debauchee, and the very agreeable little Droll. On two different Occasions, he manifested his Liberality to him with a princely Magnificence. And lik'd his Verses so well, and was so firmly persuaded that they would descend to the latest Posterity, that he not only order'd him to compose the CARMEN SECULARE, but likewise to celebrate the Victory of Tiberius and Drusus, and oblig'd him, for this Reason, to add a fourth Book to the other three, which he had publish'd a long Time before. Having also read some of his Satyrs and Epistles, he was offended that he had made no mention of him, and complain'd of it in these Terms: Know, that I am angry with you, that in most of these Writings you don't address yourself to me. Are you afraid that it will, one Day, be a Blemish upon your Reputation, to be thought of the Number of my Friends? and by this he drew from him the Epistle which begins:

*While you, great Ruler of the World's Affairs,  
Alone sustain a mighty Empire's Cares,  
The State with tutelary Arms defend,  
Adorn with Manners, and with Laws amend,  
I intrude*



*Legibus emendes; in publica commoda peccem,  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.*

Habitu corporis brevis fuit, atque obesus; qualis & à semetipso in \* Satyris describitur, & ab Augusto, hac epistolâ; *Pertulit ad me Dionysius libellum tuum: quem ego (ne accussem brevitatem) quantuluscunque est, boni consulo. Vereri autem mihi videris ne majores libelli tui sint, quàm ipse es: sed, si tibi statura deest, corpusculum non deest. Itaque licebit in sextariolo scribas; cum circuitus voluminis tui sit ὀγκωδέστατος, sicut est ventriculi tui.*

Vixit plurimum in secessu ruris sui Sabini, aut Tiburtini: domusque ejus ostenditur circa Tiburni luculum. Venerunt in manus meas & elegi sub ejus titulo, & Epistola profrâ oratione, quasi commendantis se Mæcenati. Sed utraque falsa puto: nam Elegi vulgares, Epistola autem obscura; quo vitio minimè tenebatur. Natus est vi. Id. Decemb. || L. Cottâ & L. Torquato Consulibus. Decessit v. Cal. Decemb. § C. Marcio Censorino & C. Asinio Gallo Consulibus, † post nonum & quinquagesimum annum: hærede Augusto palàm nuncupato; cum urgente vi valetudinis, non sufficeret ad obsignandas testamenti tabulas. Humatus & conditus est extremis Esquiliis, juxta Mæcenatis tumulum.

\* Sat. 3. L. 2.

|| In the Year of Rome 688.

§ In the Year 745.

† But from the 8th of December 688, to the 27th of November 745, there will be found Eleven Days

*T' intrude, with long Essays, upon your Time,  
Against the Publick Welfare were a Crime.*

He was little and plump, as he has drawn his own Picture in his Satyrs, and as it is drawn by AUGUSTUS, in the following Letter to him: *DIONYSIUS brought me your little Book, which, notwithstanding it's Brevity, is very acceptable to me. But you seem to be under no small Apprehension, lest your Books should be bigger than yourself; however what you want in Stature you have in Plumpness; and nothing binds but that you may write in a little Box, since your Book, like yourself, runs all into Belly.*

He pass'd most of his Days in his belov'd Retreat in the Country of Sabinum, or Tibur; and his House is yet to be seen near the little Grove consecrated to Tiburnus.

Some Elegies under his Name have come to my Hands, and an Epistle in Prose, wrote, as it seems, to recommend the Care of his Fortune to Mæcenat; but I am of opinion they are spurious; for the Elegies are in a vulgar Taste, and the Epistle obscure, a Fault of which he cannot justly be suspected.

He was born on the 8th of December, under the Consulship of L. Cotta and L. Torquatus; and died on the 27th of November, when C. Marcus Censorinus and C. Asinius Gallus were Consuls, in his 57th Year, having named Augustus for his Heir, his Illness not permitting him to sign a Will. He was interred at the farther End of the Esquiline, near the Sepulchre of Mæcenat.

wanting of fifty seven Years compleat. So manifest an Error can be attributed only to the Copyist.





*Q. Horatii Flacci*

C A R M I N A.

THE

O D E S

OF

*H O R A C E.*



( 5 )

2. HORATII FLACCI  
CARMINUM  
LIBER PRIMUS.

THE FIRST BOOK  
OF THE  
ODES  
OF  
HORACE.

ODE I. Ad MÆCENATEM.

**M**ÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,  
O & præsidium & dulce decus meum:  
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat; metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis, palmaque nobilis  
Terrarum dominos evexit ad Deos.  
Hunc, si mobiliū turba Quiritium  
Certat tergemini tollere honoribus;  
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo  
Quidquid de Lybicis verritur arcis;  
Gaudentem patrios findere sarculo  
Agres; Attalicis conditionibus  
Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriā  
Myrtotum, pavidus nauta, secet mare.

Luçantem

The Word Ode was not introduced into the Latin Language until about the third or fourth Century, and was then first used to indicate any Pieces of Lyric Poetry. The Grammarians, perceiving that Horace has more than once used the Word *Carmen* to signify this kind of Poetry, have not scrupled to place it at the Head of his Odes, although there be not any Probability that he designed to make it their general Title.

SANADON.

But with Respect to the latter Part of this Remark the Critic seems mistaken; this Title being expressly acknowledged by Suetonius in his Life of our Author.

This Ode, tho' placed in the Front, was apparently written after a Number of others; but it stands as a Dedication of the Poet's Works to his Patron Mæcenas.

D A C.

And was probably composed for that very Purpose.

Verf. 1. *Mæcenas.*) Caius Cilnius Mæcenas is distinguished in the Roman History, by having been so many Years the Favourite of Augustus; yet is he more illustrious by the Protection and Encouragement which he gave to Men of Genius and Letters.

S A N.

His Character is thus finely drawn by Vell. Paterculus; *Vir, ubi res vigiliam exigeret, sane exsomnis, providens atque egredi sciens. Simul vero aliquid ex negotio remitti posset, otio ac molliū pane ultra faminam suens.* When Business

Translated by Mr. BROMWICH.

ODE I. To MÆCENAS.

**M**ÆCENAS sprung from scepter'd Ancestors,  
My Fortrefs, my lov'd Ornament!  
Some glory, in the rapid Course, t' have gather'd  
Olympic Dust, where the Goal shun'd  
With fervid Wheels, and the ennobling Palm  
Lift to the Gods Earth's Godlike Lords.  
The Man, whom Rome's uncertain Crowd contends  
To her chief Honours to advance;  
Or him, whose private Gran'ry hath engros'd  
All Ceres, from her Lybian Floor,  
Sweeps pleas'd; or him, who with the Share delights  
To turn his own paternal Fields;  
You ne'er will, even on Attalean Terms,  
Bribe in a Cyprian Keel to plough,  
A trembling Sailor, the Myrtoan Main.

The

required his Attention, He was a Stranger to Sleep, and discovered the greatest Sagacity and Address. But, as soon as he could disengage himself, He dissolved in Luxury and Indolence, almost beyond the Softness of Woman.

His Dilcent from the Kings of Etruria has the concurrent Testimony of several of the Poets. *Mæcenas eques Etrusco de sanguine Regum.* Proper. — *Mæcenas atavis regibus ortus equis.* Martial. — *Cui sceptris celebratum nomen Etruscis.* Sil. Italicus.

4. *Metaque fervidis, &c.*] The Turning the Goal was a Circumstance of no small Hazard. Those who have read the Description which Sophocles, in his *Electra*, has given of a Chariot Race, wherein he feigns that Orestes was killed, will not wonder that Amphitryon, in Theocritus, takes upon himself the Trouble of instructing Hercules in this Art; And that, in Homer, Nestor gives his Son particular Precepts upon this Head.

6.

THE FIRST  
BOOK.

By the Rev. Mr. PHILIP FRANCIS.

ODE I. To MÆCENAS.

O Thou, whose Birth illustrious springs  
From fair Etruria's ancient Kings,  
Mæcenas, to whose Guardian Name  
I owe my Fortune and my Fame;  
In Clouds th' Olympic Dust to roll,  
To turn with kindling Wheels the Goal,  
And gain the Palm, victorious Prize,  
Exalts a Mortal to the Skies,

This Man, to Honours rais'd supreme,  
By Rome's inconstant loud Acclaim;  
Another, if from Lybia's Plain  
He stores his private Barn with Grain;  
A Third, who with unceasing Toil  
Plows chearful his paternal Soil;  
While in their several Wishes blest,  
Not all the Wealth by Kings possest,  
Shall tempt, with fearful Souls, to brave  
The Terrors of the foamy Wave.

When

6. *Evehit ad Deos.*) Horace compares the Victors in the Olympic Games to the Gods, as elsewhere he calls them *Cælestes*, because of that Felicity (seeming to partake of more than mortal Condition) wherein they passed the Remainder of their Lives, and which Pindar stiles a Tranquility sweet as Honey.

ὁ νικῶν δὲ λοιπὸν ἀμφοῖ βίον  
ἴχνη μακροτέρων ἔχων.

They were honoured with Statues, had the first Seats in Assemblies, and were entertained at the public Expence.

7. *Hunc, si mobilium.*) In the six following Lines, if we understand three different Characters of Ambition, Avarice, and a Country-Life, we shall find a beautiful Variety in the Sense of the Poet. On the contrary, if we make *Illum* agree with *Gaudentem*, we shall not only give two Passions to the same Person, But two Passions not frequently found together: An Avarice of Hoarding, and a Chearfulness of Labour. For it is hardly conceivable, that the Covetous-

THE FIRST  
BOOK.

By Mr. CREECH.

ODE I. To MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS born of Royal Blood.  
My Joy, my Guard, and sweetest Good;  
Some love with rapid Wheels to raise  
Olympian Dust, and gather Praise;  
Where Races won, and Palms bestow'd,  
Do lift a King into a God:  
And some in high Commands are proud,  
That great Preferment of the Crowd;  
Blown by their Breath the Bubble flies,  
Gaz'd at a while, then breaks and dies:  
Another ploughs his Father's Fields,  
His Barn holds all that Lybia yields;  
And hopes of Wealth and Worlds of Gain,  
Shall never tempt him from the Plain;  
Or draw his fearful Soul to ride  
In feeble Ships, and stem the Tide:

The

ness, which would collect all the Corn of Africa, can be united with the Moderation of Him, whose whole Pleasure is the Cultivation of his Estate.

*Hunc si*, &c. represents a Man whose Ambition aims at the highest Employments in the State; *Illum si*, gives us an Image of a rich and covetous Corn-Factor; and *Gaudentem* is the Picture of a Country-Farmer, who neither desires Riches nor Honours, but is chearfully employed in the Cultivation of his Lands.

12. *Attalici conditionibus.*) Alluding to that Attalus King of Pergamus who was surnamed *Philometor*, was the last of his Family, and left the Roman People his Heir. Not only the Wealth of this Prince, like that of *Croesus*, pass'd into a Proverb; but they also said an *Attalean Stuff*, an *Attalean Habit*; to express the Richness and Magnificence of either.

14. *Myrtoum*) Part of the *Ægean Sea*, stormy, and rendered still more dangerous by a great Number of Rocks and Islands.

A 2

15. *LuBantem*



Luſtantem Icaris fluctibus Africum 35  
 Mercator metuens, otium & oppidi  
 Laudat rura ſui; mox reficit rates  
 Quaffas, indocilis pauperiem pati.  
 Eſt qui nec veteris pocula Maſſici,  
 Nec partem ſolido demere de die 20  
 Spernit, nunc viridi membra ſub arbuto  
 Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput ſacræ.  
 Multos caſtra juvant, & lituo tubæ  
 Permiſtus ſonitus, bellaque matribus  
 Deſtata. Manet ſub Jove frigido 25  
 Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor;  
 Seu viſa eſt catulis cerva fidelibus,  
 Seu rupit teretes Maſſus aper plagas.  
 Me doctarum ederæ præmia frontium  
 Diſ miſcent ſuperis; me gelidum nemus, 30  
 Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori  
 Secernunt populo; ſi neque tibiaſ  
 Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia  
 Leſboum reſugit tendere barbiton.  
 Quod ſi me lyricis vatibus inferes, 35  
 Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.

## ODE

15. *Luſtantem Africum.*) The Wind *Africus*, called by the Greeks *Libi* and *Natozephyrus*, and by the Italians *Lebeccio*, is one of the moſt outrageous. Hence our Author in the fourth Ode gives it the Epithet *præcipitem*; and Virgil that of *creber procellis*.

19. *Veteris Pocula Maſſici.*) This Wine was formerly in great Eſteem, is at preſent known by the Name *Maſſacano*, and grows in Campania, on a Hill called *Monte Maſſo*.

20. *Nec partem.*) The ſolid Day was an entire Day of twelve Hours. The Romans ſeldom eat, (at leaſt they had no regular Meal) until Evening, and the Voluptuary is here ſaid to take away from the ſolid Day (perhaps from the Buſineſs and Sobriety of it,) by beginning his Feaſts before Sun-ſet.

CRUQUIUS.

Or, *Part* may very well ſignify the *Moiety* or *Half*, as Dacier interprets it; and then we muſt underſtand ſuch a Voluptuary as began his Revel ſo early in the Day as Noon. This Catullus calls *de die facere convivium*, and mentions it as a Reproach:

*Vos convivium, ſumptuoſa laute  
De die facitis.*

For your Parts, you begin your coſtly and luxurious Banquets at High-Day. *De die*, at Noon, as *de nocte*, at Midnight.

*Ut jugulent homines ſurgunt de nocte latrones.*

The Merchant when the rude South-weſt  
 Fights with th' *Icarian* Billows, ſcar'd, extolls  
 A Country Life; where Pleaſure ſmiles,  
 Thro' each chaſte rural Scene, to Safety wed!  
 But ſoon reſits his ſhatter'd Bark,  
 Untutor'd with meek Penury to dwell.  
 There is who nor the roſy Bowl,  
 With vet'ran *Maſſic* crown'd, declines, nor Part  
 To borrow from the ſolid Day,  
 His Limbs beneath cool Verdures ſpread, or where  
 Soft flows ſome hallow'd Fount. The Camp,  
 The Trumpet and ſhrill Clarion's mingled Voice,  
 With Numbers have their Charms, and Wars  
 Which Mothers hate. The Night beneath chill *Jove*,  
 Unmindful of his tender Spouſe,  
 The Hunter wears, whether his well-train'd Dogs  
 Keep the fleet Hind in View, or burſts  
 Indignant from his Toils the *Maſſyan* Boar.  
 Thee to th' Immortals th' Ivy Wreath,  
 Which triumphs round the learned Brow, hath rais'd.  
 The breezy Grove and light-foot Choir  
 Of Nymphs and Satyrs, from th' inglorious Throng,  
 Sequeſter and diſtinguiſh me;  
 If nor *Euterpe* ſilence her ſweet Flute,  
 Nor *Polyhymnia* reſuſe  
 To wake the *Leſbian* String. But ſhould you deign  
 Among ſam'd *Lyric* Bards t' enroll  
 Your Poet's Name, exulting I ſhall hide  
 Amidſt the Stars my Front ſublime.

## ODE

22. *Aque ſacræ.*) All Fountains of Water were ſuppoſed by the Heathens to have their tutelary Deities; to whom Groves were dedicated, Chapels conſecrated, and Altars erected.

25. *Sub Jove frigido.*) The calling the Air *Jupiter* was an ancient Phraſe, eſpecially in the Language of Poetry.

*Iſtic eſt hic Jupiter quem dico, quem Græci vocant ærem.*  
ENNIVS.

27. *Catulis fidelibus.*) Dogs faithful in their Purſuit of the Game, which hunt true, and neither loſe, nor balk the Scent, as the Sportsmen term it. The Fidelity of Dogs to their Maſters is foreign to the Purpoſe here, as Dacier remarks.

29. *Ederæ.*) The Muſes and Bacchus wear Garlands of Ivy



When loud the Winds and Billows wage  
Wild War with elemental Rage,  
The Merchant praises the Retreat,  
The Quiet of his rural Seat;  
Yet, Want untutor'd to sustain,  
Soon rigs his shatter'd Bark again.

No mean Delights possess his Soul,  
Who crowns with gen'rous Wine his Bowl;  
Whose early Revels are begun,  
Ere half the Course of Day be run;  
At some soft-flowing Fountain's Head,  
Or in the Shade his Limbs are spread,  
Others in tented Fields rejoice,  
The Trumpet-Sound, the Clarion-Voice:  
While the pale Mother's Fears detest  
Those Wars, which charm a Soldier's Breast.

The Hunter, chill'd by midnight Jove,  
Forgets his tender wedded Love,  
Whether his faithful Hounds pursue,  
And hold the bounding Hind in View;  
Whether the Boar, fierce-foaming, foils  
The Chase, and breaks the spreading Toils.

Be mine the Ivy, fair Reward,  
Which blissful crowns th' immortal Bard;  
Be mine, amid the breezy Grove,  
In sacred Solitude to rove;  
To see the Nymphs and Satyrs bound,  
Light-dancing through the mazy Round,  
While all the tuneful Sisters join  
Their various Harmony divine.

But if you rank me with the Choir,  
Who tun'd with Art the Grecian Lyre,  
Swift to the noblest Heights of Fame,  
Shall rise thy deathless Poet's Name.

## ODE

Ivy; therefore those who excel in Learning and Poetry are crowned with it. VARRO.

30. *Dis miscet superis.*] A manner of Expression not unusual, among the Greeks and Latins, for any eminent Degree of Happiness. Unless we adopt this Explanation of the Words, says Dacier, we shall make Horace guilty of a manifest Contradiction; since, a few Lines farther, he tells

The Merchants tost in angry Seas,  
That praise their Fields, and quiet Ease,  
Yet rigg their tatter'd Ships once more,  
Untaught, unable to be poor:  
Some underneath a Myrtle Shade,  
Or by smooth Springs supinely laid,  
With Mirth, and Wine, and wanton Play,  
Contract the business of the Day:  
Shrill Trumpets Sounds and noisy Wars,  
That Mothers hate, please other Ears:  
The Hunter doth his Ease forgoe,  
He lies abroad in Frost and Snow;  
He soon forgets his pleasing Wife,  
And all the soft Delights of Life,  
Whilst faithful Hounds a Deer pursue,  
Or have a raging Boar in View:  
The purling Streams and shady Grove  
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance, and love;  
Green Ivy Crowns that only spread  
Fresh Honours round a learned Head,  
Shall raise my Name above the Crowd,  
And lift me up into a God;  
If Muses kind shall string my Lyre,  
Or tune my Pipe, and Heats inspire:  
If you my Lord approve my Vein,  
And count me 'mongst the Lyric Train,  
Secure from Death I'll proudly rise,  
And hide my Head in lofty Skies.

## ODE

his Patron, That *his Suffrage* (not the *Ivy Wreath*) is that which will exalt him to the Skies. The judicious Emendation of the late Bishop of Chichester, who for *Me deslarum*, &c. reads *Te*, removes all Objections; and adds Beauty to the Ode, by the fine Compliment it contains to Mæcenæus.

31. *Satyris chori.*] The Satyrs are always represented dancing. The Ancients were persuaded, that they had a profound, universal Knowledge, and that even their Sports and Jest had something mysterious in them. D A C.

35. *Quod si.*] This Conclusion is wrought with a bold, yet delicate Adulation. The Poet, separated from the Vulgar by the Favour of the Muses; equalled to the great Alcæus; introduced into the sacred Groves, and admitted to the Assemblies of the rural Gods and Goddeses, yet aspires to something more elevated. He still wishes for the

## ODE II. AD AUG. CÆSAREM.

JAM satis terris nivis, atque diræ  
Grandinis misit Pater, & rubente  
Dexterâ sacras jaculatus arces  
Terruit Urbem;  
Terruit gentes, grave ne rediret  
Seculum Pyrrhæ, nova monstra questæ:  
Omne cùm Proteus pecus egit altos  
Visere montes;  
Piscium & summâ genus hæsit ulmo,  
Nota quæ sedes fuerat palumbis,  
Et superjecto pavidæ natârunt  
Æquore damæ.  
Vidimus flavum Tiberim, retortis  
Littore Etrusco violenter undis,  
Ire dejectum monumenta regis,  
Templaque Vestæ;  
Ilia dum se nimium querenti  
Jactat ultorem, vagus & sinistra  
Labitur ripâ, Jove non probante, u-  
xorius amnis.

Audiet

Judgment of Mæcenas to rank him with the Grecian Lyric Poets, and to set the Seal of Immortality to his Glory. And although Poets are usually thought Flatterers by Profession, yet here the Hyperbole is much softened by the Character, which Mæcenas had in the learned World, by his Writings both in Verse and Prose.

## O D E II.

All the elder Commentators agree that this Ode was written in Compliment to Augustus, upon the Prodigies which appeared immediately after the Death of Julius Cæsar; not considering that Horace was then at Athens, and that he afterwards engaged himself in the Party of Brutus, in whose Camp, it is not very probable, that he should address the Gods for the Preservation of Octavius, and for Vengeance upon the Persons who killed the Dictator.

Sensible of these and other Difficulties, Mr. Dacier supposes, that Horace wrote this Ode fifteen Years after the Dictator's Death; that he formed it in manner of a Prophecy, as it is easy to write in the prophetic Spirit upon past Actions; and that he placed it thus early in his Works, to insinuate to Augustus, that it was really written at the time when Cæsar was put to Death. Thus he might endeavour to convince that Prince, how soon he acknowledged the Justice of his Cause, and efface any dangerous Impressions which might yet remain upon his Mind from a Remembrance

## ODE II. TO AUGUSTUS.

SNow and dire Hail enough th' Almighty Father  
O'er Earth hath pour'd; enough his red right Arm  
With angry Bolts at his own Temples hurl'd,  
The City hath appall'd:  
Appall'd the Nations, lest that dreadful Age  
Of Prodigies, which *Pyrrha* wail'd, return;  
When *Proteus*, from the Deep, his finny Herd  
O'er lofty Mountains drove:  
When in the Elm's high Branches, the lov'd Haunt  
Of th' am'rous Turtle, Shoals of Fishes hung;  
And where late fed, now swam the tim'rous Deer,  
'Midst Sea without a Shore.  
The yellow *Tiber* from th' *Etruscan* Strand  
We saw recoil, with raging Waves t' o'erwhelm  
The Monuments of *Numa's* awful Sway,  
And *Vesta's* sacred Fane:  
While, stung by *Ilia's* Complaints, he boastful threats  
Too fatal a Revenge, and wand'ring hastes  
O'er his left Bank; but not by *Jove* approv'd  
The too uxorious Stream.

Of

that he had been once engaged in the Republican Party.

This Conjecture must suppose such Weakness in Augustus, in being so easily deceived, and such Meanness in Horace, in attempting to low an Artifice, that it is equally injurious to the Prince, as to the Poet, who had the honour of living with this Master of the World in a Familiarity which was clear from all little Jealousies and Suspicions.

We are obliged to Mr. Sanadon for a Piece of History which very happily explains many particular Passages in the Ode, irreconcilable by any other Scheme, and more naturally accounts for the Design and Intention of the whole.

Octavius received the Surname of Augustus the 17th of January, in the Year of Rome 727, and the Night following happened an uncommon Inundation of the Tiber. *Quum Augusti cognomen accepisset, eâ ipsâ nocte Tiberis exundans ita omnia quæ in plano jacerent Romæ loca replevit, ut navigabilis esset.* DION. He had, some time before, made an Offer of resigning the Government to the Senate, and told them, in his Speech on that occasion, that he never intended to hold the sovereign Authority, nor had received it with any other view, than to revenge the Murder of Cæsar, and to deliver Rome from the continual Calamities to which it was exposed: *Re ipsâ perspiciatis me ab initio nequaquam potentiam aliquam animo propositam habuisse; sed hoc vere cupivisse, ut patris mei misere interfecti eadem ulciscerer.* *Urbemque*



ODE II. To AUGUSTUS.

**E** Nough of Snow, and Hail th' immortal Sire  
Hath pour'd tempestuous; while his Thunders  
With red right Arm at his own Temples hurl'd,  
With Fear and Horror shook the guilty World,  
Left Pyrrha's Age return, with plaintive Cries  
Who saw the Deep with new-born Wonders rise;  
When to the Mountain-Summit Proteus drove  
His Sea-born Herd, and where the Wood-land  
Dove

Late perch'd, his wonted Seat, the scaly Brood  
Entangled hung upon the topmost Wood,  
And every timorous Native of the Plain  
High-floating swam amid the boundless Main.

We saw, push'd backward to his native Source,  
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid Course,  
With impious Ruin threatening Vesta's Fane,  
And the great Monuments of Numa's Reign;  
With Grief and Rage while Ilia's Bosom glows,  
Boastful, for her Revenge, his Waters rose,  
But now, th' uxorious River glides away,  
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the Sea;

And

*Urbemque magnis & continentibus malis liberarem.* DION. l. 53. These two Events gave rise to this Ode, in which the Poet intends nothing less than to engage Augustus to resign the sovereign Power, and at the same time pays no mean Compliment to his Patron Mæcenas, by whose Advice he held it. SAN.

Verf. 1. *Jam satis.* These four Strophes are wrought with a great deal of natural Terrour, and although Dion doth not mention the Circumstances of Hail and Snow in his Account of the Inundation, yet are they not improbable, at least they are very poetical Ornaments of it. SAN.

*Diræ grandinis.* Such Storms of Hail as seem'd a manifest Token of the Anger of the Gods; for that's the Force of the Epithet *diræ*.

2. *Rubente dextera.* Horace alludes to a superstitious Opinion of the Ancients, who believed that Thunders, which portended any Revolution in a State, were more enflamed than any other, as they fancied that the Lightnings of Jupiter were red and fiery; those of the other Gods pale and dark. CRUQ.

13. *Retortis littore Etrusco.* The Tiber discharges itself into the Tuscan Sea, which being swoln by Tempests and a

ODE II. To AUGUSTUS.

**E** Nough of Thunder, mighty Jove,  
Enough thy flaming Arm has thrown,  
Enough hath torn the sacred Grove,  
Enough amaz'd the frighted Town:

Left Pyrrha's Age return'd they fear'd,  
Strange Age, when from the former Floods  
Old Proteus drove his scaly Herd  
To visit Hills, and glide in Woods:

The Fishes hung in lofty Boughs,  
Those Seats well known to Doves before,  
The spreading Waves snatch'd trembling Does,  
They swam, and look'd in vain for Shore.

We saw swoln Tiber backward flow,  
And from the Tuscan Waves retire;  
The Monuments of Kings o'erthrow,  
And hiss in Vesta's sacred Fire;

Whilst He, too too Uxorious Flood,  
Swoln big with Fury, cuts along  
The left-hand Banks, though Jove withstood,  
To right complaining Ilia's wrong.

And

prodigious Fall of Snow and Hail, (the Wind at the same time blowing up the Channel) made the River flow backward *retorquere* against its natural Course. The *Littus Etruscum* means the Shores of the Tuscan Sea, into which the Tiber should regularly flow, and from whence it turned upwards to its Fountain-Head. CRUQ. SAN.

15. *Monumenta Regis templaque Vesta.* These were contiguous Buildings on the Left-Hand Bank of the Tiber. Who knows not, says Servius, that the Palace of Numa is at the Foot of Mount Palatine, at the farther End of the Roman Market? *Quis enim ignorat regiam, ubi Numa habitaverit, in radicibus Palatii, finibusque Romani fore esse?* and that the Palace of this Prince joined the Temple of Vesta, we are assured by Plutarch.

17. *Ilia.* Ilia was Mother of Romulus by Mars, and being buried on the Banks of the Anio, her Ashes were carried away into the Tiber, from whence the Poets feigned that she was married to that River.

ANCIENT COMMENTATOR.  
*Nimium querens.* Augustus had told the Senate that he accepted the sovereign Power only to revenge the Murder of Cæsar; but the Tiber, says the Poet, seem'd willing to continue



Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,  
 Quo graves Persæ melius perirent;  
 Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum  
     Rara juventus.  
 Quem vocet Divûm populus ruentis  
 Imperi rebus? prece quâ fatigent  
 Virgines sanctæ minùs audientem  
     Carmina Vestam?  
 Cui dabit partes scelus expiandi  
 Jupiter? tandem venias, precamur,  
 Nube candentes humeros amictus,  
     Augur Apollo:  
 Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens,  
 Quam Jocus circumvolat, & Cupido:  
 Sive neglectum genus & nepotes  
     Respicias Auctor,  
 Heu, nimis longo satiate ludo!  
 Quem juvat clamor, galeæque leves,  
 Acer & Marfi peditis cruentum  
     Vultus in hostem.

25

30

35

40

Sive

Of strange unnat'ral Wars, and Weapons edg'd  
 Each other to destroy, o'er which had stream'd  
 Far better the proud *Persian's* Blood, our Youth,  
     Few by our Crimes, will hear.  
 What God shall *Rome*, her Empire's sinking Frame  
 T' uphold, invoke? or by what potent Prayer  
 Our holy Maids win *Vesta's* Ear, now turn'd  
     From all their warbled Hymns?  
 To whom the Task our Guilt to expiate  
 Shall *Jove* assign? Long sought, oh deign t' appear!  
 Thy radiant Shoulders with a golden Cloud,  
     Prophetic *Phæbus*, veil'd.  
 Or Thou, O Laughter-loving *Erycine*,  
 Round whom light *Mirth* and *Cupid* wave the Wing:  
 Or Thou, if thy neglected Race at length,  
     Great Sire, thy Aspect share;  
 Sate, alas! with thy own cruel Game  
 Too long regal'd, whom Shouts, and glitt'ring Helms  
 Delight, and the stern *Marssyan's* gloomy Frown  
     Terrific at his Foe.

Or

continue that Vengeance, nor thought he could accomplish it, but by the total Destruction of Rome: This he attempts in compliance with his Wife's Resentments; but as there was an equal Excess in his Uxoriousness, and in her Complaints, Jupiter equally disapproves of them, nor will suffer him to partake of that Glory, which he reserved for Augustus in revenging the Death of Cæsar.

S. A.

18. *Sinistrâ ripâ.* ] Rome was situated on the left Side of the Tiber, and as that Shore was lower than the Tuscan, it was more exposed to an Inundation.

19. *Labitur.* ] After the Poet hath painted the Tiber in all the Terrours and Rapidity of an Inundation, he makes use of a Verb, which expresses a smooth and imperceptible Motion. By this Opposition, and by the Feebleness of the Words *Vagus* and *Labitur*, he would insinuate how weak the Efforts even of a God must prove, when he attempts to rob Augustus of that Glory, which Jupiter had reserved for him, in appointing him to be the sole Avenger of Cæsar.

21. *Audiet cives.* ] Some Commentators have struck out this Strophe, as a kind of irregular, poetical Rapture; and others have laboured (although very unsuccessfully) to find its Connexion with the rest of the Ode.

The Poet tells us, that the Death of Cæsar is fully revenged; that Jupiter is satisfied; that he will not permit the Tiber to commit any other Mischiefs; but still the Commonwealth lies in Ruins, and requires some great Restorer: Thus he insinuates, that Augustus ought not to resign the sovereign Authority, until the Republic had recovered from the Miseries of the Civil War, and particularly until he had restored the Number of Citizens, which was greatly lessen-

ed by thirty Years War. This he afterwards did by many Laws, particularly the Julian Law for the Encouragement of Matrimony.

S. A.

But they are entirely wrong, says Dacier, who think these four Lines an unconnected poetical Excursion. Horace regularly pursues his Subject; and after having spoke of the Hail, the Thunder, and the Inundation, he proceeds to mention the Civil Wars, which broke out both before and after the Death of Cæsar. He might have added, That the following Invocation of the Gods, to save a sinking Empire, would lose, in a manner, it's Propriety as well as Beauty, had the Hail, Thunder, and Inundation, been the only Calamities mentioned by the Poet as requiring their Assistance.

22. *Graves Persæ.* ] The Romans had always the strongest Resentments of the Defeat of Crassus and Anthony, by the Parthians, who are therefore mentioned here with Epithets of Terror.

TORRENTIUS.

25. *Ruentis Imperi.* ] This relates to the Remarks on the 21st Line. The Empire is in a ruinous Condition, and requireth some great Supporter.

S. A.

27. *Minus audientem.* ] Julius Cæsar was not only Pontifex Maximus, but particularly the Priest of Vesta, when he was killed.

— *Meus illo fuit, meus ille sacerdos,*

*Sacrilegæ telis me petiere manus.*

OVID. 3. Fast.

Cæsar was mine, my sacred Priest was He,

Through him your impious Weapons wounded me. D.

The

And yet, less numerous by their Parents' Crimes,  
Our Sons shall hear, shall hear to latest Times,  
Of Roman Arms with civil Gore embro'd,  
Which better had the Persian Foe subdu'd.  
Whom of her guardian Gods, what pitying Pow'r,  
To raise her sinking State shall Rome implore?  
Shall her own hallow'd Virgins' earnest Prayer  
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's Ear?  
To whom shall Jove assign to purge away  
The guilty Deed? Appear thou God of Day,  
But gracious veil thy Shoulders beamy-bright,  
Oh veil in Clouds th' unsufferable Light:  
Or may we rather thy Protection claim,  
Sicilian Venus, Laughter-loving Dame,  
Round whom gay Jocus, and the God of Love,  
Wave the light Wing, and hov'ring playful rove?  
Or whom the polish'd Helm, the Noise of Arms,  
And the fierce Soldier's Frown with Transport warms,  
Parent of Rome, amid the Rage of Fight  
Sated with Scenes of Blood, thy stern Delight!  
Hither at length thine Aspect gracious bend,  
And powerful thy neglected Race defend:

Or

The more therefore that Vesta interested herself in revenging the Death of Cæsar, the more ought She to be angry with the Romans, if they permitted Augustus (the great Avenger of that Death) to resign his Government of the Republic.

SAN.

29. *Cui dabit partes.*] This is a new Reason, which ought to engage Augustus to retain the supreme Power, as if he alone were capable of appeasing the Wrath of Jupiter for the impious Murder of Cæsar, which is strongly expressed by the Word *seclus*.

SAN.

31. *Nube candentes*] The Gods, when they were pleased to manifest themselves to Mortals were always, in poetical Imagery, cloathed with Clouds; but the Description here is of a peculiar Beauty, where the Poet intreats the God of Light to hide the excessive Splendours of his Presence; and he is introduced by a Flattery very pleasing to Augustus, who was willing to be thought his Son, which his Mother Attia very constantly affirmed.

There are some ancient Medals and Statues, which shew a kind of floating Vestment thrown over the Shoulders of this God. Petronius, describing a fine silken Robe, boldly calls it, a woven Wind, *textilem ventum*, and a linen Cloud, *nebulam lineam*.

33. *Erycina.*] The Poet addresses himself to Venus because she was Mother of Æneas, from whom Cæsar was descended; yet is there a particular Delicacy in calling her E-

The Youth shall hear that impious Steel  
Against ourselves we madly drew,  
Which better haughty *Medes* should feel,  
The Youth our Faults have left but few.

What God to prop the falling State  
Shall we invoke with earnest Prayers?  
How shall our Virgins soften Fate,  
And weary *Vesta's* deafened Ears?

And whom to expiate *Cæsar's* Blood  
Will *Jove* appoint? *Apollo* come,  
O'er thy bright Shoulders cast a Cloud,  
And kindly succour guilty *Rome*.

Or *Venus* fair, whom Joys attend,  
Whom Youth flies round, and smiling Grace;  
Or Father *Mars* at last descend,  
And pity thy decaying Race.

Oh long, too long, thy fierce Delight  
Hath glutted Thee, whom Wars do please  
With Darts and Spears, and stern in Fight  
The frightful *Moors* unlearn'd in Ease.

Or

rycina, because Æneas had brought a Statue of that Goddess from Sicily to Italy. She had a Number of Women consecrated to her in her Temple upon Mount Eryx in Sicily, who enriched her Treasury by public Prostitution. SAN.

*Ridens.*] This Epithet was consecrated to Venus. In Homer φιλομυιδης, in Theocritus γελαισα.

34. *Quam Jocus circumvolat & Cupido.*] This seems a verbal Translation from Hesiod; only for the *εὐ* of the latter, our Author has put *Jocus*.

Τῇ δ' Ἐρὸς ὁμαρτυρεῖ, καὶ Ἴμπερ ἰσχυρὸ καλὸς  
Γνωμένη τὰ πρῶτα, δίδω τ' ἐς φύλον ἰσση.

*Love* and *Desire* were her Attendants from her Birth, when first she enter'd the Assembly of the Gods. For the Ancients put a notable Difference between *Love*, and *Desire*, or *Cupid*, *ἔρως* and *ἱμπερ*. The first was gentle and moderate, the other impatient and violent: which occasion'd Afranius, in one of his Comedies, to say; *Alius est Amor, alius est Cupido, amant sapientes, cupiunt ceteri*. *Love* is one Thing, *Cupid* another; the Wise love, others are Slaves to Desire.

36. *Respicias.*] When the Gods turned their Eyes towards their Worshipers, it was a Sign of their Favour and Protection, as the contrary, of their Anger and Displeasure. Thus Mercury was called Malevolus, or Malign, because two Statues which were erected to him in the Merchants Street

B

at



Sive mutata juvenem figurâ  
Ales in terris imitâris, almæ  
Filius Maïæ, patiens vocari  
Cæsaris ultor.

Serus in cœlum redeas, diuque 45  
Lætus interfis populo Quirini;  
Neve te nostris vitiiis iniquum  
Ocior aura  
Tollat. Hic magnos potiùs triumphos,  
Hic ames dici pater, atque princeps; 50  
Neu sinas Medos equitare inultos,  
Te duce, Cæsar.

## ODE

at Rome, were placed in such manner, that they did not look toward any of the Shops.

CRUQ. DAC.

*Auctor.* ] Romulus, the Founder of the Roman Empire, was the Son of Mars; from whence the God is here called *Auctor*. These two Pictures of Mars and Venus are perfectly beautiful, if we view them separately; yet their Beauties will appear more strongly, when they are set in Opposition to each other. SAN.

37. *Ludo.* ] The Civil Wars between Cæsar and Pompey are called in another Ode, *The Sport of Fortune, Ludum Fortune*. Lycophron improving upon this Image of Horace, describes Mars, *cruentis postum præliis*. Carnage and Blood are the Diversion and Food of the God of War. SAN.

39. *Marfi peditis.* ] The usual Reading has been *Mauri*; but the Africans were never remarkable for their Courage; and on the contrary, the Marfi were the best Infantry in the Roman Armies. From whence came the Proverb, *Neque de Marfis, neque sine Marfis triumphum agi posse*. We can neither triumph over the Marfi, nor without them.

LE FEVRE, BENTLEY, SAN.

41. *Juvenem.* ) Sallust calls Julius Cæsar, *Adolescentulus*, when he was thirty-six Years old; the same Age in which Horace here calls Augustus, *Juvenem*. In a Medal of the Emperor Commodus, he is styled *Juvenis* at the Age of thirty-five; and Varro divides the Age of Man almost in the same manner. *Puer* to fifteen, *Adolescens* to thirty, and *Juvenis* to five and forty. He tells us, this last Word is derived from *Juvare*, as if this Age were capable of rendering the most considerable Services to the Republic. SAN.

As the Word Youth in English has a very different Acceptation, the Translator was obliged to change it for a

Or if 'mongst Men, thy Shape celestial chang'd  
To Prime of Manhood, Thou vouchsaf'st, wing'd  
Son

Of *Maia*, the Avenger to be call'd  
Of mighty *Cæsar's* Blood:  
Late may'st thou seek thy native Sky, and long  
Propitious feed with Smiles *Rome's* Hope; oh ne'er,  
To waft thee hence offended, may our Crimes  
Provoke an earlier Gale!

Here glorious Triumphs chuse, here rather love  
Of *Father*, *Prince*, th' endearing awful Names;  
Nor o'er his Bounds unpunish'd let the *Medæ*  
Ride, *Cæsar*, while thou rul'st.

## ODE

Phrase, which may perhaps better express the Age of Augustus, and the Sense of Horace.

44. *Cæsar's ultor.* ] This rises very naturally from the Speech of Augustus to the Senate; besides that he loved to be called the Revenger of Cæsar.

45. *Serus in cœlum redeas.* ] This Expression is tender and noble. It is particularly happy, since it may be equally applied to Mercury, who was to return to Heaven, as to his native Country; and to Augustus, who being a Descendant of Venus, might be supposed to have come from Heaven. DAC.

49. *Magnos Triumphos.* ] Augustus, in the Month of August 725, had triumphed three Days. The first for the Defeat of the Pannonians and Dalmatii; The second for the Battle of Actium; the last for the Reduction of Ægypt. DAC.

50. *Pater.* ] Some Medals of Augustus call him *Pater*, and some *Pater Patriæ*, and probably these were very different Titles. Perhaps *Pater* alone, might signify *Pater Imperii Romani*, or *Pater Orbis*, as Ovid calls Augustus. SAN.

*Princeps.* ) Ten Days before Octavius obtained the Surname of Augustus, the Senate had given him the Title of Prince, and with it the Government of the Republic for ten Years. Many before Him had been called Princes of the Senate, but no Person had ever been styled Prince, as if he alone were Prince of the Republic and the Roman People; or, as Pliny expresseth it, *Princeps Terrarum*. SAN.

51. *Medos.* ) The Parthians are called Medes and Persians.



Or Thou, fair Maia's winged Son appear,  
And mortal Shape, in Prime of Manhood, wear;  
Declar'd the Guardian of th' imperial State,  
Divine Avenger of great Cæsar's Fate;  
Oh late return to Heav'n, and may thy Reign  
With lengthen'd Blessings fill thy wide Domain;  
Nor let the People's Crimes provoke thy Flight  
On Air swift-rising to the Realms of Light.  
Thou Prince and Father of the State, receive  
The noblest Triumphs that thy Rome can give;  
Nor let the Parthian with unpunish'd Pride,  
Beyond his Bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

ODE

fians, as these three Monarchies were united; and the Poet mentions them a second time, not only to animate Augustus to revenge the Death of Crassus, but also as a Reason to engage him to hold the Government of the Republic, which sufficiently appears to be the Design of the Ode. Cæsar's *Equitare*.] The Force of the Parthians consisted in their Cavalry.

The Art, with which the last Strophes of this Ode are wrought, is very remarkable. When the Poet hath introduced Mercury under the Character of Augustus, he has made it so difficult to distinguish them, that all the Flattery and Adoration are equally applied to the Prince, as to the

Or whether chang'd to mortal Eyes  
You seem a Youth, kind winged God,  
Nor dost the friendly Name despise  
Of the Avenger of our Cæsar's Blood.

Oh late may you return to Jove,  
May quiet Days extend thy Reign,  
Nor vex at Us in haste remove  
To visit happy Seats again.

Our Empire's Father, Prince, and Guide,  
In Triumph live; nor let the *Modes*,  
Proud in our Spoils, unpunish'd ride,  
While mighty Cæsar bravely leads.

ODE

God, until he openly names Cæsar in the last Line. He has chosen Mercury to represent Augustus, as that God was by his whole Character a lover of Mankind, and willingly employed on all Messages to them of Mercy and Beneficence; nor does he less resemble Augustus in the Arts of Persuasion, by which that Prince had reconciled all the various Factions of Rome, and equally endeared himself to all Parties. *Superis deorum gatus & imis*.

ODE III. *Ad Navem, qua VIRGILIUS ve-  
beatur ATHENAS proficiscens,*

SIC te Diva potens Cypri,  
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,  
Ventorumque regat pater,  
Obstrictis aliis præter Japyga,  
Navis, quæ tibi creditum  
Debes Virgilium; finibus Atticis  
Reddas incolumem, precor,  
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ.  
Illi robur, & æs triplex  
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci  
Commisit pelago ratem  
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum  
Decertantem Aquilonibus,  
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti;  
Quo non arbiter Adriæ  
Major, tollere, seu ponere vult freta.  
Quem mortis timuit gradum,  
Qui fixis oculis monstra natantia,  
Qui vidit mare turgidum, &  
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?  
Nequicquam

We may look upon this Ode as the last Farewel of Horace to Virgil, when that Poet went to finish his *Æneid* at Athens. The first eight Lines are extremely soft and tender. From thence the Poet, inspired by his Affection for his Friend, starts away, with a truly Pindaric Spirit, to a Description of all the Terrors and Dangers of the Ocean, as if he were alarmed at Sight of the Vessel in which he fancies Virgil was exposed to all the Hazards of the Deep. He detests Navigation; He thinks it a Violation of the Laws of Nature, and an impious Desiance of the Will and Power of the Gods. In the Remainder of the Ode, with a noble moral Spirit, He condemns in general the daring Impiety of Mankind, as if he saw it rise from the same Principle, which inspired their first Attempts upon the Ocean. Thus we see how regular and strongly connected were the ancient Pindaric Poems.

Virgil went to Athens in the Year of Rome 735, which fixes the Date of this Ode. LE FEV. SAN.

1. *Sic te Diva.* ] It was customary among the Poets, when they asked a Favour, to add their best Wishes for a Blessing on the Person whose Friendship they solicited. The Poet in the Language of Poetry, addresses his Vows to the Vessel, and wishes her an happy Voyage, as if she were sen-

ODE III. *To the Ship in which VIRGIL  
sailed to ATHENS.*

SO may the Goddess who o'er Cyprus reigns,  
And Helen's Brothers, lucid Stars;  
So may the Father of the Winds, no Gale  
At large except th' auspicious West,  
Speed thee, fair Ship, which to thy Faith consign'd  
Boasts Virgil's Worth thy sacred Freight;  
Safe land him on the Attic Shore, I pray,  
And oh, preserve my better Part!  
Or Oak sure arm'd, or Brass with triple Fold,  
His daring Breast, who his frail Bark  
First trusted to the faithless Main, nor fear'd  
When, with black Wing precipitant,  
Impetuous Africk gathers all his Clouds  
To Battle 'gainst the Northern Blast;  
Nor the still-weeping Hyads, nor the Rage  
Of Notus, than whom Adria knows  
No mightier Tyrant or, when vex'd, to swell,  
Or smooth, at Will, her ruffled Waves.  
What Form of Death shall fright him, who hath seen  
With stedfast Gaze, around him croud  
The Monsters of the rolling Deep, the Sea  
On Fire with Billows Mountain-high,  
And the Ceraunian Rocks for Shipwrecks fam'd;

If

sible of his Affection.

LAMBINUS, SAN.

*Diva potens Cypri.* ) Venus was invoked by Mariners not only because she sprung from the Sea, but because her Star was useful in Navigation.

CRUQ.

2. *Fratres Helenæ.* ) When both these fiery Meteors (honour'd by the Ancients with the Name of Stars) appear'd together, they were look'd upon as certain Signs of a Calm; whereas, if only one was seen, a Storm was expected. *Castorum stellas cum simul videntur, salutes credi; cum solitaria, graves & noxias.* Plin. Lib. 2. Chap. 37. Therefore, in bad Weather, it was usual with those at Sea, *optatos quære Tyndaridas;* as Propertius expresseth it. To look with wishful Eyes for the Twin-Sons of Tyndarus.

*Lucida sidera.* ) *Lucida* here signifies *salutaria*; for Light, among the Greeks and Latins, is frequently taken for Safety.

DAC.

3. *Ventorum Pater.* ) The Winds appear in the Mythology as a kind of little winged Genii, mutinous and unquiet, who take Pleasure in disturbing the Universe. They first opened



ODE III. *To the Ship in which VIRGIL sailed to ATHENS.*

SO may the Cyprian Queen divine,  
And the Twin-Stars with saving Lustre shine;  
So may the Father of the Wind  
All but the Western Gales propitious bind,  
As you, fair Vessel, safe restore  
Th' intrusted Pledge to the Athenian Shore,  
And of my Soul the Partner save,  
My much-lov'd Virgil from the rageful Wave.  
Or Oak, or Brass with triple Fold  
That hardy Mortal's daring Breast enroll'd,  
Who first, to the wild Ocean's Rage,  
Launch'd the frail Bark, and heard the Billows wage  
Wild War, when the fierce South descends  
Precipitate, and with the North contends;  
Nor fear'd the Stars portending Rain,  
Nor the loud Tyrant of the Western Main,  
Tempestuous, as he wills, to raise,  
Or calmer smooth the Surface of the Seas.  
What various Forms of Death could fright  
The Man, who view'd with fix'd, unshaken Sight,  
The floating Monsters, Waves enflam'd,  
And Rocks, for shipwreck'd Fleets, ill-fam'd?

Jove

pened a Passage for the Seas into the middle of the Earth; they divided a Number of Islands from the Continent, and caused a thousand other Ravages in Nature. To prevent these Disorders for the future, they were confin'd, and had a King appointed to govern them, who had ever afterwards a large Share in all poetical Adventures, either by raising or calming the Ocean. Even the Queen of the Gods did not disdain to implore his Assistance, and we may say, that this Monarch had the Honour of opening the great Action of the *Aeneid*.

SAN.

4. *Obstrictis.*) Alluding to the Fable, in Homer, of Æolus making a Present to Ulysses, of all the Winds which were contrary to him ty'd up in a leathern Bag.

*Præter Iapyga*) This is properly the *West-South-West* Wind, called by the Italians *Ponente Maestro*, It is very convenient for those who, like Virgil, would sail from Italy into Greece, or Egypt. Therefore that Poet, speaking of the Flight of Cleopatra from the Battle of Actium, feigns this Wind to have been expressly employed by Vulcan, for the Preservation of that Princess.

*Illam inter cædes pallentem morte futura*

ODE III. *To the Ship in which VIRGIL sailed to ATHENS.*

SO may kind *Venus* guide thy Sails,  
So *Helen's* Brothers shining Stars,  
Secure thee from thy Fears:  
So *Eol* loose the Southern Gales,  
And all the other Winds controul;  
As Thou dost waft my *Virgil* o'er,  
And land him on the *Attick* Shore;  
Preserving half my Soul.

His Heart was Brass, who first did dare  
In feeble Ships to stem the Seas,

Who weeping *Hyades*

And Monsters saw, nor fear'd to bear.

Who saw the headlong Whirlwinds fight,  
And South-winds Rage, that best can raise  
Or smooth the *Adriatick* Seas,  
Nor dy'd at such a fight.

What Face of Death can move his Fears,  
That saw with an undaunted Eye

Vast Rocks, and Waves as high;

And could restrain his flowing Tears?

Ina

*Fecerat ignipotens undis & Iapyge ferri.*

7. *Reddas incolumem.*) Virgil is here consider'd as a Pledge intrusted to the Ship, and there is a beautiful and an easy Exactness in the Terms *credidit, debes, reddas, incolumem*.

9. *Robur.*) The Poet here passes to the second Part of the Ode, and his Transition is strongly marked by the Difference of his Style, which becomes more bold and elevated, as the Cadences are more sonorous and magnificent. SAN.

12. *Primus.*) It is an idle Curiosity to inquire who was the first Sailor, since it is very probable that Navigation has been known in the earliest Ages of the World. Jason has been thought the Inventor of it, because before his Time the Greeks and Phœnicians sailed in round Ships: He built the Argo, which, in the Phœnician Language, signifies a long Vessel.

DAC.

The learned Editor of Virgil's *Georgics* believes, that an Alder-Tree being grown hollow with Age, and falling into the River on which it was planted, (for this Tree delights in a moist Soil, and Banks of Rivers) gave the first Hint towards



Nequicquam Deus absceidit  
 Prudens Oceano dissociabili  
 Terras, si tamen impie  
 Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.  
 Audax omnia perpeti 25  
 Gens humana ruit per vetitum & nefas.  
 Audax Japeti genus  
 Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit:  
 Post ignem ætheriâ domo  
 Subductum, macies, & nova febrium 30  
 Terris incubuit cohors,  
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas  
 Lethi, corripuit gradum.  
 Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra  
 Pennis non hominî datis: 35  
 Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.  
 Nil mortalibus arduum est.  
 Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; neque  
 Per nostrum patimur scelus  
 Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina. 40

ODE

towards Navigation.

*Tum alios primum fluvii sensere cavatas.*

Georg. Lib. 1.

14. *Tristes Hyadas*.) Are a Constellation, in the Head of the Bull, whose Rising and Setting are frequently attended by Rain; whence their Name from the Greek Verb *rain*, To rain, as the Latins call'd them *Succulas*, from the Word *Succus*.

They were feigned to be the Daughters of Atlas and Æthra, and that their Brother Hyas having been devoured by a Lioness, they wept his Death so long, that their Piety obtained them a Place among the Stars. The Epithet *Tristes* has a peculiar Propriety in Allusion to this Fable.

15. *Quo non Arbitræ Adriæ*.) The Adriatic is here put for the Ocean in general, since that Sea lies open, not to the South-West, but to the East-South-East, called by the Latins *Vulturnus*. TORR.

16. *Ponere vult freta*.) The elder Scaliger was offended at these two beautiful Lines. He could not bear that, after having spoke of the Rage and Fury of the South-Wind, Horace should add, that the same Wind calms and appeases the Ocean. But this Criticism is without Foundation, as Mr. Le Fevre remarks; for this Wind is sometimes so slender, as scarce to be perceived, and therefore may very properly be said to appease the Waves. DAC.

18. *Fixis Oculis*.) This seems to have been the Reading of the great Mr. Dryden, when he translated it, with

In vain, Earth's Regions to divide,  
 Almighty Wisdom th' Ocean's pathless Wave  
 Hath interpos'd, if Ships thus pass,  
 With impious Pride, th' inviolable Bound.  
 Presumptuous Man, thro' each Restraint,  
 Still rushes to forbidden Ill. From Heaven  
 Prometheus thro' the Nations bore  
 His stolen Fire, with daring, hapless Theft:  
 No sooner from th' ethereal Hall  
 Fire halts below, debas'd, than o'er the Earth  
 Consumption and a ghastly Band  
 Of Fevers Brood, unknown before, and Death  
 Which late far off, tho' urg'd by Fate,  
 Slow-mov'd, with rapid Speed now seeks his Prey.  
 With Wings ne'er meant the Human-Race,  
 The Void of Air rash Dædalus invades;  
 And great Alcides' mighty Arms  
 Asunder burst the Bars of Acheron.  
 Nothing to Mortal Daring seems  
 Beyond her Pow'r; our Folly would renew  
 The Giants Crime, and scale the Sky;  
 While, thus offending, we forbid ev'n Jove  
 To lay his angry Bolts aside.

ODE

steadfast Sight. Doctor Bentley hath sufficiently exposed the usual Reading, *fixis oculis*; Mr. Cuninghame proposed the Correction, and Mr. Sanadon has received it into his Edition.

20. *Acroceraunia*.) The Poet with a very delicate Flattery calls these Rocks, *Infameus*, because Augustus very narrowly escap'd Shipwreck on them when he return'd from the Battle of Actium. *Repetit Italiam tempestate in trajectu bis confectatus: primo inter promontoria Peloponnesi atque Ætolia: rursus circa montes Ceraunios — navis in qua vehebatur, suis armamentis & gubernaculo diffracto.* — Sueton. in *Vita Augusti*. This Passage has not yet been taken Notice of by any Commentator.

22. *Dissociabili*.) Rude, unsociable, unfit for Commerce or the Life of Man. In vain has God divided the Realms of the Earth, by this untractable Element, if, &c. — Livy has used *insociabilis* in almost the same Sense. SAN.

25. *Audax*.) Here the third Part of the Ode begins, and rises naturally from the second, as accounting for the Boldness and Impiety of Navigation by the daring of Mankind in general. SAN.

26. *Vetitum & nefas*.) Hamelius and Mr. Sanadon have added the Conjunction & upon the Authority of an ancient Manuscript. They who read *vetitum nefas* give a cold and useless Epithet to *nefas*; since all Wickedness is forbidden.

The

Jove has the Realms of Earth in vain  
 Divided by th' uninhabitable Main,  
 If Ships profane, with fearless Pride,  
 Bound o'er th' inviolable Tide.  
 No Laws, or human or divine,  
 Can the presumptuous Race of Man confine.  
 Thus from the Sun's ethereal Beam  
 When bold Prometheus stole th' enlivening Flame,  
 Of Fevers dire a ghastly Brood,  
 'Till then unknown, th' unhappy Fraud pursu'd;  
 On Earth their Horrors baleful spread,  
 And the pale Monarch of the Dead,  
 'Till then slow-moving to his Prey,  
 Precipitately rapid swept his Way.  
 Thus did the vent'rous Cretan dare  
 To tempt, with impious Wings, the Void of Air;  
 Through Hell Alcides urg'd his Course;  
 No Work too high for Man's audacious Force.  
 Our Folly would attempt the Skies,  
 And with gigantick Boldness impious rise;  
 Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal Pride,  
 Can lay his angry Thunderbolts aside.

## ODE

The Poet divides into two Classes all Sorts of Crimes; those forbidden by human Laws, *vetitum*, and by the Laws of Nature, *nefas*.

28. *Fraude mala*.) The Romans used the Expressions *dolus bonus*, and *malus*; *Fraus bona* and *mala*, especially when used against an Enemy, or a Robber. Yet perhaps unhappy Fraud may sufficiently express the Sense of the Poet. A Fraud which in its Consequences shall prove ruinous and destructive. Thus Hesiod makes Jupiter say to Prometheus, *You seem very happy in having stolen this Fire from Heaven, but this Theft shall prove fatal to you and your Posterity.*

30. *Nova*.) In this Place signifies the same as *ignota*, *unknown before*. For Hesiod (whom our Author keeps plainly in his Eye) tells us, That before the Theft of Prometheus, Men enjoy'd for many Ages a perpetual Youth, free from Labour and all manner of Diseases, and that when Death came at length, it was like a gentle Slumber which closed their Eyes; but that after Pandora, in Consequence of that Theft, had opened the fatal Box, such a Multitude of Evils flew out amongst Mankind, that the whole Earth and Sea were full of them.

38. *Calum ipsum petimus*) In Allusion to the Fable of the Giants.

*Stultitia*) Mr. Dacier observes, that the Stoicks apply'd this Word *Folly* to every Vice or Irregularity of the Passions.

In vain the Gods design'd, in vain,  
 In vain they did the Lands divide,  
 By an unfriendly Tide,  
 If impious Ships can cross the Main.

Man forc'd by an imperious Will,  
 Does make all Haste to be undone,  
 And very eagerly rush on  
 To court forbidden Ill.

Prometheus brought Celestial Fire,  
 Which first by wicked Arts he stole,  
 To give his Clay a Soul,  
 And kindle this absurd Desire.

But Vengeance soon pursu'd Deceit,  
 For thence began unknown Disease,  
 Thence cruel Fevers first did seize,  
 And took their fatal Heat.

Then lazy Death did mend his Pace,  
 Our Life contracted to a span,  
 Death came in haste on Man,  
 And stopt his yet unfinish'd Race.

With Wings which Nature's Laws deny,  
 First *Dædalus* did boldly dare

To beat the empty Air,  
 And wander thro' the liquid Sky.

Thro' Hell the fierce *Alcides* ran,  
 He scorn'd the stubborn Chains of Fate,  
 And rudely broke the brazen Gate;

Nought is too hard for Man.

Grown Giants in Impiety,  
 Our impious Folly dares the Sky,  
 We dare assault Jove's glorious Throne,  
 Nor, still averse to his Command,  
 Will we permit his lifted Hand  
 To lay his Thunder down.

## ODE



## ODE IV. Ad SESTIUM.

**S**olvitur acris hiems gratâ vice Veris, & Favoni,  
 Trahuntque siccas machinæ carinas;  
 Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;  
 Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.  
 Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus imminente Lunâ, 5  
 Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes  
 Alterno terram quatunt pede, dum graves Cyclopum  
 Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.  
 Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,  
 Aut flore, terræ quem ferunt solutæ. 10  
 Nunc & in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,  
 Seu poscat agnâ, five malit hædo.  
 Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
 Regumque turres. O beate Sesti,  
 Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare lon-  
 gam. 15  
 Jam te premet nox, fabulæque Manes,  
 Et domus exilis Plutonia; quò simul meâris,  
 Nec Regna vini fortiere talis,  
 Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere; quo calet juvenus  
 Nunc omnis, & mox virgines tepebunt. 20

O D E

Although the Subject of this Ode be very common, yet is there nothing common in the Manner, in which Horace has treated it. A certain gaiety of Spirit, under an Air of Seriousness, forms its peculiar Character, and even the View of Death at the End of it, is a strong, Epicurean Reason for living as cheerfully as we can. By the Descriptions of Flowers, Groves, and the Festivals of Venus, Faunus, and Death, which were celebrated in Spring, the Ode appears to have been written in the beginning of April, but in what Year is uncertain. It is the only one of this Form remaining to us.

D A C. S A N.

Mr. Dacier thinks the Sestius to whom it is inscribed, was that L. Sestius who was Consul in the Year of Rome 730, and so inflexible in his Friendship to Brutus, that he was greatly esteemed even by Augustus himself.

Verf. 2. *Trahuntque siccas.*) The Ancients used to draw their Ships on Shore during Winter.

Mr. Sanadon finds in this Line an unusual Hardness of Expression, and thinks the Image not very agreeable to the joyous Company of Venus, the Zephyrs, Nymphs, and Graces; but this Severity seems rather to proceed from a false Delicacy than the Spirit of just Criticism.

5. *Jam Cytherea choros.*) The Poet here describes the

## ODE IV. To SESTIUS.

**W**inter's dissolv'd, and wak'd by Zephyr's Breath,  
 The Spring her grateful Turn resumes;  
 The Ships their Canvass spread, the Ox his Stall  
 And the glad Plowman quits his Fire:  
 No longer white with hoary Frost, the Fields  
 Array'd in youthful Verdure smile.  
 Now Venus leads the Dance, and Hand in Hand,  
 Beneath the rising Moon, which shines  
 Pleas'd Arbitress, each Nymph and modest Grace  
 In mirthful Measures beat the Ground;  
 While glowing Vulcan halts from Forge to Forge,  
 And urges ev'ry Cyclop's Fire.  
 Now round thy od'rous Temples Myrtle twine,  
 Or see, glad Earth hath freed her Flow'rs:  
 Now let a Lamb, amid the sacred Grove,  
 Or Kid to Faunus grateful bleed.  
 Impartial Death knocks at the Palace Gate,  
 As soon as at the Beggar's Cott:  
 Life's small Amount forbids, O happy Sestius,  
 A distant and unfrugal Hope.  
 Night, story'd Ghosts, and Pluto's shadowy Realm,  
 How near they tread on Pleasure's Heel!  
 There once arriv'd, no more the sportive Dye  
 The social winy Reign bestows.

O D E

Feasts of Venus, which were celebrated by young Women with Dances and Hymns in Honour of the Goddess. They began on the first of April, at the Rising of the Moon, *imminente luna*, and continued three Nights successively. An unknown, ancient Author has thus described them:

*Jam tribus choros videres  
 Feriatis noctibus  
 Congreges inter caterwas  
 Ire per saltus tuos,  
 Floreas inter coronas,  
 Myrteas inter cascas.*

Full three Nights, in joyous Vein,  
 Might you see the choral Train,  
 Hand in Hand promiscuous rove

Through



ODE IV. To SESTIUS.

NOW Winter melts in vernal Gales,  
And grateful Zephyrs fill the spreading Sails;  
No more the Plowman loves his Fire,  
No more the lowing Herds their Stalls require,  
While Earth her richest Verdure yields,  
Nor hoary Frosts now whiten o'er the Fields.  
Now joyous thro' the verdant Meads,  
Beneath the rising Moon fair Venus leads  
Her various Dance, and with her Train  
Of Nymphs and Graces treads the flow'ry Plain,  
While Vulcan's glowing Breath inspires  
The toilsome Forge, and blows up all its Fires.  
Now crown'd with Myrtle, or the Flow'rs,  
Which the glad Earth from her free Bosom pours,  
Whatever Victim Pan approves,  
Grateful shall bleed amid the sacred Groves,  
With equal Pace impartial Fate  
Knocks at the Palace, as the Cottage Gate,  
Nor should our Sum of Life extend  
Our growing Hopes beyond their destin'd End.  
When sunk to Pluto's shadowy Coasts,  
Oppress'd with Darknesh, and the fabled Ghosts,  
No more the Dice shall there assign  
To thee, the jovial Monarchy of Wine.

ODE

Through thy Love-devoted Grove,  
Crown'd with rosy-breathing Flowers,  
Under Myrtle-woven Bowers.

D.

6. *Grætiæ decentes.*) The Graces were the most amiable Divinities of the Heathen Mythology, and the Source of all that is pleasing in Nature. The Poet calls them *decentes* for that Modesty and Reserve with which they behaved themselves in these Assemblies. The Nymphs are thus numbered by the Author already quoted:

*Ruris hic erunt puellæ,  
Et puellæ fontium,  
Quæque sylvas, quæque lucos,  
Quæque montes incolunt.*

Here shall meet the blooming Maids  
Of the Valleys and the Glades;  
And the Nymphs who haunt the Fountains.  
And the Forests, and the Mountains.

D.

ODE IV. To SESTIUS.

SHARP Winter melts, *Favonius* spreads his Wing,  
A pleasing Change, and bears the Spring:  
Dry Ships drawn down from Stocks now plow the  
Main,  
And spread their greedy Sails again:  
Nor Stalls the Ox, nor Fires the Clowns delight,  
And Fields have lost their hoary White:  
The Nymphs and Graces joyn'd thro' flow'ry Meads  
By Moon-light dance, and *Venus* leads:  
Whilst labouring *Cyclops* furious *Vulcan* tires,  
And heats their Forge with raging Fires:  
Now crown'd with Myrtle, crown'd with rising  
Flow'rs

From loosen'd Fields drive easy Hours;  
A Lamb to *Faunus*, if he most approves  
A Kid, a Kid must stain the Groves:  
With equal Foot, rich Friend, impartial Fate  
Knocks at the Cottage, and the Palace Gate:  
Life's Span forbids thee to extend thy Cares,  
And stretch thy Hopes beyond thy Years:  
Night soon will seize, and, You must quickly go  
To story'd Ghosts, and *Pluto's* House below,  
Where once arriv'd, adieu to Wine and Love,  
And all the soft Delights above:

No Feasts, where Thee the happy Lot may place  
The just Disposer of the Glass:  
No *Lycidas*, no fair surprizing Boy,  
Or to admire, or to enjoy:  
No *Lycidas*, who now our Youth does charm,  
And soon shall all our Virgins warm.

ODE

7. *Graves officinas.*) We have here a very pretty opposition between the Characters of *Venus* and *Vulcan*; the gay Delights of the Wife, and the laborious Employment of the Husband, who is here described working in Spring, that He might forge Thunderbolts enough for *Jupiter* to throw in Summer.

RODELLIUS. DAC.

9. *Nunc decet.*) These two Verses continue the Description of the Feasts of *Venus*; for Flowers, and particularly Myrtle, were consecrated to that Goddess.

C

Cras

ODE V. Ad PYRRHAM.

QUIS, multâ gracilis, te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
 Cui flavam religas comam,  
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque Deos flebit, & aspera  
 Nigris æquora ventis  
 Emirabitur insolens,  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ;  
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem  
 Sperat, nescius auræ  
 Fallacis! miseri, quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabulâ facer  
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti  
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

ODE

*Gras amorum copulatrix  
 Inter umbras arborum  
 Implicat casus virentes  
 E flagello myrteo.  
 Ipsa Nymphas Diva lucas  
 Jussit ire myrteos*  
 Lo! the Queen of pleasing Pains  
 Linking Loves in mutual Chains,  
 Wreathes, the Myrtle Bowers between,  
 Cottages of living Green,  
 And commands her Virgins gay,  
 Through the mazy Groves to stray.

11. *Nunc et in umbrosi.* ] The Feasts of Faunus, or Pan, were celebrated the eleventh, thirteenth, and fifteenth of February, when the Cattle were turned out of their Winter Stables, and Sacrifices were offered to this God for their Preservation.

D A C.

13. *Pallida mors.* ] This Description of Death immediately after the Gaiety of Spring, and the Feasts of Pan, may seem at first View, a little too serious, if not unnatural; yet will it appear perfectly beautiful and easy, when we consider that the mortuary Festivals, in which Sacrifices were offered to Death, were celebrated immediately after those of Pan. They continued five Days, and are mentioned here by the Poet, to convince us, in Epicurean Spirit, that the near Approach of Death ought to engage us to pursue the Pleasures of Life; for as, in the Roman Calendar, the mortuary Festival followed the Feasts of Faunus, so shall Death

ODE V. To PYRRHA.

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid Odours  
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,  
 Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou  
 In Wreaths thy golden Hair,  
 Plain in thy Neatness? O how oft shall he  
 On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas  
 Rough with black Winds and Storms  
 Unwonted shall admire:  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,  
 Who always vacant, always amiable  
 Hopes thee; of flattering Gales  
 Unmindful! Hapless they  
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
 Picture the sacred Wall declares t'have hung  
 My dank and dropping Weeds  
 To the stern God of Sea.

ODE

our Days of Mirth.  
 14. *O beate.* ] The Word *μακάριος* was used by the Greeks, in the same manner, as a complimentary Term.  
 15. *Vita summa brevis.* ] A Metaphor taken from Numbers. Let us reckon the Moments, Hours, Days, Months, and Years of Life, and how inconsiderable is the Sum total?

D A C.

16. *Fabulaeque Manes.* ] That is, *Manes de quibus multa sunt Fabulae.* The *Manes* of which many Fables are told. Not the *Manes* which are a pure Fable; for to understand the Words in that Sense, would be to make the Poet destroy his own Reasoning. Thus, in the Twenty-second Ode, *fabulosus Hydaspes*, signifies the famous *Hydaspes*, and Pliny, speaking of Mount Atlas, calls it, *fabulosissimum Africae montem*, The most celebrated Mountain of Africa.

18. *Nec regna vini.* ] The Ancients, in their Entertainments, frequently appointed a King, or Master of the Revel, who was chose to that Office by the best Cast on the Dice.

ODE V.

We shall make no Apology for taking the Translation of this Ode from Mr. Milton. To have attempted to rival that great Genius, in his own Manner, might justly have incurred the Imputation of Vanity.

These little Odes are better Proofs of the Manner and Genius of our Author, than those which have a real Greatness in the Subject, capable of raising the Soul of a Poet. There is in this Ode only one Thought, and that extremely simple and natural; yet the Expressions are so beautiful, and the Words so happily chosen, that we may be bold to say



ODE V. TO PYRRHA.

By Mr. COWLEY.

TO Whom, now, *Pyrrha*, art thou kind?  
To what Heart-ravish'd Lover  
Dost thou thy golden Locks unbind,  
Thy hidden Sweets discover,  
And with large Bounty open set  
All the bright Stores of thy rich Cabinet?  
Ah, simple Youth, how oft will he  
Of thy chang'd Faith complain?  
And his own Fortunes find to be  
So airy and so vain:  
Of so *Camelion-like* an Hue,  
That still *their Colour* changes with it too?  
How oft, alas, will he admire  
The Blackness of the Skies?  
Trembling to hear the Winds found higher,  
And see the Billows rise:  
Poor unexperienc'd he,  
Who ne'er, alas, before had been at Sea!  
He enjoys thy calmy *Sun-shine* now,  
And no Breath stirring hears;  
In the clear Heaven of thy Brow  
No smallest Cloud appears  
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,  
And trusts the *faithless April* of thy May.  
Unhappy! Thrice unhappy he,  
T' whom *thou untry'd* dost shine!  
But there's no Danger now for me,  
Since o'er *Loretto's Shrine*,  
In Witness of the *Shipwreck* past,  
My *consecrated Vessel* hangs at last.

ODE

say there is not a more finished Piece among his Works.

\* The Reverend Mr. Francis having likewise adopted Mr. Milton's Version of this Ode, we have (to prevent a Vacancy) substituted the beautiful Translation, or rather Imitation by Mr. Cowley.

ODE V. TO PYRRHA.

WHAT tender Youth upon a rosy Bed  
With Odours flowing round his Head  
Shall ruffle Thee, and loose a Heart?  
For what fond Youth wilt Thou prepare  
The lovely Mazes of thy Hair,  
And spread Charms neat without the help of Art?  
How oft unhappy shall he grieve to find  
The fickle Baseness of your Mind?  
When he that ne'er felt Storms before,  
Shall see black Heav'n spread o'er with Clouds,  
And threatening Tempests toss the Floods,  
Whilst helpless He in vain looks back for Shore.  
Now fondly, now He rifles all thy Charms,  
He wantons in thy pleasing Arms,  
And boasts his Happiness compleat:  
He thinks that you will always prove  
As fair, and constant to his Love; [cheat.  
And knows not how, how soon those Smiles may  
Ah! wretched those who Love, yet ne'er did try  
The smiling Treachery of thy Eye!  
But I'm secure, my Danger's o'er,  
My Table shows the Cloaths I vow'd  
When midst the Storm, to please the God  
I have hung up, and now am safe on Shore.

ODE

Verf. 1. *Puer.*] The Romans used this Word, without regard to any particular Age. It was only a Word of Tenderness. As in Virgil, *Ne Pueri! ne tanta animis affuscite bella*, where he speaks of Cæsar and Pompey. D A C.

12. *Miseri quibus intentata nites.*] This Passage must be explained in View to the Metaphor, which Horace continues to the End of the Ode, and *nitere* is to be applied equally to the Beauty of *Pyrrha*, and to the Ocean. D A C.

13. *Me tabula sacer.*] When the Poet tells us that he was shipwrecked in his Passion for *Pyrrha*, he alludes to a Custom among the Romans of offering some votive Tablet or Picture to the God by whose Power they thought themselves preserved. In these Pictures the Storm, and Circumstances of their Escape were represented; and ruined Mariners frequently carried them to excite Compassion and Charity.



## ODE VI. Ad AGRIPPAM.

Scriberis Vario fortis & hostium  
Victor, Mæonii Carminis alite,  
Quam rem cumque ferox navibus, aut equis  
Miles te duce gesserit.  
Nos, Agrippa, neque hæc dicere, nec gravem  
Pelidæ stomachum cedere nefcî,  
Nec cursus duplicis per mare Ulyssæi,  
Nec sævam Pelopis domum  
Conamur, tenues grandia: dum pudor,  
Imbellisque lyre Musæ potens vetat  
Laudes egregii Cæsaris, & tuas  
Culpâ deterere ingeni.

Quis

Charity, at the same Time describing in Songs the Particulars of their Story.

Torr.

— Fraëta rate naufragus affem  
Dum rogat, & pîcta se tempestate tuetur.

Juv.

— Cantet si naufragus, affem  
Protulerim? cantas cum fraëta te in trabe pîctum  
Ex humero portes?

Perf.

## ODE VI.

Agrippa probably had reproached our Poet for never mentioning Him in his Verses, and his Excuses are made in such a manner as to become a bold and delicate Flattery. Mr. Sanadon thinks, that he design'd to justify his Silence with regard to other great Men who had distinguished themselves in the late Wars; that Octavius is only named, as if, through profound Respect, he only dared to name him; that we have but the Out-Lines of Agrippa's Character, for it demands nothing less than a second Homer to paint him in his full Dignity; that the other Generals are represented, as it were in a Groupe, under allegorical Personages chosen among the Heroes of the Trojan War; and that except we view the Ode in this Light, it will appear a confused Medley of Praises, without Coherence or Beauty. Thus the Panegyric of Agrippa is followed by that of Achilles and Ulysses; next is represented the Ruin of the House of Pelops: Agrippa returns a second Time, and Mars, Merion and Diomed close the military Procession. Allegory alone, says this ingenious Critic, can collect into one Point of View so many different and distant Parts: However, we shall find that he has pushed his allegorical Scheme a little too far, and that it is not necessary to hazard all his Conjectures, and Applications of History.

Verf. 1. *Scriberis Vario.* ] Varius was a great Poet, high-

## ODE VI. Ad AGRIPPAM.

VARIUS, who with Mæonian Wing supports  
The Hero's Lay, thy Triumphs shall record  
All the brave Soldier hath by Sea atchiev'd,  
Or Land, by Thee to Glory led.  
Nor these, Agrippa, nor the direful Wrath  
Of Pelus' Son, unknowing how to yield,  
Nor wise Ulysses wandring o'er the Main,  
We sing, nor Pelops' cruel House;  
Unapt such Heights to explore! while conscious Awe,  
And the Muse potent of no martial Lyre,  
Forbid Me Cæsar's sacred Praise and thine,  
With Flame too feeble to profane.

Who

ly esteemed by Augustus, and had succeeded to Admiration both in Tragedy and Epic Poetry. Of all his Works there are only a few scattered Fragments remaining: But some Judgment may be formed of the distinguished Reputation he had acquired, by the Idea given of him here, and by the fine Compliment paid him by Virgil in his ninth Eclogue.

— me quoque dicunt  
Vatem pastores; sed non ego credulus illis,  
Nam neque adhuc Vario videor, nec dicere Cinna  
Digna.

2. *Mæonii carminis alite.* ] Poets were frequently compared to Swans, from a vulgar Errour of their singing. Horace often uses the Comparison. *Multa Diræum leuat aura cycnum. Album mutor in alitem.* It may be worth observing that the learned and ingenious Doctor Atterbury reads *æmulo*.

3. *Navibus.* ] Agrippa had been Conqueror in two Sea-Fights; the first against one of Pompey's Lieutenants, the second against Pompey himself. But our Poet, says Mr. Dacier, has a particular Eye to the Battle of Actium, where the Sage Conduct of this Son-in-Law of Augustus was, in a manner, the sole Cause of the Victory.

*Aut Equis.* ] Perhaps alluding to an Expedition of Agrippa, in his first Consulship, against the rebellious Gauls. He was the second of the Romans, says Dion, who passed the Rhine.

7. *Duplicis.* ] This Epithet has been usually understood as if Horace designed to express the πολέτρωτος and πολέμωτος in Homer's Character of Ulysses, which Words, according to Mr. Sanadon, signify a Man who hath proved a Variety of Adventures. *Qui versatus est per multiplicem diffimilemque Fortunam.* But *duplex* will hardly bear the Interpretation

ODE VI. To AGRIPPA.

ODE VI. To AGRIPPA.

HIGH-soaring on Mæonian Wing,  
 Varius in martial Tone shall sing  
 Whate'er, inspir'd by thy Command,  
 The Soldier dar'd on Sea or Land;  
 But we nor trace in artless Lays  
 Ulysses wand'ring through the Seas;  
 Nor sing that \* Terror of the Field, \* Achilles  
 Of Heart unknowing how to yield;  
 Nor the deep tragic Story tell,  
 How Pelops' cruel Offspring fell,  
 The Muse who rules th' unwarlike Lyre,  
 Forbids me boldly to aspire  
 To thine or sacred Cæsar's Fame,  
 And hurt with feeble Song the Theme.

Who

tation *delefos* or *fallax*; nor have the Latin Authors ever used it in that Sense. *Duplex pro delefo non videtur satis latinum* — Vossius. Perhaps the Poet intended his appearing through the whole *Odyssey* in two Characters; or, if the Expression may be allowed, in a double Character, such as a Prince and a Beggar, &c.

Mr. Sanadon, in support of his allegorical Scheme, applies *duplicis Ulyssii* to Agrippa and Messala, who had commanded the Fleets of Octavius in the Wars of Sicily and Actium. But although we should allow *duplex Ulysses* to signify two Ulysses, Agrippa seems to be, not without Confusion, introduced in an allegorical Character, when the Poet speaks to him personally in the same Strophe.

8. *Pelops domum*.] Ancient dramatic Writers were much obliged to the House of Pelops for the many Fables with which it supplied them, but Horace particularly seems to mean the Tragedy of *Thyestes* written by Varius, which Quintilian says might be compared to any of the Grecian Stage: In the first Strophe Varius is called the Rival of Ho-

T HEE great in Arms shall Varius sing,  
 In Conduct wise, and bold in Fight;  
 What Conquests under your Command,  
 The Legions won by Sea and Land,  
 The same shall boldly write  
 With Quills that drop'd from lofty Homer's Wing:

My tender Verse must Wars refuse;  
 Spears, Trophies, and the armed Field,  
 The fierce Pelides' haughty Rage  
 That still prest forward to engage,  
 And knew not how to yield,  
 Are Things too weighty for my feeble Muse:

Strict Modesty confines my Tongue,  
 And Shame forbids me to disgrace  
 A Subject high, so near Divine  
 As mighty Cæsar's Praise and thine,  
 And your great Names debase  
 By the officious Meanness of a Song:

For

mer, in the second he alone is represented capable of describing the Anger of Achilles, or the wandering of Ulysses, in Proof of this Rivalship, and of his Success in Epic Poetry. Thus far Mr. Sanadon's Allegory seems unnecessary, by which he hazardously applies the criminal Passion of Ægythus and Clytemnestra to the Story of Anthony and Cleopatra.

11. *Egregii Cæsaris*] *Egregius* was a Word always used in a religious Sense, and applied to Things set apart and consecrated to the Gods; from thence the Title was given to Kings, as if they were in a peculiar manner the Favourites of Heaven

D. A. C.

Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ  
Dignè scripserit? aut pulvere Troico  
Nigrum Merionem? aut ope Palladis  
Tydiden superis parem?  
Nos convivia, nos prælia virginum  
Sectis in juvenes unguibus acrium  
Cantamus, vacui, sive quid urimur,  
Non præter solitum leves.

ODE

13. *Martem.* ] Mr. Sanadon believes that the three Persons, designed under the Characters of Mars, Merion and Diomed, are Statilius Taurus, Marcus Titius, and Mæcenas. But the Poet, by comparing Statilius Taurus to the God of War, has given him such a Superiority, as must have been equally disagreeable and injurious both to Mæcenas and Agrippa. Horace might better have proportioned his poetical Flattery, by acknowledging the Divinity of Augustus in that of Mars, by describing the military Glory of Agrippa under the Character of Merion, and giving to Mæcenas his Praise of Wisdom by comparing him to Diomed, an Equal even to the Gods by the Favour of Minerva. Thus the Allegory appears just, and is well maintained.

16. *Superis parem* ] *Θεοῖς ἀτάλαντος.*

HOM.

Who, with due Dignity, shall Mars describe,  
Tow'ring in Adamant? or Merion  
Horrid with Trojan Dust? or Tydeus' Son  
A Match for Gods, by Pallas' Aid?  
Of Feasts, or War as gay, where th' angry Maid  
With close-par'd Nails the ruffling Youth repels,  
Vacant we sing, perhaps not uninflam'd;  
And to such Themes more equal deem'd.

ODE

But never Praise, as Mr. Dacier observes, was finer turned, or more nobly imagined, than Virgil's short Encomium on this Heroe, where, speaking of the Trojans, he says,

*Quos neque Tydides nec Larissæus Achilles*

*Non anni domuere decem.*

18. *Sectis in juvenes.* ] While the Poet, with his usual Modesty, disclaims the warlike Muse, yet He pleasantly alludes to the Actions of Heroes in the Virgin Battles which he sings. Battles indeed, but not of too much Blood; in which the desperate Fair-one pares her Nails, that she may not scratch her Lover too severely.

CRUQ.



Who dare the God of War assail,  
Girt with impenetrable Mail?  
Who paint in living Colours just,  
Or Merion black with Trojan Dust,  
Or Diomed, by Pallas' Aid,  
To warring Gods an equal made?

But whether loving, whether free,  
With all our usual Levity,  
Untaught to raise the martial String,  
Of Feasts, and Virgin-Fights we sing;  
Of Maids, who when bold Love affails,  
Fierce in their Anger, pare their Nails.

ODE

For who in worthy Strains can write  
Mars dreadful in his Iron Coat?  
Or show the black *Merione*  
In Trojan Dust severely gay?  
Or how *Tydid* fought  
By Pallas' Aid, and match'd the Gods in Fight?

I sing soft Boys and Virgins Wars,  
How soon they smile, how angry soon  
With close par'd Nails, and tender Tooth  
They all invade the ruffling Youth;  
Thus urge my Frolick on,  
And bid Farewel, a long Farewel to Cares.

ODE

ODE VII. *Ad MUNATIUM PLANCUM.*

**L** Audabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,  
 Aut Ephesum, bimarifve Corinthi  
 Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos  
 Insignes, aut Theffala Tempe.  
 Sunt quibus unum opus est, intactæ Palladis arces 5  
 Carmine perpetuo celebrare, &  
 Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.  
 Plurimus in Junonis honorem  
 Aptum dicit equis Argos, ditæque Mycenæ.  
 Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon, 10  
 Nec tam Lariffæ percussit campus opimæ,  
 Quàm domus Albunæ resonantis,  
 Et præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda  
 Mobilibus pomaria fivis.

\* \* \* \* \*

Albus

This Ode is properly only a Fragment, and Mr. Dacier suspected with Reason that it wanted some Lines to render it perfect. After a long and pompous Description of all the finest Cities and Countries in Greece, we could little expect to see the Poet give the Preference to his Seat at Tibur, in a light imperfect Description of three Lines; or that he should leave his Subject at once, when really he was only beginning it. The ancient Grammarians, sensible of this Defect, have very unhappily endeavoured to find a Remedy for it, by joining, to this Fragment, another Ode, *Albus ut obscurus, &c.* merely because Tibur is mentioned in it, and the Measures are the same.

In the first Ode the Poet prefers a Village of Italy to all the Countries of Greece, and probably it was written in Gratitude to Mæcenas, who had given him a Piece of Land there. In the second he writes to a Friend, who was under Apprehensions of some public Disgrace, which he advises him to bear with a true Epicurean Spirit. There are some very ancient Manuscripts which divide them, with this Title to the second, *Exhortatio ad bene vivendum ad Plancum*; besides, that by uniting them, there will be some Repetitions, which are not usual to Horace. *Perpetuum carmen* and *perpetuos, uda pomaria* and *uda tempora*, SAN.

*Ad Munatium Plancum*] The same whose beautiful Letters to Cicero are still admired.

Verf. 1. *Mitylenen.*] A City in the Island Lesbos, adorned, like Venice, with a great Number of Canals and Bridges of white Stone, whence filed by our Author, in one of his Epistles, *pulchra, the fair.*

ODE VII. *To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.*

**L** ET others famous Rhodes, or Mitylene,  
 Or Ephesus, or the fair Walls  
 Of two-sea'd Corinth praise; or Thebes renown'd  
 For Semeleian Bacchus' Birth;  
 Or Delphos to prophetic Phœbus dear;  
 Or Tempe's Vale, Theffalia's Pride.  
 There are who, in perpetual Strains, contend  
 Of Virgin Pallas the learn'd Tow'rs  
 T' extol, ambitious round their Brows to twine  
 The Olive, cropt by ev'ry Bard.  
 Many with Argos Nurse of gen'rous Steeds,  
 And rich Mycenæ grace their Song,  
 To Juno's Honour: but nor patient Sparta  
 So charms my Mind, nor all the Wealth  
 That crowns Lariffa's Field, as the lov'd House  
 Of hoarse Albunea's echoing Rill,  
 As headlong Anio, Tibur's tuneful Grove,  
 And Orchards fed by ductile Streams.

\* \* \* \* \*

As

2. *Bimarifve Corinthi.*] Called, in the same Manner, by the Greeks *Ἀμφιδάμορος*, from it's Situation in the extreme Part of Peloponnesus, between the Ægean and Ionian Seas.

5. *Palladis arces.*] This Reading, instead of *urbem*, is authoris'd by an excellent Manuscript at Oxford, besides several others consulted by Lambinus. The Expression is in itself perfectly just; for although there were many Deities worshipped at Athens, yet the Citadel was solely under the Protection of Minerva. *Urbem colentes Deos, præsidemque arces Minervam*, Liv. L. 31. C. 30. SAN.

We may add to this Criticism, that almost all Citadels were sacred to this Goddess, according to Catullus, *Divam tenens in summis urbibus arces*. And Eustathius makes the same Remark upon a Line of Homer, which says that Minerva's Temple was in the Trojan Citadel.

6. *Carmine perpetuo.*] Horace may in general mean, that there was a Number of Poets who were perpetually writing Verses in Praise of Athens and Minerva; but perhaps he particularly meant the *Perpetuum Carmen*, which the Greeks called *Κυκλικὸν ὕμνος*, and which might be rendered into English, *The everlasting, or circular Poem.*

There were two Sorts of this kind of Writing. The first, which began at any certain Time, and might be continued to any Length the Poet pleased; and in which all the Events were indissolubly linked together. Thus in the *Metamorphosis*

ODE VII. To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

LET other Poets, in harmonious Lays,  
Immortal Rhodes or Mitylene praise,  
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's tow'ry Pride,  
Girt by the rolling Main on either Side;  
Or Thebes or Delphos for their Gods renown'd,  
Or Tempe's Plains, with flow'ry Honours crown'd.  
There are, who sing in everlasting Strains  
The Tow'rs, where Wisdom's Virgin Goddess reigns;  
And ceaseless toiling, court the trite Reward  
Of Olive, pluck'd by ev'ry vulgar Bard.  
For Juno's Fame, th' unnumber'd, tuneful Throng,  
With rich Mycenæ grace their fav'rite Song,  
And Argos boast, of pregnant Glebe to feed  
The warlike Horse, and animate the Breed:  
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,  
Nor fair Larissa with such Transport warms,  
As pure Albunea's Rock-resounding Source,  
And rapid Anio, headlong in his Course,  
Or Tibur, fenc'd by Groves from solar Beams,  
And fruitful Orchards bath'd by ductile Streams.

tamorphosis; the first Fable is the Cause of the second, the second of the third, and so of the rest.

—*Primæque ab origine mundi,  
In mea perpetuum deducite tempora carmen.*

The other kind of this Poem, is that which includes the whole History of its Hero.

*Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim,  
Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.*

Such is the Achilleide of Statius, who hath sung the whole Achilles.

—*Quaquam alta viri multum incluta cantu  
Mæonio, sed plura vacant, nos ire per omnem,  
Sic amor est, Heroa velim.*

Aristotle very justly blames this last Sort of Poem, for the faulty Number of Fables which it must contain, and which can never be excused by the Unity of it's Hero. D A C.

7. *Undique decerpam fronti præponere olivam.* ] This Reading is found in all the ancient Manuscripts and Impressions, until the Time of Erasmus, who, on his own single Autho-

ODE VII. To MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

SOME *Mytlen*, or famous *Rhodes* will praise,  
Or two-sea'd *Corinth*'s Honour raise;  
Some *Thebes* for *Bacchus* fam'd in sounding Strains,  
Or flow'ry *Tempe*'s open Plains:  
Some fill their lasting Verse with high renown  
Of Virgin *Pallas*' learned Town;  
And whilst they studiously their Praise bestow,  
To All prefer the Olive Bough:  
To Honour *Juno*, *Argos* some proclaim,  
Or raise *Mycenæ*, high in Fame;  
Nor patient *Sparta*, *Tempe*'s fruitful Fields,  
Nor all that fat *Larissa* yields,  
Can raise my Fancy; no, I all contemn  
Compar'd to fair *Albunea*'s Stream;  
My water'd Orchards, headlong *Anio*'s Flood,  
Or quiet *Tibur*'s shady Wood:

\* \* \* \* \*

As

rity, ventured to alter the Text. The Sense of Horace is, that the Poets who wrote in Praise of Minerva, endeavour'd to gain the poetical Crown of Olive, even on a Subject, which every Writer had attempted. *Ex argumento undique exhausto coronam sibi poeticam querere.* Nor is this Expression, *præponere olivam fronti*, either hard or uncommon. Horace himself says in the same Sense, *prætendere frondes*; and Lucretius, *Insignemque meo capiti petere inde Coronam*, &c. BENT.

8. *In Junonis honorem.* ] *Argos*, *Sparta*, and *Mycenæ*, were three Cities particularly famous for their magnificent Temples to Juno; and are mentioned by that Goddess, in Homer, as preferred by her to all others.

9. *Apium equis.* ] In Homer, Pindar, and Euripides, *ἄπιοι* and *ἰνδόχοι*; The usual Epithet for *Argos*, which, being seated in the plain Country below Corinth, upon the Rivers Phrixus and Inachus, was in a peculiar manner adapted, by it's rich and extended Pastures, for breeding fine Horses.

*Ditæque Mycenæ* ] In Sophocles *Μυκῆνας τὰς πολυρχίας*.

10. *Patiens Lacedæmon.* ] The Poet gives this Epithet to Lacedæmon for the Severity of her Laws and Discipline. Thus Petronius pleasantly says, *Et ego quidem tres plegas Spartana nobilitate concoci.* S A N.

11. *Larissa.* ] A City of Thessaly, the Capital of the Dominions of Achilles, situate in a fertile Soil, whence it's Epithet *opima*, in Homer *ἰσχυράνα*.

*Perussit.* ] The Ancients expressed the Actions and Effects of our Passions by Words which signified striking, as *tercutere*, *ferire*, and modern Languages use them in the same

D

fam:



Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo 15  
 Sæpe Notus; neque parturit imbres  
 Perpetuos; sic tu sapiens finire memento  
 Tristitiam, vitæque labores  
 Molli, Plance, mero: seu te fulgentia signis 20  
 Castra tenent, seu densa tenebit  
 Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patrémque  
 Cùm fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo  
 Tempora populeâ fertur vinxisse coronâ,  
 Sic tristes affatus amicos.  
 Quò nos cumque feret melior fortuna parente, 25  
 Ibumus, ô socii; comitèsque:  
 Nil desperandum Teucro duce, & auspice Teucro;  
 Certus enim promissit Apollo  
 Ambiguam tellure novâ Salamina futuram.  
 O fortes pejorâque passi 30  
 Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas:  
 Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

ODE

fame Sense. D A C.  
 12. *Quam domus.* ] The Source of Rivers and Fountains was properly the House of the Divinity who presided there. Besides, the Towns and Houses, that had the same Name with Rivers or Fountains on which they were situated, were called by the Ancients, *The Houses of the Rivers*. Nor were those Houses only called thus, which had the same Name with the River; for on the contrary, Ausonius calls Alexandria, *The House of the River Nile*. Thus Horace calls his House at Tibur, the House of Albunea, from its Situation near that Fountain. These Remarks may make us understand that Line of Virgil, which has given so much Trouble to the Interpreters.

*Hic mihi magna domus celsis caput urbis exit.*

Where Tiber says of Rome, *I will have an House here, which shall be the Capital of the World.* D A C.

*Albunea.* ] A Fountain upon one of the high Hills near Tibur, not far from a Grove of the same Name, where was once a celebrated Oracle of Faunus.

*At rex sollicitus monstriis, oracula Fauni*

*Fatidici genitoris adit, lucosque sub alta*

*Consultat Albunea.* VIRO. ÆN. 7.

On which Servius remarks, that the Fountain was so called from the Colour of it's sulphureous Water.

*Resonantis.* ] — *Albunea, nemorum quæ maxima sacro Fonte sonat.* ib.

13. *Præceps Anio.* ] The Anio, now the Teveron, rises in the Mountains of Tibur, or Tivoli, and falls into the Tiber above Rome, with great Rapidity, in a Place thence called *la Cascata*.

As the South-Wind oft clears the dusky Sky  
 From Clouds, nor broods perpetual Show'rs;  
 So thou remember, true to Wisdom's Lore,  
 Each anxious Gloom to end, each Toil,  
 Plance, with gen'rous Wine, whether the Camp  
 Around thee it's bright Banners waves,  
 Or Tibur courts thee in her unpierc'd Bow'rs,  
 When Teucer from his Country fled,  
 And Father's Wrath, yet he, as Story tells,  
 With Leaves of shining Poplar wreath'd  
 His Temples by Lyæus dew'd, then cheer'd  
 With Words like these his drooping Friends;  
 Where Fortune kinder than a Parent guides,  
 We will, my dear Companions, go;  
 While Teucer leads, and Teucer's Gods, let none  
 Despair; Phæbus whose Word is Fate,  
 Hath promis'd a new Salamine shall rise  
 With Sister Tow'rs, the rival Pride  
 Of happier Climes. O Valour's Sons, who oft  
 With Me have greater Perils dar'd, [Blush,  
 With Wine now chase your Cares; at Morn's first  
 Again we plow the spacious Main.

ODE

14. *Mobilibus rivis.* ] These he elsewhere calls *sequaces*, as being led, at Pleasure, to any Part of a Garden; and Martial, not unelegantly, *duâile flumen*:

— *boc rigue duâile flumen aquæ.*

*Pomaria.* ] The Country about Tibur in Italy was formerly as famous for its Orchards, as, at present, Normandy in France, or Herefordshire with us. Thus Columella,

— *pomosi Tiburis arva.*

And Propertius,

*Ramosis Anio quæ pomifer incubat arvis.*

15. *Albus ut obscuro.* ] The second Ode, which begins here, is addressed to Munatius Plancus, who from his natural Inconstancy, and having, in an unhandsome Manner, quitted the Party of Anthony, was very justly suspected by Augustus, nor was employed by him in the Battle of Actium. In this Apprehension of Disgrace, the Poet advises him, with a firm, Epicurean Spirit to allay his Anxiety with the Cheerfulness of Wine. S A N.

*Albus Notus.* ] The Greeks called this Wind λευκος, and the Latins *albus*, because it was generally serene, and without Clouds; therefore the Poet says, *sæpe deterget nubila*, and his Reasoning lies thus: As the South Wind drives away the Clouds, so should Wine disperse the Cares of Life

As Notus often, when the Welkin low'rs,  
Sweeps off the Clouds, nor teems perpetual Show'rs,  
So let thy Wisdom, free from anxious Strife,  
In mellow Wine dissolve the Cares of Life,  
Whether the Camp with Banners bright-display'd,  
Or Tibur holds thee in its thick-wrought Shade.

When Teucer from his Sire and Country fled,  
With Poplar Wreaths the Hero crown'd his Head  
Reeking with Wine, and thus his Friends address'd,  
Deep Sorrow brooding in each anxious Breast;  
Bold let us follow through the foamy Tides,  
Where Fortune, better than a Father, guides,  
Avaunt Despair! when Teucer calls to Fame,  
The same your Augur, and your Guide the same.  
Another Salamis in foreign Clime,  
With rival Pride shall raise her Head sublime.  
So Phœbus nods; ye Sons of Valour true,  
Full often try'd in Deeds of deadlier Hue,  
To-day, with Wine drive ev'ry Care away,  
To-morrow tempt again the boundless Sea.

ODE

Life. He again uses this Thought, in his Ode to Valgius upon a like Occasion.

SAN.

*Deterget.*] This confirms what was said in the third Ode of its appealing the Waves. — *Seu ponere vult freta.*

19. *Melli mero.*] Wine which softens the Sorrows of the Soul. This Advice was probably not disagreeable to Plancus, who was very expensive in his Love of Pleasure. Cælius Rufus gives this Account of him in a Letter to Cicero; *Plancus tuus magno Congiario donatus a Cæsare, nec beatus, nec bene instructus est.* He was a Man of great Abilities, and had enjoyed all the Triumphs, Honours and Employments in the Republic: yet his moral Character is infamous and odious. After the Death of Cæsar, he followed the Cause of Liberty and Brutus. He afterwards engaged himself, more than once, both to Octavius and Anthony. And when he at last quitted the Party of Anthony, he spoke of him in the Senate with so much Cruelty, that Coponius with an honest Indignation, — *Multa mercede fecit Antonius pridie quam tu illum relinqueres.* I dare say, that Anthony did many villainous, infamous things the Day before you left him.

SAN.

Velleius Paterculus hath left us the following Picture of him. *Inter hunc apparatus belli, Plancus, non iudicio recta legendi, neque amore Reipublicæ, aut Cæsaris, (quippe hæc semper impugnabat) sed morbo proditor, cum fuisset humillimus assentator Reginæ, & infra servus clienti, cum Antonii librarius, cum obsecrissarum rerum & auctor & minister, cum in omnia & omnibus venalis, cum cæculatus & nudus, caputque redimitus arundine, & caudam trabens, genibus innixus Glau-*

As fair South-Winds will brush the Clouds away,  
Nor always brood a rainy Day,  
So Plancus, You, whatever Life you lead,

Or play at home in Tibur's Shade,  
Or fill the shining Camp, and lead the War,  
With Wine still wisely end thy Care.

When Teucer fled, distress'd by angry Fate,  
His Country, and his Fathers Hate,  
With Poplar Crowns he grac'd his drunken Head,

And thus to drooping Friends he said:  
Whatever chance the kinder Parent sends,  
We'll bravely bear, my noble Friends,

Adieu fond Care, despairing Fears be gone  
Whilst Teucer guides, and leads you on:  
Unerring Phœbus says our Hands shall raise

A City in another Place,  
Another Salamis: Cheer, rouse your Force,  
For we have often suffer'd worse:

Drink briskly round, dispel all cloudy Sorrow,  
Drink round, we'll plow the Deep to morrow.

ODE

*cum saltasset, in convivio refrigeratus ab Antonio, ob manifestarum rapinarum indicia, transfugit ad Cæsarem, &c.*

*Seu te fulgentia signis.*] By these Words it appears, that Plancus was not yet determined, whether he should follow Augustus, or retire to his Country Seat: And as we do not find his Name among the Commanders at the Battle of Actium, it is probable that he was left in Italy.

SAN.

23. *Tempora populeæ.*] As Horace seems to be the Inventor of this little Piece of History, he might name the Poplar indifferently for any Tree, since in their Feasts the Ancients formed their Crowns of the first Branches which they found. But perhaps the Poet names the Poplar particularly, because they who sacrificed to Bacchus, and celebrated the Bacchanalia, were usually crowned with Leaves of that Tree.

DAC.

25. *Melior Fortuna Parente.*] Fortune was indeed less severe to him than his Father (as Mr. Dacier observes) for arriving in the Island Cyprus, he built there the City Salamine, where his Descendants held the Sceptre for upwards of eight hundred Years, 'till the Reign of that Evagoras whose Panegyric we read in Isocrates.

27. *Auspice Teucro.*] Although the Greeks consulted the Flight of Birds, yet they did not use their *Auspicia* in the Roman Manner. Teucer speaks here according to the Custom of the Romans, who never undertook any considerable Design, without consulting the Gods. The Patricians only had a Power of the Auspicia, which were of two Sorts: Those of the Consuls, Censors and Pretors, called *Majora*;

D 2

those



## ODE VIII. Ad LYDIAM.

LYDIA, dic, per omnes

Te Deos oro, Sybarin

Cur properas amando

Perdere; cur apricum

Oderit campum, patiens

Pulveris atque solis?

Cur neque militaris

Inter æquales equitat,

Gallica nec lupatis

Temperat ora frenis?

Cur timet flavum Tiberim

Tangere? Cur olivum

Sanguine

those of inferior Magistrates, *Minora*. In an Army, the General alone had a Right of performing these *Auspicia*, and when he commanded in Person, every thing was done, *sub ejus auspiciis*: His Officers always acted under the same Titles, because he transferred to them those Omens, which the Gods had sent to confirm his Election. From hence the Triumphs were reserved for the General, although he was not present at the Victory. Thus Horace, *Te confilium & tuos præbente Divos*. And Ovid speaking of Tiberius *Auspicium cui das grande, Deosque tuos*. D A C.

Doctor Bentley affirms that the Latins never say, *Auspice illo, Auspice Cesare*, and that the Word *Auspex* is always applied to a God. He therefore boldly alters the Text, and reads *Auspice Phæbo*. Mr. Cunningham, with an equal Spirit of Criticism, and equally against the Faith of Manuscripts, changes *Auspice* for *Obsecro*, which indeed seems to have been the Reading of the Scholiast, who renders it *Sponsor*. Mr. Sanadon follows Mr. Cunningham, and gives him abundant Honour for the Correction; yet in his Preface he acknowledges that Mr. Dacier has well proved against Doctor Bentley, (and indeed against his own Notes upon this Ode) that the Latins have applied *Auspex* to a Person, who might be neither God nor Augur, as in this Instance, where Ovid speaks to Germanicus Cæsar,

*Auspice te felix totus ut eat annus,*

Yet he asserts that they never apply *Dux* and *Auspex* to the same Person, in the same Action. But this is little better than trifling.

28. *Certus*.] Because his Oracles were esteemed the most infallible. Whence in Terence, *Non Apollinis magis verum atque hoc responsum*. And the Greek Proverb, *τα ιε*

## ODE VIII. To LYDIA.

SAY *Lydia*, by th' immortal Powers,Why in such Haste young *Sybaris*

To ruin with rich Love?

Why hates he now the sunny Field,

5 So patient once both dusty Clouds

And sultry Skies t' endure?

Why 'mong his Equals rides he not

In martial Pomp, nor temp'ring curbs

Of his fierce *Gallic* Steed

10 The gen'rous Rage? Ah! whence this Dread

To stem the *Tiber's* yellow Wave?

Why as the Viper's Blood

Shuns

29. *Ambiguum*.] Which shall be so like that *Salamis* which we have left, in Glory and Grandeur, that it shall be difficult to distinguish them. Thus in another Place, *Solutis crinibus, ambiguoque vultu*. D A C.

## ODE VIII.

Certain Persons, prejudiced in Favour of the Usages wherein they were educated, will certainly think, says Mr. Sanadon, that I have made here an unpardonable Innovation. I have broken the Distichs, which compose this Ode, and distributed them into Strophes, in which the third Verse is perfectly equal to the first; *Cur properas amando* containing exactly the same Number and the same Quality of Measures with *Lydia dic per omnes*. As to the second Verse, I shall only quote this Example of Terentianus Maurus, *Syllabam sex posse dari*, which is in nothing different from, *te Deos oro Sybarin*. Horace and Terentianus have imitated the Grecian Poets Eupolis, Aristophanes, and Euphorion, who have left us many Pieces of this Form. Thus the Alteration is authorized both by Greek and Latin Poetry, whereas it is impossible to find an Instance of any Ode like what is printed in the usual Editions.

The Design of this Ode is not to reproach *Sybaris* with Effeminacy, or his Love of Pleasure; but it seems to be written either in Resentment or Jealousy with regard to *Lydia*, who kept him disguised in a female Dress. D A C.

Verf. 3. *Amando*.] May have a passive Signification. By being beloved. As in Virgil; *Uritque videndo famina*. Instances of this Kind are frequent in the best Authors, yet the Antithesis is stronger by taking *amando* in an active Sense. *She destroys by loving him*.

5. *Oderit Campum*.] When the Tarquins were expelled by



ODE VIII. TO LYDIA.

ODE VIII. TO LYDIA.

LET me conjure Thee, Lydia, tell,  
Ah! why, by loving him too well,  
Why thus impatient to destroy  
Young Sybaris, too am'rous Boy?  
Why does he hate the sunny Plain,  
While he can Sun or Dust sustain?  
Or why no more, with martial Pride,  
Amidst the youthful Battle ride,  
And the fierce Gallic Steed command,  
With bitted Curb, and forming Hand?  
Why does he fear the yellow Flood,  
And worse than Viper's baleful Blood,

Fearful

by Brutus, their Lands between the Tiber and Rome were consecrated to Mars, and called by his Name. Here the Roman Citizens assembled on their Elections; the Youth performed their Exercises; and young People of both Sexes used to walk in an Evening.

7. *Cur neque militaris.*] The Poet here means the Mock-fights on Horseback, which were brought from Troy to Italy by Ascanius, and revived by Augustus. *Troja ludum edidit frequentissime, majorum minorumque puerorum delectu, prisci, decorique moris existimans claræ stirpis indolem notescere.* Suet. de Augus. These Sports continued to the Time of Claudius Cæsar.

DAC.

9. *Gallica temperat ora.*] This Expression is extremely bold, and requires the Word *equorum* to be understood. The Horses of Gaul were much esteemed by the Romans, and their Bits are here called *lupata*, a *lupinis dentibus*, qui *inaequales sunt, unde etiam eorum morsus vehementer obest.*

CRUQ.

11. *Tiberim tangere.*] The Roman Youth threw themselves into the Tiber after their Exercises in the Campus

TELL me, Lydia, tell me this,  
By all the Gods I do conjure thee tell  
Why wilt thou ruin Sybaris,  
By loving of the Youth too well?

Why doth he hate the Plain  
That can endure the Fury of the Skies,  
The burning Sun, the Wind and Rain:  
By Nature fitted for the Prize?

Why now refuse to ride  
Amidst his Equals, and with graceful Force  
The Fury of his Courser guide,  
And bravely fit the manag'd Horse?

Why yellow Tyber's Stream  
Doth he now hate? why fear to touch the Flood,  
And why the shining Oyl contemn  
With greater Care than Viper's Blood?

Why

Martius, and thought that such hardy Discipline would strengthen them to bear the Fatigues of War.

ANCIENT SCHOL.

12. *Cur oleum.*] Those who would wrestle, preparatory to that Exercise, used to anoint themselves with Oil, in Order to give the less Hold to their Antagonists. Catullus with great Beauty, and Boldness of Expression, says of himself—*Ego Gymnasii sui flos, & decus olei.*

DAC.

Sanguine vipersine  
Cautida vitat? neque jam  
Livida gestat armis  
Brachia, sæpè disco,  
Sæpè trans finem jaculo  
Nobilis expedito?  
Quid latet, ut marinæ  
Filiū dicunt Thetidos  
Sub lacrymosa Trojæ  
Funera; ne virilis  
Cultus in cædem & Lycias  
Proriperet catervas?

Shuns he the Wrestler's Oil? why leaves  
To brandish 'midst th' admiring Ring  
Aloft his livid Arms,  
So often for the Discus hurl'd,  
And for the whizzing Jav'lin launch'd  
Beyond the Mark, renown'd?  
Why lies he hid, as once the Son  
Of Sea-born Thetis, on the Verge  
Of Troy's distressful Fall;  
Left Manhood's Dress should urge him forth  
To Slaughter and the Lycian Bands,  
Before the destin'd Hour?

ODE

ODE

15. *Armis.*] Instruments which were proper for the Exercises in the Campus Martius, such as Quoits, Javelins, &c. are by the Poet called *Arma*. Thus Virgil calls Instruments of Husbandry by the same Name.

D A C.

*Livida gestat brachia*] However singular this Expression may seem, yet it means no more than *gerere* or *habere brachia*. To have his Arms soiled and livid with the Weight of Instruments used in their Exercises.

S A N.

16. *Disco.*] The Discus was a Kind of Quoit very large and heavy, made of Wood or Stone, but more commonly of Iron or Brass. It was almost round, and somewhat thicker in the Middle than at the Edges. It was thrown by the sole Force of the Arm.

S A N.

21. *Trojæ funera.*] We may understand, by these Words, the Losses both of Greeks and Trojans during the Siege of Troy.

T O R R.

23. *In cædem & Lycias.*] *In cædem Lyciarum catervarum.* A manner of speaking very usual among the Poets, when they divide in Expression, what is united in Idea. Thus in the first Ode; *Ofium & oppidi laudat rura sui.*

S A N.

Horace particularly names the Lycians, because they were the chief auxiliar Forces in the Trojan Army.

D A C.

Fearful detest the Wrestler's Oil  
While firm to bear the manly Toil?  
Where now are all the livid Scars  
Of sportive, nor inglorious, Wars,  
When for the Quoit, with Vigour thrown  
Beyond the Mark, his Fame was known?  
Then tell me, wherefore now he lies  
Lost in a female, soft Disguise,  
Such as Achilles' Form belied,  
Left Manhood's Drefs, and manly Pride  
Should hasten Ilium's Overthrow,  
And pour him on the Lycian Foe?

## ODE

Why do his Arms no more  
Look black with Blows and honourable Scars,  
Which once with just Applause he bore,  
When Fame attended on his Wars?

So justly prais'd for Art,  
So fam'd for Strength, when thro' the wond'ring  
Beyond the Bounds he threw the Dart,  
Which swiftly bore his Praise along.

Why doth he now lye hid,  
As once, complying with his Mother's Fears,  
The Great, the Brave Achilles did,  
Left manly Drefs should force him on to Wars?

## ODE



ODE IX. *Ad Thaliarchum.*

VIDES, ut altâ stet nive candidum

Soraete, nec jam sustineant onus

Sylvæ laborantes; gelûque

Flumina constituerint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco

Largè reponens; atque benignius

Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,

O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera; qui simul

Stravere ventos æquore fervido

Deprællantes, nec cupressi,

Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid

Horace in this Ode sets forth all his Epicurean Philosophy, and so constant is He to his Principles, that the different Ages of Man, and the Various Seasons of the Year; the Freshness of Spring, and Heat of Summer; the Ripeness of Autumn and Coldness of Winter, have their several Engagements to Pleasure. This Ode was probably written at a Country-Seat of Thaliarchus near the Mountain Soraete in Tuscany, fix and twenty Miles from Rome. D A C.

Verf. 1. *Stet nive candidum.*) *Constet nive* as if the whole Mountain were an Heap of Snow. When Virgil says, *Stat pulvere cælum*, and *stant lumina flammæ*, He would represent to us, A Sky full of Dust, and Eyes of Fire.

D A C.

6. *Benignius deprome quadrimum.*) Dacier affirms very confidently that Horace, in Purity of Style should have written *largius* after *largè*; and however the Critic might be contradicted by the Usage of the best Authors, yet Mr. Cunningham, probably from this Assertion, has altered the Text, and reads *benignior*. Perhaps *benignius* should agree with *merum*, and signify *Wine grown mellowed with Age*, and kinder to the Toper.

8. *Diotâ.*] A Vessel (according to the Import of the

ODE IX. *To Thaliarchus.*

SEE how Soraete lifts his hoary Head,  
An Hill of Snow! the lab'ring Groves beneath  
Their glitt'ring Burthen bend; and bound  
In icy Chains the Rivers stand.

Dissolve the Cold, pile high the shining Hearth;  
And, kinder, from its Sabine Prison free  
The Vintage which four circling Years  
Have mellow'd, Heat and Mirth t' inspire.

Trust to the Gods the rest; at whose Rebuke  
When cease the warring Winds and Seas to rage,  
With Leaf unmov'd the Cypress stands,  
Unmov'd the aged Mountain-Oak.

Seek

Word) with *two Ears*; particularly made in the Sabine Country.

9. *Permitte divis cætera.*) Some Commentators have found in these Lines an Air of Epicurean Ridicule upon the Doctrine of the Stoics, who asserted a divine Providence even in Events most inconsiderable, and they think that the Poet has raised his Style with an affected Pomp of Expression, to render his Ridicule more strong. *That when the Gods have commanded the Raging of the Winds to cease, all the wondrous Effect of their Power shall be, that the Woods shall stand unshaken.* On the contrary, there seems to be something just and noble in the Thought, when taken in a moral Sense, and which might naturally raise this Greatness of Expression; *That when the Gods have appeased the Winds, not a Leaf shall fall to the Ground; and even Trees decayed and sapless with Age, shall stand unshaken.* Such is the Care and Power of Providence.

15.

## ODE IX. To THALIARCHUS.

**B**EHOLD Soraete's airy Height,  
 See how it stands an Heap of Snow!  
 Behold the Winter's hoary Weight,  
 Oppress the labouring Woods below!  
 And by the Season's icy Hand  
 Congeal'd, the lazy Rivers stand.

Now melt away the Winter's Cold,  
 Now largely pile the chearful Fire;  
 Quick pierce the Vintage four-year-old,  
 Whose mellow'd Heat can Mirth inspire;  
 Then to the Guardian Powers divine  
 The Cares of future Life resign:

For, when the warring Winds arise,  
 And o'er the fervid Ocean sweep,  
 They speak --- and lo! the Tempest dies  
 On the smooth Bosom of the Deep;  
 Unshaken stands the aged Grove,  
 And feels the Providence of Jove.

E To

## ODE IX. To THALIARCHUS.

**S**EE how the Hills are white with Snow,  
 The Seas are rough, the Woods are tost,  
 The Trees beneath their Burthen bow,  
 And purling Streams are bound in Frost.

Diffolve the Cold with noble Wine,  
 Dear Friend, and make a rousing Fire,  
 'Gainst Cold without, and Care within,  
 Let both with equal Force conspire.

With all Things else, come, trust the Gods,  
 Who when they shall a Calm restore,  
 And still the Storms that tost the Floods;  
 Old Oaks, and Ashes shake no more.

All

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere; &

Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro

Appone; nec dulces amores

Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest

Morosa. Nunc & campus, & arces

Lenesque rubi noctem susurri

Composita repetantur hora:

Nunc & latentis proditor intimo

Gratus puellae risus ab angulo,

Pignusque dereptum lacertis,

Aut digito male pertinaci.

ODE

15. *Appone.* ] Powers and Apponers were Terms used in Arithmetic by the Romans. D A C.

19. *Susurri.* ] This Word is formed from an Imitation of the Sound in whispering, as in Greek *ἡσυχία*, in Italian *Bisbiglio*, in French *Chucheter*, and in English *Whisper*.

21. *Nunc.* ] *Nunc* in this Strophe must refer to *Donec*, while Thaliarchus was yet in the Vigour of his Youth; for these Entertainments were very little proper for the Season of the Year in which the Ode was written. S A N.

22. *Gratus puellae risus.* ] There is a beautiful Description of this Kind in Corn. Gallus, which may be the best Note upon Horace.

*Erabuit vultus ipsa puella meos;*

*Et nunc subridens lacrimas fugitivas petibat;*

THE ODES OF HORACE.

Seek not to antedate To-morrow's Care,

But count for Gain each Day kind Fortune gives;

Nor now Love's golden Joys refuse,

Nor now, dear Youth, the sprightly Dance.

While Age morose shall from thy verdant Spring

His Winter keep, the Ring, the public Walk,

And, at th' appointed Hour, fail not

The gentle Whisper in the Dark.

Nor the sweet Laugh, which from the flying Fair

Betrays the grateful Corner where she hides;

Then of some Toy her lovely Arm

Or ill-resisting Finger spoil.

ODE

*Non tamen effugiens tota latere volens:*

*Sed magis ex aliqua cupiebat parte videri,*

*Latior hoc multo quod male tecta foret.*

At Sight of Me, deep-blush'd the lovely Maid,

Then side-long laugh'd, and flying sought the Shade;

The Shade she sought, yet luring in her Flight,

Would fain be lost—not wholly to my Sight;

But rather wish'd to have some Part reveal'd,

Nor meanly joy'd to lie so ill conceal'd.

D

ODE



To-morrow with it's Cares despise,  
And make the present Hour thine own,  
Be swift to catch it as it flies,  
And score it up as clearly won;  
Nor let thy Youth disdain to prove  
The Joys of Dancing, and of Love.

Beneath the grateful Evening-Shade,  
The public Walks, the public Park;  
An Affignation sweetly made  
With gentle Whispers in the Dark;  
The Laugh, which from the Corner flies,  
To tell you where the Fair-one lies;

A Ring or Bracelet snatch'd away,  
The sportive Pledge of future Joy,  
When She with amorous, dear Delay,  
Shall struggling yield the willing Toy,  
While Age morose thy Vigour spares,  
Be these thy Pleasures, these thy Cares.

ODE

All Cares and Fears are fond and vain,  
Fly vexing Thoughts of dark to-morrow;  
What Chance scores up, count perfect Gain,  
And banish Business, banish Sorrow.

Whilst thou art Green, and Gay, and Young,  
E'er dull Age comes, and Strength decays,  
Let Mirth, and Humour, Dance, and Song  
Be all the Trouble of thy Days.

The Court, the Mall, the Park, and Stage  
With eager Thoughts of Love pursue;  
Gay Evening whispers fit thy Age,  
And be to Affignation true.

Now love to hear the hiding Maid,  
Whom Youth hath fir'd, and Beauty charms,  
By her own tittering Laugh betray'd,  
And forc'd into her Lover's Arms.

Go dally with thy wanton Miss,  
And from the Willing seeming Coy,  
Or force a Ring, or steal a Kiss;  
For Age will come, and then farewell to Joy!

E 2

ODE

## ODE X. IN MERCURIUM.

MERCURI, facunde nepos Atlantis,  
Qui feros cultus hominum recentum  
Voce formasti catus, & decoræ

More palæstræ :

Te canam magni Jovis, & Deorum  
Nuntium, curvæque lyræ parentem ;  
Callidum, quidquid placuit, jocosum

Condere furto.

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses  
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci  
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ

Risit Apollo,

Quin & Atridas, duce te, superbos  
Illo dives Priamus relictâ,  
Thessalosque ignes, & iniqua Trojæ

Castra fecellit.

Tu pias lætis animas reponis  
Sedibus, virgæque levem coërces  
Auræa turbam, superis Deorum

Gratus, & imis.

ODE

This Ode was probably written for a Feast of Mercury ; yet is there nothing extraordinary in it, excepting an Elegance of Expression ; a Flowing and Harmony of Numbers. We have in it all the honourable Titles of Mercury. He is represented as fashioning the first Race of Men, and cultivating their Understandings, by the Study of Sciences most proper to soften their natural Fierceness ; while he forms their Bodies by Exercises, which are most capable of giving Strength and Grace. Such is the Power of Eloquence ; such the Effect of Wrestling.

S A N.

Verf. 3. *Catus*.] Some of the Ancients have interpreted *catus*, by *sapiens* ; Varro condemns this Explication, and says that it is a Sabine Word, which signifies *insinuating*. This seems to be its proper Meaning here, as it is the principal Character of true Eloquence.

*Decoræ more palæstræ*.] Horace calls the Customs and Exercises of the Palæstra, *decoræ*, because they formed the Body to Ease and Gracefulness. Thus Virgil ; *Membra decora juvenis*, where he speaks of Mercury as God of the Palæstra.

D A C.

5. *Jovis & Deorum nuntium*.] The Quality of Messenger of the Gods, was honourable to Mercury ; nor less advantageous to Mankind, as it maintained a Kind of religious Correspondence between Heaven and Earth.

S A N.

6. *Curvæque lyræ parentem*.] Mercury is not only instrumental to the Instruction ; but to the Pleasures of Man-

## ODE X. TO MERCURY.

Sweet Power of Eloquence, from *Atlas* sprung,  
*Hermes*, who of the Infant World refin'd  
The Savage Manners by thy Voice, and th' Arts  
Of graceful Exercise.

Thee, Messenger of *Jove* and of the Gods,  
I sing, thee Parent of the bending Lyre ;  
Potent of matchless Skill whate'er you please  
In furtive Mirth to hide.

Thee yet a Child, unless thou would'st restore  
The Herds you stole, as once with angry Voice  
He threaten'd, of his Quiver too bereft  
And Wrath, *Apollo* smil'd.

When *Priam* with rich Presents left his *Troy*,  
Guided by thee, th' *Atridae's* watchful Pride,  
*Thessalian* Fires, and ev'ry hostile Guard  
Securely he deceiv'd.

In blissful Seats the pure unspotted Souls  
You place, and with thy golden Wand compell  
The light unbodied Crowd ; to Gods above  
Grateful, and Gods below.

ODE

kind. He is called the Parent of the Lyre, because having found the Shell of a Tortoise, and fitted Strings to it, he first formed an Idea of that Kind of Music. From hence *Testudo* signified a Lyre, and Lyric Poets were particularly stiled *Viri Mercuriales*, as living under the peculiar Protection of this Deity.

S A N.

7. *Jocosum condere furto*.] Mr. Dacier unluckily remarks, that as Mercury was the God of Merchants, he became, perhaps from thence, the God of Thieves. True it is, that the Phœnicians, the greatest Merchants of the Heathen World, were always remarkable for a Dexterity in Trade beyond the Simplicity of fair Dealing. But that this Deity might not be fatigued with Business, he was assisted by a Goddess, called *Laverna*, to whom Prayers were address'd for Success in Thefts and Cheating.

— *Pulchra Laverna*,

*Da mihi fallere, da justum sanctumque videri.*

Beauteous *Laverna*, my Petition hear,  
Let me with Truth and Sanctity appear ;  
O give me to deceive.

8. *Condere furto*.] This Character of Mercury, which seems

## ODE X. TO MERCURY.

THOU God of Wit, (from Atlas sprung,) Who by persuasive Power of Tongue, And graceful Exercise refin'd The savage Race of human Kind; Thou winged Messenger of Jove, And all th' immortal Powers above, Thou Parent of the bending Lyre, Thy Praise shall all its Sounds inspire; Artful, and cunning to conceal Whate'er in playful Theft you steal; When from the God, who gilds the Pole, Ev'n yet a Boy his Herds you stole, With angry Look the threatening Pow'r Bad thee, thy fraudulent Prey restore, But of his Quiver too beguil'd, Pleas'd with the Theft Apollo smil'd. You were the wealthy Priam's Guide When safe from stern Atrides' Pride, Through hostile Camps, which round him spread Their watchful Fires, his Way he sped. Unspotted Spirits you consign To blissful Seats, and Joys divine, And powerful with thy golden Wand The light, unbodied Croud command; Thus grateful does thy Office prove To Gods below, and Gods above.

ODE

seems only a Matter of Diversion, yet is beneficial to Mankind, by teaching them a proper Vigilance in the Care of their Goods. S A N.

9. *Te boves.*) These Instances of innocent Theft, which the Poet calls *jocosum Furtum*, were performed at different Times, but by uniting them, he has given his Subject an Air of Pleasantry and Vivacity, which extremely enlivens it. S A N.

13. *Quin & Atridas.*) The Poet here presents us a Scene of War, which has a very agreeable Effect after the Gaiety of the first Strophes; and to make the Opposition more strong, the Lines are raised with a good deal of Pomp. S A N.

14. *Ilio reliâ.*) The Latins use *Ilium* in the neuter, and

## ODE X. TO MERCURY.

Sweet smooth-Tongu'd God, wife Atlas Son, Whose Voice did mould Mens flinty Hearts, Just risen from their Parent Stone, By softning Musick, and instructing Arts. Thee, Thee my Muse shall gladly sing, Thee Post of Heav'n, and Guard of Hell; First Mover of the charming String; By waggish Thievery cunning to conceal.

Unless you would restore the Cows, Whilst with his Voice He dar'd the Child, And threatned with his angry Brows, Now He had lost his Bow, Apollo smil'd.

Rich Priam with a Pious haste, Whilst You did guide his trembling Feet, Thessalian Fires securely past, The Camp, and proud Atrides' haughty Fleet.

You gently guide the Pious Souls To happy Seats; Your Golden Rod The sitting Troop controuls; O lov'd Above, Below, by every God.

ODE

*Ilios* in the feminine Gender. Horace in another Ode says, *Ilios vexata*, where the Copyists could not change the Termination of the Epithet, without altering the Measure of the Verse, and were therefore obliged not to mistake. This Correction is taken from Mr. Cunningham, and it has been received by Mr. Sanadon.

*Dives Priamus.*) There is a particular Beauty in this Epithet, as it shews Priam going with all his Wealth to ransom the Body of Hector. D A C.

17. *Tu pias.*) The Ode could not end more happily, than by shewing Mercury in his religious Ministry. This God seems to have been particularly invented for the Happiness of human Kind. He forms both their Minds and Bodies; he raises them to the Knowledge of the Gods; he invents the innocent Pleasures of Life; he assists them in Distresses, and continues his Benefits to them, even after Death, by conducting the Souls of the Good to the Happiness of Heaven. For this Reason, we sometimes find his Name in ancient Epitaphs. S A N.

ODE



ODE XI. Ad LEUCONOE.

**T**U ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem  
tibi

Finem Di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios  
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati!  
Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,  
Quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare 5  
Tyrrhenum; sapias, vinia liques, & spatio brevi  
Spem longam refices. Dum loquimur, fugerit in-

vidua. *Etas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.*

ODE

This Ode has much good Sense in it to persuade us, that all the Arts of Fortune-telling are a ridiculous and vain Imposture; and that true Wisdom consists in our Enjoyment of the present Hour, without too much Anxiety for the future.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Scire nefas.*) All Sciences of Astrology and Fortune-telling were forbidden, and considered as impious by the Heathens; but the Words mean also that Impossibility of knowing the future Events of Life, and the Folly of tormenting ourselves to discover what is impenetrable to all our Inquiries.

CRUQ.

2. *Leuconoe.*) In some Manuscripts this Ode is addressed *Ad Leuconem meretricem*, and it is much disputed whether it be a real Name.

*Nec Babylonios.*) The Babylonians were infatuated with judicial Astrology, and made use of Astronomical Tables to calculate the fortunate or unfortunate Days of Life. These Tables the Poet calls *Numeros*.

3. *Ut melius.*) The Construction is remarkable, *Ut melius est, quamvis melius est pati quidquid erit?* How much better is it to bear, whatever shall happen, than to depend upon the idle Predictions of Astrologers!

SAN.

5. *Qua nunc.*) A Member of the Academy of *Belle-Lettres*, has a very ingenious Criticism on this Passage. He imagines that Leuconoe had a Country Seat among the Villages on the Coasts of Campania, where we know how expensive the wealthy Citizens of Rome were in their Buildings.

ODE XI. To LEUCONOE.

**S**EK not, *Leuconoe*, what Term the Gods  
Have destin'd Me or Thee; nor tempt  
*Chaldean Numbers*, vain illicit Art!

Th'inevitable Lot to bear,

How much more prudent! whether Sov'reign *Jove*  
Hath many Winters yet to add,

Or this now frown thy last, which dashing breaks  
On th'adverse Rocks the *Tyrrhene* wave.

Thy philter'd Wines, with better Wisdom, pour;  
And frugal prune, from Life's short Span,  
Protracted Hopes, and each intemp'rate Care.

Ev'n while we speak Time envious flies:

Then seize To-day, make all it's Blessings thine;  
Nor trust To-morrow's dubious Faith.

ODE

From hence this Description of Winter will appear with greater Strength and Beauty, when the Poet tells Leuconoe, that this perhaps shall be the last Year which she may enjoy in an House, which she hath built for Pleasure and for Vanity. This Criticism is strongly supported by the Word *oppositis*, which seems to mean some artificial Mounds to break the Force and Violence of the Sea. However the Lines are of no mean Beauty, although this ingenious Conjecture should not appear perfectly just.

6. *Vinia liques.*) The Ancients used to philtre their Wines, to render them more soft and smooth.

CRUQ.

8. *Carpe diem.*) The Days of Life are here compared to Flowers, which are as short in their Duration, as they are pleasing to the Sense; and the poetical Advice is to pluck them before their Beauty and Bloom be withered.

ODD

## ODE XI. To LEUCONOE.

**S**TRIVE not, Leucônœ, to pry  
 Into the secret Will of Fate,  
 Nor impious Magic vainly try,  
 To know our Lives' uncertain Date.  
 Whether th' indulgent Power divine  
 Hath many Seasons yet in Store,  
 Or this the latest Winter thine,  
 Which breaks its Waves against the Shore.

Thy Life with better Arts be crown'd,  
 Thy philter'd Wines abundant pour;  
 Thy lengthen'd Hopes with Prudence bound  
 Proportion'd to the flying Hour:

While thus we talk in careless Ease,  
 The envious Moments wing their Flight;  
 Instant the fleeting Pleasure seize,  
 Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful Light.

## ODE

## ODE XI. To LEUCONOE.

**A**H do not strive too much to know,  
 My dear *Leuconoe*,  
 What the kind Gods design to do  
 With Me and Thee.

Ah do not you consult the Stars;  
 Contented bear thy Doom,  
 Rather than thus increase thy Fears  
 For what will come:

Whether they'll give one Winter more,  
 Or else make this thy last;  
 Which breaks the Waves on *Tyrrhene* Shore  
 With many a Blast.

Be Wise, and Drink; cut off long Cares  
 From thy contracted Span,  
 Nor stretch extensive Hopes and Fears  
 Beyond a Man:

E'en whilst we speak the Envious Time  
 Doth make swift Haste away,  
 Then seize the Present, use thy Prime;  
 Nor trust another Day.

## ODE

ODE XII. *Ad AUGUSTUM.*

QUEM virum, aut heroa, lyrâ, vel acri  
Tibiâ sumes celebrare Clio?

Quem Deum? cujus recinet jocosa

Nomen imago,

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,

Aut super Pindo, gelidove in Hæmo?

Unde vocalem temere insecutæ

Orphea sylvæ;

Arte maternâ rapidos morantem

Fluminum lapsus, celereque ventos,

Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris

Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis

Laudibus? qui res hominum, ac Deorum,

Qui mare, & terras, varilque mundum

Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso;

Nec viget quidquam simile, aut secundum;

Proximos illi tamen occupavit

Pallas honores.

Præliis

The Images of this Ode are great and noble, the Expressions bold and sublime, the Versification chaste and harmonious; yet the principal Beauty of it consists in the Boldness of the Designing, and the Art with which it is supported.

The Poem opens with the Praises of Jupiter, and the Gods who were descended from Him. The Heroes (who are all Romans) are next introduced, with the particular Strokes which distinguish their Characters, and the Praise of Augustus concludes the Ode.

We may here observe two great Excellencies, which are not frequently found together: An Exactness of Method, and an animated Variety. There appears, at first View, only a simple Account of Gods and Heroes; but there is such an Abundance of Apostrophes, Interrogations, Suspensions, Metaphors, Comparisons, Descriptions, and Images; indeed all the richest Figures of Eloquence and Poetry, that the cold, methodical Account of Persons and Things, disappears under the Pomp of Ornaments, with which it is clothed. Nor does the Poet only openly rank Augustus next to the greatest Characters of Antiquity, but seems to point out the Gods and Heroes as Examples worthy of his Imitation in the Wisdom and Justice of governing; In Fortitude and Firmness of Soul; in Courage and Temperance; in Severity of Manners, and Love of our Country. If we do not consider the Ode in this View, it becomes a less affecting

ODE XII. *To AUGUSTUS.*

By the Rev. Mr. FRANCIS.

What Man, what Hero, on the tuneful Lyre,  
Or sharp-ton'd Flute, shall Clio chuse to raise  
Deathless to Fame? What God? whose hallow'd  
Name

The sportive Image of the Voice

Shall through the Shades of Helicon resound,  
On Pindus, or on Hæmus ever cool,

From whence the Forests in Confusion wild

To vocal Orpheus urg'd their Way;

Who by his Mother's Art, harmonious Muse,

With soft Delay could stop the falling Stream,

And winged Winds; with Strings of sweet Accord

Powerful the list'ning Oaks to lead.

Claims not th' eternal Sire his wonted Praise

Awful who reigns o'er Gods and Men supreme,

Who Sea, and Earth --- the universal Globe

With grateful Change of Seasons rules;

From whom no Being of superiour Power,

Nothing of equal, second Glory springs,

Yet first, of all his Progeny divine,

Immortal Honours Pallas claims:

Thou

Piece of Flattery, and an artless numbering the greatest Gods of Heaven, and the most shining Characters among Men.

Mr. Dacier imagines, with great Probability, that this Ode was composed some Time after the Battle of Actium, after the Senate had decreed that Hymns should be address'd to Augustus in the same Manner as to the Gods.

Verf. 1. *Quem Virum.*] The Poet in the Execution hath changed the Order which he proposed in the Invocation, and begins with the Praises of the Gods, as more striking and affecting, that He may regularly proceed to those of Augustus, which are more interesting, and for which the Ode was principally written. Horace hath imitated the second Olympic of Pindar which begins thus:

Ἀναξίφορμος γὰρ ὕμνος

Τὸν θεῶν, τοῖς ἥρωι,

Τὸν δ' ἄνδρα κελεύουσιν;

What God, ye Hymns, that rule the Lyre;

What Hero, fraught with heavenly Fire,



Ode XII. To AUGUSTUS.

By Mr. HARE.

WHAT Man or Hero wilt thou praise?  
Or shall a God exalt thy Lays?  
Wilt thou the shriller Pipe inspire,  
Or boldly, *Clio*, sweep the Lyre?

Whose glorious Name with swelling Sound  
From *Pindus*' Top shall echo round,  
Where *Heliconian* Shades are spread,  
Or *Hæmus* lifts his icy Head?

*Hæmus*, from whence the Woods amain  
Came dancing down to *Orpheus*' Strain,  
The Bard that mighty Wonders wrought  
By Arts his Mother - Goddess taught.

The rapid Floods forgot to flow,  
The boist'rous Tempests ceas'd to blow,  
The Oaks an Ear to Rapture found,  
Charm'd with the Magic of his Sound.

Whom first but the *Paternal* King,  
Chief Theme of Metre, shall I sing,  
Who rules each Subject Man, and God;  
Earth, Sea, and Seasons with his Nod?

Creative Pow'r, supremely high,  
That knows no Offspring like or nigh;  
But on *Minerva* far below  
The second Honours we bestow.

Nor

Or on the many-sounding String  
What matchless Mortal shall we sing?

D.

The Order in Horace is more beautiful, as it is more natural that the Invocation should rise to the Gods, than descend to Men.

D. ac.

4. *Imago*.] The Greeks and Latins called Echo, *The Image*; and the Hebrews, *The Daughter of the Voice*. D. ac.

7. *Vocalem*.] These Lines are a beautiful Instance, how happily a Description may be introduced, when with a seeming Irregularity and poetical Wildness, it relieves the Heaviness of the Narration, and awakens the Attention of the Reader.

S. A. N.

Ode XII. To AUGUSTUS.

WHAT Man, what Hero, stately Muse,  
Wilt thou deliver down to Fame?

What God for thy great Subject chuse?  
And make the wanton Echo sport his Name

O'er *Helicon*'s resounding Grove,  
O'er *Pindus*, or cold *Hæmus* Hill?

Whence list'ning Woods did gladly move,  
And throng'd to hear sweet *Orpheus* wondrous Quill.

He by his Mother's Art could bind  
The headlong Fury of the Floods;  
Allay rough Storms, appease the Wind,

And loose from their fixt Roots the dancing Woods:

Whom first? shall I creating *Jove*  
With pious Duty gladly sing,

That guides below, and rules above,  
The great Disposer, and the mighty King?

Than He none greater, next him none  
That can be, is, or was:

Supreme he singly fills the Throne;  
Yet *Pallas* is allow'd the nearest place:

Thy

9. *Arte maternâ*.] *Orpheus* was called the Son of the Muse *Calliope*, says the Scholiast on *Hesiod*, αὐτὴν καλεῖται ὁ ποιητὴς ὡς ἑμῶν τῶν εἰς τὰς θύας, as the Inventor of poetical Elegance, and of the Hymns sacred to the Gods. *Pindar* calls him πατρὶα ἀοιδὰς.

16. *Temperat heris*.] The Hours, by the Greeks and Latins, were not only taken for the four and twenty Parts of which the Day is composed, but also for any Portion of Time, particularly for the four Seasons of the Year, as in this Place and in *Homer*. D. ac.

17. *Unde nil majus generatur*.] The Poet is not here reasoning in a philosophical Manner, on the Nature of the Godhead, but in the Language of Poetry asserts, that *Minerva* is justly possessed of the next Honours to her Father. Nor is she compared to *Juno*, or to her Uncle *Neptune*, (who were certainly her Superiours in the Mythology of the Ancients) but to all the Children of *Jupiter*, *Bacchus*, *Apollo*, *Diana*, *Hereules*, *Castor* and *Pollux*, who are the only Gods mentioned in the Ode.

The Poet thinks it raises the Glory of *Jupiter*, that He had never produced any Being, equal to his own Power, because

F

Præliis audax neque te filebo  
Liber; & lævis inimica Virgo  
Bellus; nec te, metuende certâ  
Phoebe sagittâ.

Dicam & Alciden, puerosque Ledæ, 25  
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis  
Nobilem; quorum simul alba nautis  
Stella refulsit,

Defluit saxis agitatus humor;  
Concidunt venti; fugiuntque nubes; 30  
Et minax (sic Dî voluere) ponto  
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum  
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbos  
Tarquinî fasces, dubito, an Catonis 35  
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ  
Prodigum, Pœne superante, Paulum,  
Gratus insigni referam camœnâ,  
Fabriciûmque. 40

Hunc

cause the Fates had declared, that if he indulged his Passion for the Goddess Thetis, he should beget a Son, who should turn him out of Heaven, as He had dethroned his Father Saturn.

*Namque senex Thetidi Proteus, Dea, dixerat, undæ,  
Concipe: mater eris juveni, qui fortibus ælis  
Ætæ patris vincet, majorque videbitur illo.  
Ergo, ne quicquam mundus Jove majus haberet,  
Quamvis haud tepidos sub pectore senserat ignes,  
Jupiter æquoreæ Thetidis connubia vitat.* OVID. BENT.

For hoary Proteus raptur'd sung — Conceive  
A Son, bright Goddess of the briny Wave;  
In dauntless Deeds thine Offspring shall aspire,  
In dauntless Deeds superiour to his Sire:  
Then, lest the World a better Choice approve,  
A greater Monarch than imperial Jove,  
The God, though glowing with no feeble Flame,  
Avoids the Nuptials of the Sea-born Dame. D.

But that Minerva was really inflated, by the Ancients, in the high Rank in which Horace hath placed her, may without Difficulty be proved, as Mr. Dacier observes, from the beautiful Hymn of Callimachus on the Baths of Pallas; where she is represented, not only as dispensing the Gifts of Prophecy, Length of Life, and Felicity after Death, but as sharing the sovereign Privilege of rendering whatsoever she promised irrevocable, by the Sanction of a Nod. For

Thou God of Wine, to Deeds of Valour form'd,  
Thou Virgin Huntress of the savage Race,  
And Phoebus, dreadful with unerring Dart,  
Nor will I not your Praise proclaim.

Alcides' Labours, and fair Leda's Twins,  
Fam'd for the rapid Race, for Wrestling fam'd,  
Shall grace the Song; soon as whose Star benign  
Through the fierce Tempest shines serene,  
Swift from the Rocks down foams the broken Surge,  
Hush'd fall the Winds, the driving Clouds disperse,  
And all the threat'ning Waves, so will the Gods,  
Smooth sink upon the peaceful Deep.

Here stops the doubtful Song, whom next to praise,  
Or Romulus, or Numa's pious Reign,  
The awful Ensigns of Tarquinius' Throne,  
Or Cato, glorious in his Fall.  
Grateful, in higher Tone, the Muse shall sing  
The Fate of Regulus, the Scaurian Race,  
And Paulus, 'mid the Wasse of Cannæ's Field,  
How greatly prodigal of Life!

Form'd

adds the Poet,

Ἐπὶ μὲν Ζεὺς τὴν θυγατέρα  
Δωκεν Ἀθαναίᾳ παρπύια πάντα φέρουσαι.

Κορυφαί Διὸς ὃν ἱπνιστὴν,  
Ἐμπίδοι' ὠσφύτας ὃν αἶν οἱ ἀ θυγάτρῃ.

Of all the Daughters of imperial Jove,  
To Virgin Pallas only, hath his Love  
Indulg'd his great Prerogatives to share.

No Power can change, when Jove vouchsafes to nod  
His awful Brows, the Sanction of the God;  
The same high Privilege Minerva boasts.

21. *Præliis audax.*] He conquered India.

————— *Oriens tibi victus, adûsque  
Decolor extremo quæ cingitur India Gange.* Ov. Met. Lib. 4.

And the Defeat of the Giants is, by many of the Ancients, particularly ascribed to him and Hercules.

*Tu, cùm parentis regna per arduum  
Cobors Gigantum scanderet impia,  
Rhatum retorsisti leonis*

*Unguibus, horribilique malâ.* Lib. 2. Od. 19.

26. *Hunc equis, illum superare pugnis.*)

Κάτορα δ' ἱππόμενοι, καὶ πρὸς ἀγαθὸν Περικλῆα.

Hom.

27.



Nor shall bold *Liber* want a Lay,  
Nor *Dian'* Foe to Beasts of Prey:  
Nor *Phæbus* dreaded God of Light,  
That shoots the fatal Shaft aright.

*Alcides'* Fame shall too be sung;  
And both the Boys from *Leda* sprung;  
This on his Steed a Chief renown'd,  
And that to combat on the Ground.

Soon as their Stars serenely shine,  
Flows down the Rocks the melted Brine,  
The Winds are hush'd, the Clouds divide,  
And in it's Caverns sleeps the Tide.

Does next *Quirinus* claim my Strain,  
Or righteous *Numa's* peaceful Reign,  
*Tarquinius'* Fasces born in State,  
Or haughty *Cato's* glorious Fate?

Illustrious Lays are due to all  
The *Scauri*, *Regulus*, and *Paul*,  
(When *Hannibal* triumphant rode,) }  
Too lavish of his gen'rous Blood.

*Fabritius*

27. *Alba.* ) Salutory, *benign*, as in 3d. Ode, Vers. 2.

28. *Stella.* ) For *Stellæ*, in the Plural; for if only one of these Stars, or fiery Meteors, appeared, it betokened a Storm. Therefore in the ancient Medals of *Castor* and *Pollux* we constantly find two Stars. In the same Manner *hædus* is taken for *hædi*, Ode 1. L. 3. D A C.

33. *Romulum post hoc.* ] We have in the following Lines the most distinguished Characters of the Roman Story. The Poet is doubtful whether he should give the Preference in Fame to *Romulus*, who founded the Monarchy of Rome; to *Numa*, who confirmed it by the Arts of Peace; to *Tarquinius Priscus*, who having conquered the People of *Etruria*, introduced the Usage of the Fasces, which added such Lustre and Majesty to the Empire; or to *Cato*, who died in Defence of Liberty, in Opposition to a single Magistrate. Nor should we be surpris'd, that *Horace* mentions the Defenders of Liberty with so much Honour; *Virgil* hath done the same in the sixth Book of his *Æneid*; and *Crematius Cordus* reciting his Works to *Augustus*, called *Brutus* and *Cassius*, the last of the Romans. It seems to have been an established Maxim of that Emperor, to indulge to the People a Freedom of expressing in general their Sentiments concerning Liberty, that they might be less sensible of the Slavery which was falling upon them. S A N.

If we could venture with *Mr. Cuninghame* and *Sanadon* to

Thy Praises, *Bacchus*, bold in War,  
My willing Muse will gladly show,  
And, Virgin, Thee whom *Tygers* fear;  
And *Phæbus* dreadful for unerring Bow.

*Alcides'* Acts my Muse must write,  
And *Leda's* Sons; one fam'd for Horse,  
And one in close and handy Fight  
Of haughty Bravery, and of noble Force.

When both their Stars at once appear,  
The Winds are hush'd, they rage no more;  
(It is their Will) the Skies are clear,  
And Waves roul softly by the quiet Shore.

Shall *Romulus* stand next to These?  
Or furious *Tarquin's* haughty Reign?  
Or, *Numa's* Laws and pious Peace?  
Or *Cato's* noble Fall, and fierce Disdain?

The *Scauri* next, the Great, the Good?  
Or *Regulus* his constant Truth?  
Or *Paulus* prodigal of his Blood  
When *Hannibal* o'erthrew the Roman Youth?

Or

read *Junii fasces*, instead of *Tarquini fasces*, the Opposition of Characters in this Strophe would appear with greater Strength and Beauty. We should then see the two great Founders of the Roman Monarchy, oppos'd to the two most zealous Assertors of Republican Government: *Brutus*, who opened the Age of Liberty, by the Expulsion of the Kings; and *Cato*, who by a voluntary Death determined not to survive that Liberty, which he saw was on the Point of expiring under the Usurpation of *Cæsar*.

34. *Quintum Pompili regnum.* ) The Reign of *Numa* was so peaceable, that the Temple of *Janus* continued shut for the Space of forty three Years, as *Plutarch* assures us in his Life of that Prince.

37. *Regulum.* ) *Marcus Attilius Regulus*, whose Character and Story are finely described Ode 5. L. 3.

*Scauros.* ) There were two Families of this Name, the *Valerii* and the *Æmilii*.

38. *Prodigum.* ) Because after the Battle at *Cannæ*, when he had it in his Power to have escap'd, as well as his Colleague *Varro*, he refused to survive a Defeat in which so many Romans had lost their Lives.

40. *Fabritiumque.* ) *Caius Fabritius Luscinus*, who fought with *Pyrrhus*, and discover'd to that Prince the Treason practis'd against his Life by his own Physician.

F 2.

14.



Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis  
 Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum  
 Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto  
 Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
 Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes  
 Julium fidus, velut inter ignes  
 Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,  
 Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni  
 Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo  
 Cæsare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes  
 Egerit iusto domitos triumpho:  
 Sive subjectos Orientis oræ  
 Seras & Indos:

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:  
 Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,  
 Tu parum castis inimica mittes  
 Fulmina lucis.

## ODE

41. *Incomptis capillis.* ] With Hair uncombed. The ancient Romans did not cut their Hair, as appears by their Statues. Ticinus Menas in the Year 454 introduced the first Barbers from Sicily, who carried with them all the Refinements of their Art, such as peruming the Hair, and curling it with hot Irons, called *calamistræ*. but these were Arts which Curius disdained, as proper only to inspire the Sentiments of Luxury and Effeminacy. D A C.

42. *Utilem bello.* ] Curius vanquished Pyrrhus and the Sabines; Fabricius the Brutii and the Samnites.

*Tulit.* ] It was a Custom among the Romans, to lay their new-born Infants on the Ground, and if the Father took them up, he was engaged to maintain and educate them. From this Custom, and the Phrase used in it, *Tollere puerum*, the Poet hath taken this Expression, as if Poverty had educated Curius and Camillus as her Children. D A C.

*Camillum.* ] Marcus Furius Camillus, who preserved Rome and defeated the Gauls.

*Apto cum Lare.* ] It was a frequent Saying of Curius, that He was a pernicious Citizen, who was not contented with seven Acres of Land, and from hence the Poet says, his House was proportioned to the Extent of his Lands, not larger than his Estate. D A C.

45. *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.* ] Pindar has a beautiful Simile which much resembles this, and, not improbably, gave Occasion to it.

αἰετὸν δ' ἀγρῶν, ἡλ-  
 λουτὸν λίποναι οἷς ἐν δὴδον αἰ-  
 σον, οὐφοῖς αὐδ' αὐτὸν αἰσθῆναι ἐν δαίμονι  
 το, ὡς ἐν γὰρ αἰσθῆναι. —

Nem. Od. 8.

Form'd by the Hand of Penury severe,  
 In Dwellings suited to their small Domains,  
 Fabricius, Curius, and Camillus rose,

\* To Deeds of martial Glory rose.

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 Insensible, high shoots his spreading Fame,  
 And like the Moon, the feeble Fires among,

Conspicuous shines the Julian Star.

Saturnian Jove, Parent and Guardian God

Of human Race, to thee the Fates assign  
 The Care of Cæsar's Reign; to thine alone  
 Inferiour, let his Empire rise;

Whether the Parthian, formidable Power!  
 Or farthest India's oriental Sons,

With suppliant Pride beneath his Triumph fall,  
 Wide o'er a willing World shall He

Contented reign, and to thy Throne shall bend  
 Submissive. Thou in thy tremendous Car  
 Shalt shake Olympus' Head, and at our Groves  
 Polluted, hurl thy dreadful Bolts.

## ODE

As some fair Plant which nursing Dews increase,  
 So Virtue water'd, by the Muse's Care,  
 From Wisdom's Fountain, with deserved Praise,  
 It's grateful Honours will exulting rear.

46. *Fama Marcelli.* ] Marcellus had been five Times Consul, and at the Battle of Nola, convinced the Romans, if Hannibal were not yet conquer'd, at least he was not invincible. He was called *the Sword of the Roman People*, but nothing raises his Character so much as that Exclamation of Hannibal; *Papa! quid hoc homine facias, qui nec bonam nec malam fortunam ferre potest. Solus nec victor finet nos quiescere, nec quiescit ipse victus.* Liv. Lib. 27. C. 14.

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Grows by insensible Degrees;  
The *Julian* Star, like *Phœbe* bright,  
Outshines the circling Flames of Night.

To thee the first of *Saturn's* Line,  
Guardian of Men, and Sire benign,  
The Fates of *Cæsar* trust the Care;  
Let *Cæsar* reign Vicegerent here.

He shall in rightful Triumph pass  
With threat'ning *Parthia's* conquer'd Race,  
With *Indians* near the rising Day,  
And all the Earth with Justice sway:

Thou shalt be own'd superiour far,  
Thou shake *Olympus* with thy Car,  
And fling on sacred Groves profan'd  
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thence transplanted into the *Julian* Family, where, by another beautiful Image, he becomes a Star, whose Lustre outshines the Brightness of all the Roman Houses, as the Moon is superiour to all the Lights of Heaven. He inherits the Name and Glory of the ancient *Marcellus*; He supports the Honour and Reputation of his Ancestor, while at the same time he shews himself worthy of being the Successor of *Augustus*. Thus the Poem rises from the Dead to the Living, from *Marcellus* to *Augustus*, with an easy and spirited Transition.

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In Conduct prudent, and in Action bold?

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In a poor House, and mean Estate,  
Want poorly bred on hardy fare,  
And made them strong to prop *Rome's* sinking Fate.

*Marcellus* like an Oak doth rise,  
And *Julius Cæsar's* Light appears,  
As in fair Nights and smiling Skies,  
The beauteous Moon amidst the meaner Stars.

Great *Saturn's* Off-spring, mighty *Jove*,  
Whose greatest Care is *Cæsar's* Fate;  
Serenely You may reign above,  
Whilst here *Augustus* keeps the second State.

And whether He in triumph leads  
The *Parthians* that on *Latium* prest;  
Or beats the *Indians* and the *Medes*,  
And spoils the distant Nations of the East.

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Whilst Thy hot Wheels may shake the Clouds,  
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53. *Parthos Latio imminentes*.] We have already observed, that our Poet takes all Opportunities of animating *Augustus* to revenge the Death of *Crassus*, and recover the Glory of the Roman Arms by subduing the *Parthians*, who were continually making Incursions into the Provinces of the Republic.

55. *Orientis ora*.] It is not easy to say how *oris* hath taken Possession of almost all Editions of our Author. It does not appear in the Manuscripts; it multiplies the Letter *s*, of which the Repetition is already too frequent, and causes a disagreeable Hissing. Doctor Bentley, Mr. Cunningham and Sanadon have restored the ancient Reading.

56. *Te minor*.] The Poem ends, as it began, with the Praise.



Hunc, & incomptis Curium capillis  
 Utilem bello tulit, & Camillum  
 Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto  
 Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
 Fama Marcelli: micat inter omnes  
 Julium sidus, velut inter ignes  
 Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos,  
 Orte Saturno, tibi cura magni  
 Cæsaris fatis data: tu secundo  
 Cæsare regnes.

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes  
 Egerit iusto domitos triumpho:  
 Sive subjectos Orientis oræ  
 Seras & Indos:

Te minor latum reget æquus orbem:  
 Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,  
 Tu parum castis inimica mittes  
 Fulmina lucis.

ODE

41. *Incomptis capillis.* ] With Hair uncombed. The ancient Romans did not cut their Hair, as appears by their Statues. Ticius Menas in the Year 454 introduced the first Barbers from Sicily, who carried with them all the Refinements of their Art, such as perfuming the Hair, and curling it with hot Irons, called *calamistræ*. but these were Arts which Curius disdain'd, as proper only to inspire the Sentiments of Luxury and Effeminacy. D A C.

42. *Utilem bello.* ] Curius vanquished Pyrrhus and the Sabines; Fabricius the Brutii and the Samnites.

*Tulit.* ] It was a Custom among the Romans, to lay their new-born Infants on the Ground, and if the Father took them up, he was engaged to maintain and educate them. From this Custom, and the Phrase used in it, *Tollere puerum*, the Poet hath taken this Expression, as if Poverty had educated Curius and Camillus as her Children. D A C.

*Camillum.* ] Marcus Furius Camillus, who preserved Rome and defeated the Gauls.

*Apto cum Lare.* ] It was a frequent Saying of Curius, that He was a pernicious Citizen, who was not contented with seven Acres of Land, and from hence the Poet says, his House was proportioned to the Extent of his Lands, nor larger than his Estate. D A C.

45. *Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo.* ] Pindar has a beautiful Simile which much resembles this, and, not improbably, gave Occasion to it.

αἰθέριος δ' ἀγρία, χλω-  
 ραῖς λίποναις αἷς ἐν δίδυμο αἰο-  
 σαι, σφαιρὶς αὐδῶν αἰσθητὸν ἐ δακτύλῳ  
 το, αἰεὶς ὕψην αἰδύρα. Nem. Od. 8.

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## ODE XIII. Ad LYDIAM.

CUM tu, Lydia, Telephi  
 Cervicem roseam, & cerea Telephi  
 Laudas brachia, vae, meum  
 Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.  
 Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color  
 Certâ sedē manet; humor & in genas  
 Furtim labitur, arguens  
 Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.  
 Uror, seu tibi candidos  
 Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero  
 Rixæ; sive puer furens  
 Impressit memorem dente labris notam.  
 Non, si me satis audias,  
 Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbarè  
 Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus  
 Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.  
 Felices ter, & ampliùs,  
 Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis  
 Divulsus querimoniis,  
 Supremâ citiùs solvet amor die.

ODE

Praises of Jupiter. The Conclusion is finely imagined, and all the Decencies of Character are preserved in it. The Poet, in the Epicurean Philosophy, makes the Gods themselves to depend upon the Destinies; by which the Ancients understood a kind of mechanical Necessity, producing successively all the Changes of the Universe. These Destinies had commissioned Jupiter to be the Tutelary God of Augustus, but when that Prince shall have subdued all the Nations of the Earth, yet he shall still acknowledge the Superiority of Jupiter, and contented with the Government of the World, shall leave to Jove the Power of Thunder.

S A N.

## ODE XIII.

It is probable by this Ode that Horace had quarrelled with Lydia, for commending his Rival Telephus, nor do

## ODE XIII. To LYDIA.

LYDIA, when Telephus's rosy Neck,  
 And Telephus's waxen Arms  
 You praise, ah me! my Bosom boils, in vain  
 I strive it's bursting Spleen to hide.  
 No more my Mind, no more it's wonted Seat  
 My Colour keeps; th' unwilling Tear  
 Steals down my Cheek, and speaks the lingring Flame  
 Which inward preys, and drinks up Life.  
 I burn, when Rudeness, flown with Wine, thy Arm  
 Hath injur'd, or thy snowy Breast;  
 Or on thy Lips the fierce-fond Boy hath left  
 His savage Tooth's recorded Crime.  
 But hope not him perpetual, if my Voice  
 You hear, who thus, with barb'rous Joy,  
 Can those soft Kisses hurt, which Beauty's Queen  
 Hath with her richest Nectar dew'd.  
 Thrice happy they, whose Hearts one golden Link  
 Of mutual Love delights to join;  
 Uninterrupted by Complaints or Strife,  
 Nor 'till Life's latest Hour dissolv'd.

ODE

we find that he was very successful in his Desire of being reconciled, until he had equally provoked her Jealousy by his Passion for Chloe. Ode ix. B. 3.

2. *Cervicem roseam.* ] We find this Epithet in Virgil, *Et avertens rosea cervice refulsit.* The Latins used the Words *purpureus* and *roseus* to express any kind of Lustre in a beautiful Object, without particular Regard to the Colour. Horace calls the Swans of Venus *purpureos olores*, and Albino-vanus *Purpureâ sub nive latet.* *Brachia purpureâ candidiora nive.*

## ODE XIII. To LYDIA.

AH! when on Telephus his Charms,  
 His rosy Neck, and waxen Arms,  
 My Lydia's Praise unceasing dwells,  
 What gloomy Spleen my Bosom swells?  
 On my pale Cheek the Colour dies,  
 My Reason in Confusion flies,  
 And the down-stealing Tear betrays  
 The lingring Flame which inward preys.  
 I burn, when in Excess of Wine,  
 He soils those snowy Arms of thine,  
 Or on thy Lips the fierce-fond Boy,  
 Impresses deep the cruel Joy.  
 If yet my Voice can reach your Ear,  
 Hope not to find the Youth sincere,  
 Who those soft Kisses can abuse,  
 Where Venus sheds nectareous Dews.  
 Thrice happy They, in pure Delights,  
 Whom Love with mutual Bonds unites,  
 Unbroken by Complaints or Strife,  
 Even to the latest Hours of Life.

## ODE XIII. To LYDIA.

WHEN *Lydia* praises *Damon's* Charms,  
 His rosy Neck, and waxen Arms,  
 His Air, and rowling Eye;  
 My Mind scarce thinks on what it does,  
 My sickly Colour comes and goes;  
 I rage, I burn, I dye:

I lose my former vital Grace,  
 And Tears steal softly down my Face;  
 Cold feeble Sweats begin,  
 Cold feeble Sweats that plainly show  
 How fierce the Flame, and yet how slow  
 That melts my Soul within:

I rage to see thy Shoulder stain'd,  
 Or snowy Breast, by drunken Hand  
 Too lovingly unkind;  
 Or when the ruffling Am'rous Youth  
 Hath prest thy Lips with eager Tooth,  
 And left a Mark behind:

## ODE

Coy *Lydia*, all thy hopes are vain  
 Still to endure the pleasing pain  
 Of a surprizing Kiss,  
 Which *Venus* doth in Nectar steep,  
 And hang upon the balmy Lip,  
 To draw us on to Bliss.

Thrice happy They, that free from strife  
 Maintain a Love as long as Life;  
 Whose fixt and binding Vows,  
 No intervening Jealousie,  
 No Fears and no Debates untye;  
 And Death alone can loose.

## ODE



ODE XIV. *Ad* REMPUBLICAM.

O Navis! referent in mare te novi  
 Fluctus? ô quid agis? fortiter occupa  
 Portum. Nónne vides, ut  
 Nudum remigio latus,  
 Et malus celeri saucius Africo, 5  
 Antennæque gemunt? ac sinè funibus  
 Vix durare carinæ  
 Possint imperiosius  
 Æquor? non tibi sunt integra lintea;  
 Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo. 10  
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,  
 Sylvæ filia nobilis,  
 Jactes & genus, & nomen inutile;  
 Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus  
 Fidit. Tu, nisi ventis 15  
 Debes ludibrium, cave.  
 Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,  
 Nunc desiderium, curæque non levis,  
 Interfusa nitentes  
 Vites æquora Cycladas. 20

ODE

In the Year 725 Augustus consulted his Favourites Mæcenas and Agrippa, whether he should resign the sovereign Authority. We have in Dion a Speech of Mæcenas upon that Occasion, in which the Allegory of a Ship and the Republic, is so strongly maintained, and hath something so extremely like this Ode, that probably the Poet took his Design from thence, as a Compliment to his illustrious Patron.

In the Year 727 Augustus began his seventh Consulship, with a Request to the Senate that they would discharge him from an Office which his Infirmities could no longer support. This Discourse was formed with a great deal of Artifice, and that Artifice made it succeed. The Senators granted every Thing he wished for, by denying every Thing he had proposed; so that Augustus saw himself agreeably forced to hold that Power, which he was so much afraid of losing, and thus more strongly enslaved the Republic by a specious Offer of Liberty. In the Interval of these two Events, (the Consultation of Octavius with his Favourites, and his Declaration to the Senate) Horace wrote this Ode, in which he endeavours to persuade the Romans not to suffer that Prince to abandon the Government of the Empire. However, several Senators (perhaps deceived by the seeming Inclination of Octavius, or willing to believe

ODE XIV. *To the* REPUBLIC.

A Gain to Sea shall the proud Billows bear  
 Thee, hapless Ship! What would'st Thou?  
 Closer seize  
 The friendly Port. Ah see'st thou not,  
 How widow'd of it's Oars thy Side!  
 Thy Mast impetuous *Africk's* Spite hath maim'd;  
 Thy Sail-yards groan; and, of it's Cordage spoil'd,  
 But ill thy Keel can hope to brave  
 Th' Assaults of an imperious Main.  
 Rent is thy Canvass; ev'n thy Gods are lost,  
 Whom prest by future Woes thou might'st implore.  
 But tho' from *Pont*, a stately Pine,  
 The Daughter of a noble Wood,  
 In vain thy Race thou vaunt'st, and useless Name;  
 What Sailor, trembling with pale Fear, relies  
 On pictur'd Sterns? Unless thou ow'st  
 The Winds a Sport, oh then beware!  
 Late my Distress, my Anguish, my Dismay,  
 But now my fond Desire, and not light Care,  
 Ah! yet avoid the Seas which roll  
 Among the shining *Cyclades*.

ODE

Him) being very earnest to establish the Republican Government, He was obliged to chuse such Persons as he knew would support his Designs, before he made this pretended Resignation. Yet the Historian remarks, that although the Suffrages were unanimous, there was a great Diversity of Sentiments.

S A N.

Verf. 1. *Novi fluctus.*] The continual and dangerous Agitation of the Waves is finely compared to the violent Movements of a Civil War, which was at that Time but a Year and half ended.

S A N.

2. *Quid agis?*] Several of the Senators would gladly have the Republican Government restored, while others thought the Good of the State required a single Master. The Choice was difficult and delicate.

*Fortiter occupa portum.*] This Port was the Tranquillity, which was rising under the Government of Octavius.

C R U Q.

8. *Imperiosus Æquor?*] The Beauty of this Epithet particularly consists in its being a very natural Image of the Ambition of the Great, who would certainly have overturned the Republic, if not restrained by the Authority of Octavius.

S A N.

10

ODE XIV. *To the REPUBLIC.*

ILL-fated Vessel! shall the Waves again  
 Tempestuous bear thee to the faithless Main?  
 What would thy Madness, thus with Storms to sport?  
 Ah! yet with Caution seize the friendly Port.  
 Behold thy naked Decks; the Southern Blast,  
 Hark! how it whistles through thy rending Mast!  
 Nor without Ropes thy Keel can longer brave  
 The rushing Fury of th' imperious Wave:  
 Torn are thy Sails; thy Guardian Gods are lost,  
 Whom you might call, in future Tempests tost,  
 Once though majestic in your Pride you stood,  
 The noblest Daughter of the Pontic Wood,  
 Now may you vainly boast an empty Name,  
 Or Birth conspicuous in the Rolls of Fame;  
 No Mariner, when Storms around him rise,  
 Pale with his Fears, on painted Sterns relies.  
 Ah! yet take heed, lest these new Tempests sweep,  
 In sportive Rage, thy Glories to the Deep.  
 Thou late my deep Anxiety and Fear,  
 And now my fond Desire and tender Care,  
 Ah! yet take heed, avoid those fatal Seas,  
 Which roll among the shining Cyclades.

## ODE

10. *Non Di.*) In the plain Sense of the Words, these Deities were the Gods whose Statues were placed on the Stern of the Ship, which, being broken by Tempests, had lost its Tutelary Divinities: But in the figurative Sense of the Words, we may understand Octavius himself, or the Guardian Gods of Rome, who had supported him in all his Enterprizes, and who would be offended if he were suffered to quit the Government.

11. *Pontica Pinus.*) The Timber of the Pontic Wood was extremely hard and durable; yet the Poet says, that the Vessel had been so shaken by the late Tempest, that she ought not to be too confident of her Strength, although she once grew in the Forests of Pontus. Thus he insinuates to the Romans, that although the Republic seemed firm and unshaken, to those who inclined to a popular Government; yet this pretended Strength could not preserve her, from the Misfortunes which threatened her, if Octavius abandoned her to their Guidance.

14. *Piæis puppis.*] Besides the Statues of the Gods, the Sterns of their Ships were adorned with Paintings, and other Ornaments, which the Greeks called in general *Acrofolia*, and the Latins *Aplufiria*. D A C.

These Words seem to have somewhat an Air of a moral Sentiment; *That the Paintings, with which a Ship is*

ODE XIV. *To the REPUBLIC.*

AND shall the raging Waves again  
 Bear Thee back into the Main!

Oh what dost do! put close to Shore,  
 And never trust the Ocean more:  
 Thy Oars are gone, and Southern Blasts  
 Have rent thy Sails, and torn thy Masts;  
 Nor without Tackling can'st thou brave  
 The violent Fury of the Wave:  
 Thy Stern is gone, thy Gods are lost,  
 And thou hast none to hear thy Cry,  
 When thou on dangerous Shelves art tost,  
 When Billows rage, and Winds are high:  
 Tho' thou art built of noble Wood,  
 And gay as ever cut the Flood;  
 Alas! 'tis but an empty Name,  
 Nor will the Seas regard thy Fame:  
 What fearful Seaman dares rely  
 On gilded Sterns when Winds are high?  
 Vain Show, not fit to sail, but please,  
 An easy Prey to angry Seas:  
 Tho' often Thou hast safely past,  
 Thou ow'st a Sport to Winds at last:  
 Oh lately Thou my Grief and Fear,  
 And now my fresh and present Care,  
 Take heed, and fly the flattering Seas  
 Between the shining Cyclades.

## ODE

*adorned, are very little Security against a Storm, or very little Encouragement to a frightened Mariner.* Horace hath already told the Romans, that they ought not to be too confident of their Strength, and he adds, that they should have but little Dependence upon the Opulence of the Republic. Luxury and Extravagance are in a State, what Paintings and Statues are in a Ship. These vain Ornaments are as little Security to a State, when threatened with War, as to a Vessel, when menaced with Tempests, or to a Mariner, who sails in her.

*Timidus navita.*] Dion tells us that some of the Senators thought themselves happy under the Government of Octavius, and were afraid of a Republican Government, as subject to popular Disorders and Tumults.

17. *Nuper sollicitum.*] The Poet expresses that Sorrow and Anxiety which he felt, when he was engaged in the Party of Brutus, by *sollicitum tædium*. This Anxiety arose

G

not



ODE XV. NEREI Vaticinium.

PASTOR cū traheret per freta navibus  
 Idæis Helenen perfidus hospitam;  
 Ingrato celeres obruit otio  
 Ventos, ut caneret fera  
 Nereus fata. Malā ducis avi domum,  
 Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,  
 Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,  
 Et regnum Priami vetus.  
 Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris  
 Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ  
 Genti! jam galeam Pallas, & ægida,  
 Currūque, & rabiem parat.  
 Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,  
 Pectus cæsariem, gratæque feminis  
 Imbelli citharā carminā divides:  
 Nequicquam thalamo graves

Hæstas

not only from an Uncertainty of the Event, but from the Fatigues of the War, the Misunderstanding of the Commanders, the Weakness of the Troops, and Inexperience of the Officers. But as soon as he had enjoyed the Security and Happiness of the Government of Augustus, he regrets, with the utmost Tenderness and Affection, those Blessings, which the Republic was in danger of losing by another Civil War. This he expresses by the Words, *Desiderium, curaque non levis.*

19. *Interfusa nitentes.*) The Poet still pursues the Allegory, and under the Idea of a tempestuous Sea, represents the Dangers, which the Republic might justly fear, if Octavius were suffered to resign the Government. *Nitentes* means *quamvis nitentes*, and figures to us the flattering Hopes, which the Senators conceived, if they could get the Government into their Hands. The Cyclades are a Number of Islands in the Ægean Sea, which are bounded with white Rocks, that make an agreeable Appearance at a Distance. Horace in another Place calls them *fulgentes Cycladas.*

TORR.

It was necessary to enlarge these Notes, because there are several learned Commentators, who understand the Ode in a plain, historical Manner. But if an Authority of Names ought to have any Weight, the Judgement of Quintilian is equal to the greatest. *Allegoria, quam inversionem interpretamur, aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendit; ac etiam interim contrarium. Prius, ut O navis! referent in mare te nostri fluctus? O! quid agis? Fortiter occupa portum. Totusque etiam ille Horatii locus, quo navim pro republica, fluctus & tempestates pro bellis civilibus, portum pro pace & concordia dicit. Quin. L. 8. C. 6.*

ODE XV. The Prophecy of NEREUS.

WHEN the perfidious Shepherd o'er the Main,  
 With devious Flight, his royal Hostess bore,  
 Fair Helen in Idæan Ships decoy'd;  
 Nereus to an ungrateful Calm  
 The busy Winds rebuk'd, while his dire Fate  
 He sung. With evil Auspice Home thou bear'st  
 Those Charms, which Greece shall soon with numerous War  
 Reclaim, thy Nuptials to dissolve  
 Deep-sworn, and Priam's ancient Reign. What Sweat,  
 Alas, baths Horse and Man! What fun'ral Pyres  
 Thou light'st the Dardan Race! Pallas her Helm,  
 Already her dread Shield prepares,  
 Her Chariot, and her Rage! On Venus Aid  
 In vain presuming, thou shalt curl thy Hair,  
 And am'rous Ditties on th' unwarlike Lyre,  
 Grateful to female Ears, divide.

In

ODE XV.

In the Year 722 Anthony set sail with a numerous Fleet, from Egypt to Peloponnesus, intending to pass over into Italy with Cleopatra, and make his Country the Scene of a second Civil War. Enflamed with a violent Passion for that Princess, aspiring to nothing less than making her Mistress of the Universe, and supported by the Forces of the East, he declared War against Octavius. Horace therefore in a noble, poetical Allegory, represents to Anthony the fatal Effects of such a Conduct, by proposing to him the Example of Paris, and the ruinous Consequences which attended his Passion for Helen.

We are assured by Torrentius, that the best and most ancient Manuscript, which he had seen, gave this Title to the Ode, *Ad Alexandrum Paridem, sub cujus Persona exponit imminentiâ bella*, from whence it appears that the allegorical Manner of explaining it, is at least of ancient Date. Nor indeed could there be a more exact Resemblance of Characters, than between Anthony and Paris; Cleopatra and Helen. Anthony and Paris were both infamous for Luxury and Effeminacy, and by a fatal Passion for two foreign Queens, brought a bloody and destructive War on their Country, which ended not but with their own Ruin.

Dion tells us, that in the Year 722, there was an open Rupture between Octavius and Anthony, who had repudiated Octavia: That Octavius reproached him with his Amour with Cleopatra, and his giving to Her and to her Family, the richest Countries of the East: that many illustrious Romans had deserted the Party of Anthony, because they were persuaded, that he intended to bestow the City of



ODE XV. *The Prophecy of NEREUS.*

WHEN the perfidious Shepherd bore  
The Spartan Dame to Asia's Shore,  
Nereus the rapid Winds oppress'd,  
And calm'd them to unwilling Rest,  
That he might sing the dreadful Fate,  
Which should their guilty Loves await.

Fatal to Priam's ancient Sway,  
You bear th' ill-omen'd Fair away,  
For soon shall Greece in Arms arise,  
Deep-sworn to break thy nuptial Ties.  
What Toils do Men and Horse sustain,  
What Carnage loads the Dardan Plain!  
Pallas prepares her Rage, her Shield,  
And whirls her Chariot o'er the Field.

Boastful of Venus' guardian Care,  
In vain you comb your flowing Hair;  
In vain you sweep th' unwarlike String,  
And tender Airs to Females sing;  
For though the Dart may harmless prove,  
(The Dart which frights the Bed of Love)

Though

of Rome on Cleopatra, and remove the Seat of the Empire to Egypt. The Historian further says, that although Octavius were determined to declare War against Cleopatra, yet he was unwilling to mention Anthony by Name, that he might not exasperate those who were engaged in his Party, or that he might make him the Aggressor, by thus obliging him to take Arms against his Country, in Defence of an Egyptian Woman.

SAN.

Verl. 1. *Pastor.* The Exactness of the Comparison appears even in the first Word. Paris was by the Greeks and Latins called *the Shepherd*, as he was educated among Shepherds on Mount Ida. Anthony was one of the *Luperci*, the Priests of Pan the God of Shepherds.

*Traberet.* Paris did not go directly from Lacedæmon to Troy, but for fear of being pursued, sailed to Cyprus, Phœnicia, and Egypt. Thus Anthony in his Passage from Alexandria to Peloponnesus, carried another Helen through the same Seas. This Criticism gives us all the Force of the Word *traberet*, which signifies *lenta navigatione circumducet*.

TORR.

2. *Perfidus.* This Epithet agrees equally with the natural and allegorical Sense. Paris had perfidiously stolen a foreign Princess from the Court of her Husband, who had received him with all the Regards of Hospitality. Anthony with equal Perfidy, broke his Faith to Octavia, by his Engagements to a foreign Queen.

SAN.

ODE XV. *The Prophecy of NEREUS.*

WHEN faithless Paris stole away,  
And carry'd Helen thro' the Sea;  
Then Nereus still'd the Wind:

He quieted the angry Seas,  
And lull'd the Billows into Ease,  
Ease to the Lovers Haste unkind.

Whilst thus he sang, Thou carry'st Home  
Thine own, false Youth, and Country's Doom;  
Whom Greeks shall fetch again  
With all their Force; and all combine  
To break that wicked Match of thine,  
And Ancient Priam's noble Reign.

What Labour, ah! what Dust and Heat!  
And how the Men and Horses sweat!

Ah Troy what Fates engage!  
E'en furious Pallas now prepares  
Her Helmet and her Shield for Wars;  
Her dreadful Chariot, and her Rage.

In vain shalt thou thy Safety place  
In Venus Aid, and paint thy Face;

In vain adorn thy Hair;  
In vain thy feeble Harp shalt move,  
And sing soft Tales of easy Love,  
To please the Wanton and the Fair.

In

3. *Ingrato.* It is customary among the Poets, that all Nature keeps Silence, when the Voice of a God is heard, and here the Winds are silent in Respect to Nereus, although that God had no particular Power over them. As this Calm was contrary to the Designs and Inclination of the Ravisher, Mr. Sanadon thinks, that *ingrato* ought to be applied to Paris, not to the Winds. The two Words *abru- it otio* give us an Image of the late Agitation of the Waves, and the Calm which succeeded; the first shews the Power of Nereus, and the other the Obedience of the Winds.

HEINSIUS.

5. *Malâ avi.* There is a remarkable Beauty in the Transition, by which the Poet passes at once from the Narration to the Speech of Nereus. It would have been languid and feeble to have introduced it with—Thus he spoke.

DAC.

*Ducis domum.* Anthony intended to carry Cleopatra to Rome.

G 2

Hæstas, & calami spicula Cnossii  
 Vitæ, strepitumque, & celerem sequi  
 Ajacem; tamen, heu, serus adulteros  
 Crines pulvere collines.  
 Non Lærtiaden, exitium tuæ  
 Gentis, non Pylum Nestora respicis?  
 Urgent impavidi te Salaminii  
 Teucer, te Sthenelus sciens  
 Pugnæ; sive opus est imperitare equis,  
 Non auriga piger. Merionen quoque  
 Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox  
 Tydides melior patre;  
 Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ  
 Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,  
 Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,  
 Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.  
 Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,  
 Matronisque Phrygum clavis Achillei.  
 Post certas hyemes uret Achaicus  
 Ignis Pergameas domos.

## ODE

Rome, as Paris carried Helen to Troy. S. A. N.

7. *Conjurata.*] The Grecian Princes assembled at Aulis, where They formed the Design of the Siege of Troy to revenge the Rape of Helen. The Words *nuptiæ* and *nubere* are sometimes equivocally understood, and are here used (at least by a God) in a very improper Sense for the criminal Loves of Paris and Helen. An ancient Author, quoted by Cicero, pleasantly calls them *nuptias innuptas*.

8. *Regnum Priami.*] The Empire of the Trojans, and the Nuptials of Paris represent the Marriage of Anthony in Ægypt, while Rome, like Greece, is rising to revenge the Dishonour.

9. *Eheu, quantus equis.*] Imitated from the second Iliad of Homer, where Agamemnon, exhorting the Soldiers to Battle, assures them, That the Sweat, that Day, should pierce even to their Bucklers; that the Hand should be fatigued with brandishing the Spear; and that the Horses should sweat with whirling the Chariots over the Field.

Ἰδύμεν μὴν τὸν τιταμὸν ἀπὸ τῆς πόλεως

Ἰδύμεν ἀμφότεροι, πρὶ δ' ἔχον χεῖρα καμύται

Ἰδύμεν δὲ τὸν ἵππον, ἰδύμεν ἅπαντα τὰ νῆαυα.

11. *Jam galeam Pallas.*] In the Spirit of Poetry, the future Ruin of Troy is here described as if it were already present. The Goddess of Wisdom and War is very happily introduced; Octavia had given sufficient Proof of her Wisdom in the Negotiations of the Triumvirate, and now she appears in all the Terrors of War, while the whole

In vain the Spear, thou shalt and Cnossian Dart  
 In the Bride-Chamber shun, the Din of War,  
 And Ajax' swift Pursuit; for, tho' ah late!  
 In Dust shall thy adulterous Locks,  
 Be soil'd. What see'st thou not Lærtæ's Son  
 Thy Country's Bane; Nor the fam'd Pylæan Sage!  
 Intrepid Teucer soon shall give thee Chase,  
 And Sthenelus in Combat learn'd;  
 Nor less the fiery Coursers thro' the Files  
 Of War to guide. Thou Merion too shalt know  
 And look, to find thee burns fierce Diomed,  
 In Arms superiour to his Sire!  
 Whom thou, soft Warriour, as the tim'rous Hart,  
 A Wolf at Distance seen, scuds o'er the Lawn,  
 Of Pasture heedless, shalt high-panting fly:  
 Not such thy Promise to the Fair.  
 The fatal Day, Achilles' angry Fleet,  
 To Troy, and Phrygian Matrons shall prolong;  
 But, after destin'd Winters, Troy's proud Towers  
 Shall sink in Grecian Flames.

## ODE

Western World is arming in her Quarrel.

13. *Veneris præsidio.*] Cleopatra is here represented under the Character of Venus. The Court of that Princess was the very Dwelling of Luxury and Pleasure, where Anthony plunged himself into the most infamous Excesses. From hence the Poet raises a just and natural Allusion, without doing Violence to History. Pallas was the Guardian of Menelaus, as Venus was the Protectress of Paris. *Ægæa Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.* Thus Octavia supported Cæsar, as Cleopatra appeared in Defence of Anthony.

*Veneris præsidio ferax.*] This and the two following Lines seem also imitated from the third Iliad, where Hector tells Paris, That, in his Combat with Menelaus, neither his Harp, his fine Locks, his comely Person, nor all the wanton Gifts of Venus, would be of any Service to him.

Οὐκ αἶ τοι χρυσὸν κίθαρις, τὰ τε δῶδ' Ἀφροδίτης,

Ἥτις κέμεν, τὸ, τι ἔδος, ὅτ' ἐν κοῖνῳι μνηστῆρσι.

15. *Imbelli citharâ.*] There is here a strong Resemblance of Characters. Plutarch tells us, that Anthony lived at Samos in the last Excesses of Luxury, amidst the Delights of Songs and Music, while the World around him was terrified with Apprehension of a Civil War. *Quum universus orbis gemitibus lamentisque creparet, una per multos dies insula tibiis & cantu personabat, ubi reserta erant theatra certantibus choris. Hinc navigavit Athenas, ubi de integro effudit se in ludos & spectacula.*

Carmine



Though you escape the Noise of Fight,  
Nor Ajax' Speed o'ertake thy Flight,  
Yet shalt Thou, infamous of Lust,  
Soil those adulterous Hairs in Dust.

Look back and see, with furious Pace,  
That Ruin of the Trojan Race,  
Ulysses comes; and sage in Years,  
Fam'd Nestor, hoary Chief, appears:  
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the Field,  
And Sthenelus, in Battle skill'd;  
Or skill'd to guide with steady Rein,  
And pour his Chariot o'er the Plain.  
Undaunted Merion shalt Thou feel,  
While Diomed with furious Steel,  
In Arms superiour to his Sire,  
Burns after Thee with martial Fire.  
As when a Stag at Distance spies  
A prowling Wolf, aghast he flies,  
Of Pasture heedless: So shall you  
High-panting fly when they pursue.  
Not such the Promises you made,  
Which Helen's easy Heart betray'd.  
Achilles' Fleet, with short Delay,  
Vengeful protracts the fatal Day,  
But when ten rolling Years expire,  
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian Fire.

ODE

*Carmina dividet.*] This Manner of speaking hath given great Pain to the Interpreters, and Mr. Dacier confesses he is not satisfied with any of their Conjectures. Whether it means any particular Divisions in Music; or that a fine Voice, and an Instrument skilfully touched, can equally charm a whole Company as well as the Performers, is yet uncertain among the Commentators.

*Dividere carmina feminis* seems to mean no more, than the singing or playing on an Instrument to a Company of Ladies, who had each of them their Share in the Pleasure communicated by the Performance. Or, perhaps, it may signify the serenading sometimes one, sometimes another; as *dividere oscula amicis*, in the 36th Ode, *To salute one Friend after another*; and *dextras dividere complexibus*, in Statius.

16. *Nequicquam thalamo.*) Alluding to what passes in Homer, in the Duel between Menelaus and Paris, where this Favourite of Venus, being in the utmost Danger from his valiant Enemy, is rescued by that Goddess, who wraps

In vain shalt thou avoid thy Foe,  
The winged Dart, and Cretan Bow,  
Things grievous to thy Joys:  
In vain with Grief shalt fear to view  
Stout Ajax eager to pursue,  
And strive to fly the hated Noise.

But ah too late, ah much too late,  
Thou shalt endure the Stroke of Fate,  
And find the Gods are just:  
Too late thou shalt deserv'dly feel  
The Force of the revenging Steel,  
And soil th' Adulterous Locks in Dust.

Dost thou not see grave Nestor's Age,  
And fierce Ulysses' wilely Rage,

The Ruin of thy State?  
Nor Teucer's brave undaunted Force,  
Nor Sthenelus that drives his Horse  
As furious and as fast as Fate?

Ah, Thou shalt see Merion  
In Trojan Dust severely gay;

And fierce Tydides rave,  
Look how he frowns, and roves about  
To find the feeble Paris out;  
Tydides, as his Father brave.

These, feeble Paris, thou shalt fly,  
As trembling Does whose Fears espy

A Lion in a Grove;  
They leave their Herbs, with panting Breath,  
They strive to shun pursuing Death;  
Was this thy Promise to thy Love?

Achilles, angry for a Wrong,  
Shall Troy's approaching Fate prolong;

But after certain Years,  
Thessalian Flames and Grecian Fire  
Shall o'er the proudest Piles aspire,  
And fill the Matrons Eyes with Tears.

ODE



ODE XVI. Ad TYNDARIDEM.

O Matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior,  
 Quem criminosis cumque voles modum  
 Ponere iambis; sive flammâ,  
 Sive mari libet Adriano.  
 Non Liber æquè, non adytis quatit  
 Mentem sacerdotum incola Pythius,  
 Non Dindymene, non acuta  
 Si geminant Corybantes æra,  
 Tristes ut iræ; quas neque Noricus  
 Deterret ensis, nec mare naufragum,  
 Nec sævus ignis, nec tremendo  
 Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu.

Fertur

him in a Cloud, and conveys him to his Chamber which is perfum'd with the most fragrant Odours.

17. *Calami spicula Cnossii.* ) It is probable, from this Expression, that the Cretans, who were excellent Archers, instead of Arrows, made use of a kind of hard, slender, pointed Reeds, which grew in the Sands of their Island. Thus Ovid; *Nec Gortiniaco calamus levis exit ab arcu.* SAN.

26. *Non auriga piger.* ) Every Chariot carried two Men, whence, as Eustathius remarks, it was termed *διφρος*. One of these was called *ἡνίοχος*, because he governed the Reins, which in those Days was no mean or ignoble Office, for, in Homer and other ancient Writers, we find it undertaken by Persons of the first Rank. Yet the Charioteer was usually inferior, if not in Dignity, at least in Strength and Valour to the Combatant, who was called *παράγων*, and had Command of the Charioteer, and directed him which Way to drive. This last, when they came to close Encounter, alighted out of the Chariot, as we find every where in Homer, and the other Poets. Thus Hercules and Cynus about to engage,

Εὐκλειών δ' ἔφραυ δόρον αἰψ' ἐπὶ γαίαν. Hes. Scuto.  
 Leap'd from their well-fram'd Chariots to the Ground.

And Turnus in Virgil,

Defluit bijugis; pedes adparat ire  
 Comminus. ———— Æneid X.

Horace therefore celebrates Sthenelus, as equally qualified for these two Employments, either to fight, or to guide the Chariot.

28. *Tydidēs melior patrē.* ] The Grecian Princes, who are named in these Lines, represent Octavius and the Commanders of his Army; and perhaps Tydeus and Diomed were designed for the Characters of Julius Cæsar, and Octavius, who was his adopted Son. The Comparison indeed doth not want Flattery, but it is the Flattery of a

ODE XVI. To TYNDARIS.

O More than potent of thy Mother's Charms,  
 Unto my criminal Iambics give  
 The Fate you please; in Flames t' expire,  
 Or tost midst *Adria's* vengeful Wave.  
 Nor *Bacchus*, nor the *Pythian* God, when he  
 His Prophet's Breast invades, so shakes the Soul;  
 Nor *Cybele*, when their vex'd Brasts  
 Her *Corybantes* doubly wound;  
 As hateful Anger; which no Check restrains;  
 Nor the *Norician* Sword, nor wrecking Sea,  
 Nor wasting Fire, nor rushing *Jove*,  
 In his Almighty Terrours arm'd.

Prometheus

Poet to the Master of the World.

SAN.

31. *Sublimi anhelitu.* ] They who are panting for Breath, are apt to raise their Heads, that they may breathe more freely.

32. *Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.* ]

*Finge tamen, si vis, ingens consurgere bellum,*

*Et mihi sunt vires, & mea tela nocent.*

*Nec plus Atreidæ animi Menelaus habebit,*

*Quàm Paris, aut armis antefendus erit.* Ov. *Epist.*

But grant the Trumpet should to Battle sound,

I too have Courage, and my Weapons wound.

A greater Soul not Menelaus warms,

Nor shines he more amid the Rage of Arms. D.

33. *Iracunda classis.* ] Asinius Pollio was not only a Man of Letters, but possessed, in an eminent Degree, the Arts of Policy and War. When the Dictator was killed, he commanded the Legions in Gaul, and after the Battle of Pharsalia, carried on the War against Sex. Pompeius. Anthony took Pains to gain to his Party a Person of such Importance, who afterwards became one of his firmest Supports. He intrusted him intirely with his Interests at the Conference of Brundisium in the Year 714, in which he displayed all his Talents for Negotiation. In the following Year He had the Honours of a Triumph for his Dalmatian Expedition, and afterwards continued in Italy, affecting a Kind of Neutrality between the contending Parties. As this Conduct gave Octavius great Uneasiness he made him several advantageous Offers, and desired that he would accompany him to Actium. Pollio fiercely returned this Answer; I have rendered some considerable Services to Anthony, and my Obligations to Him are known. Let me not be engaged in your Quarrel; the Victory shall determine who must be my future Master. *Mea in Antonium majora*

## ODE XVI. To TYNDARIS.

O Thou, whose opening Bloom of Beauty warms  
The kindling Soul, beyond thy Mother's  
Charms,

Give, to my bold Lampoons, what Fate you please,  
To wasting Flames condemn'd, or vengeful Seas.  
Nor Phœbus from his hallow'd Shrine inspires  
His glowing Prophet, nor Lyæus' Fires  
Nor Dindymene, nor her Priests possess,  
With double-sounding Brass, can shake the Breast,  
Like Anger's Power; which nothing can restrain;  
Nor Sword of temper'd Proof, nor raging Main,  
Nor Fire wide-wasting, nor tumultuous Jove,  
Rushing in baleful Thunders from above,

Can

*maiora merita sunt, illius in me beneficia notiora; itaque discrimini vestro me subtraham, & ero præda victoris.* VELL. PATERCULUS. This Answer was very little satisfactory to Octavius, who was apprehensive that Pollio designed, when the two Fleets were at Sea, to put himself at the Head of Anthony's Party in Italy, and raise a powerful Division in his Favour. This indeed never happened, but Appearances were strong enough to form the Allegory, in which, under the Character of Achilles, Pollio for some Time delayed the Fate of Anthony, by the Apprehensions, which he raised in Augustus.

SAN.

36. *Ignis Pergameæ domos.*] This Reading is found in some very ancient Manuscripts; the Measure of the Verse requires it; Mr. Cunningham and Sanadon have published it in their Editions.

## ODE XVI.

This Ode in some ancient Manuscripts has this Inscription; *Palinodia Gratidæ ad Tyndaridem amicam.* Horace had written, when he was young, some severe Verses on Gratidia, but being now in Love with her Daughter, He gives them to her Resentment with a Submission, which has perhaps more Poetry than Sincerity. It is formed in very loose, superficial Terms, with a Common-Place upon the Effects of Anger, which seems to be raised with an affected Pomp of Style. But whether his Repentance was false or real, we find, in the next Ode, that at least it was not unsuccessful.

DAC. SAN.

Verf. 2. *Criminosus.*] *Crimen* in the best Authors frequently signifies *Reproach* and *Slander*.

DAC.

5. *Non Liber.*] There is a very sensible Confusion in the usual Reading of these Lines, by dividing Cybele from the Corybantes, and twice mentioning her Priests. The Transposition of the Word Dindymene corrects the Disorders in

## ODE XVI. To TYNDARIS.

O H Daughter fair, of greater Charms  
Than those with which thy Mother warms,  
My guilty Verses how you please  
Destroy, in Flames (tho' scarce so hot  
As that fierce Rage with which I wrote)  
Or in the angry Seas.

Not Cybele such Heat inspires,  
Ne'er Phœbus with such raging Fires  
His Prophet's Soul possess'd,  
Not Bacchus self can raise a Man  
Half so much as Anger can

When once it burns the Breast:

Not Tears nor Kindness can assuage,  
Nor Force nor Danger curb the Rage,

It ventures boldly on;

It scorns to be confin'd by Jove,

Or all the Thund'ring Powers above,

But by it's boundless self alone.

When

the Language and Sense of the Poet, which probably arose from a Mistake of the first Transcribers.

SAN.

*Adytis.*] The most secret and sacred Part of the Temple, into which the Priest only might enter to receive the Oracles.

*Quatit mentem sacerdotum.*] The fanatick Enthusiasm of these Priests, or Priestesses, is finely described by Virgil.

Non vultus, non color unus,

Non comptæ mansere comæ; sed pectus anhelum,

Et rabie fera corda tument: ———— Æneid 6.

7. *Dindymene.*) Cybele, so called from Dindyme or Dindyme, a Mountain of Phrygia Major, situated near the City Pessinus, consecrated to that Goddess, and on which her Priests had their usual Residence.

8. *Si geminant.*) Nor Bacchus, nor Apollo, nor Cybele, nor her Priests, although they doubly beat their sounding Cymbals, can shake the Soul, as does the Power of Anger. If we read *Sic geminant*, with the common Editions, the Construction must sadly break the Sense. *Corybantes non sic geminant acuta æra, ut tristes iræ geminant acuta æra.* The Expression *geminare æra*, is the same with *æra repercutere*, or as Lucretius expresseth it, *æra æribus pulsare*, and Statius *gmina æra sonant.*

RODELL. BENT.

Fertur Prometheus addere principi  
 Limo coactus particulam undique  
 Defectam, & infani leonis  
 Vim stomacho apposuisse nostro.  
 Iræ Thyesten exitio gravi  
 Stravere; & altis urbibus ultimæ  
 Stetere causæ, cur perirent  
 Funditus, imprimeretque muris  
 Hostile aratrum exercitus insolens.  
 Compeſce mentem: me quoque pectoris  
 Tentavit in dulci juvena  
 Fervor, & in celeres iambos  
 Miſit furem: nunc ego mitibus  
 Mutare quero triſtia, dum mihi  
 Fias recantatis amica  
 Opprobriis, animûmque reddas.

15

20

25

ODE

9. *Noricus Enſis.*) The Steel of Noricum, a Province of Illyria, was famous for it's excellent Temper.

20. *Imprimeretque muris.*) It was a Custom among the Romans, to drive a Plow over the Walls of a City, which they destroyed, to signify that the Ground upon which it stood, should be for ever employed in Agriculture. T O R R.

*Prometheus*, to his nobler Clay, is ſaid,  
 From ev'ry Animal ſome choſen Spark  
 T' have added, and within our Breſt  
 T' have plac'd the Lyon's furious Rage.  
 Anger 'midſt dreadful Ruins overwhelm'd  
*Thyeſtes*; and ſtill ſtands th' exampled Cauſe  
 To lofty Cities, why deſtroy'd  
 From their Foundations, o'er the Walls  
 Th' inſulting Viſtor draws the hoſtile Plough.  
 Then ceaſe thy Wrath; me too, in wanton Youth,  
 This Fervour of the Heart betray'd,  
 And into ſwift *Iambics* caught  
 My madding Spleen: But now Repentance ſues  
 That Wound to heal ſubmiſſive, till you deign,  
 Thoſe Calumnies abjur'd, my Friend  
 To be, and give me back my Soul.

ODE

24. *Celeres iambos.*) The Poet calls this Kind of Verſe *ſwift*, or *rapid*, becauſe the firſt Syllable of each Foot was ſhort, by which the Cadence was quicker. From this Rapidity it ſeemed moſt natural to expreſs the violent Spirit of Satire.

S 48



Can'tame to Fear. Thus sings the Poet's Lay, —  
 Prometheus to inform his nobler Clay,  
 Each various Passion chose from every Beast,  
 And fir'd with Lyon-Rage the human Breast.  
 From Anger dire the Tragic Horrors rose,  
 Which crush'd *Thyestes* with a Weight of Woes;  
 From hence, proud Cities date their utter Falls,  
 When insolent of Ruin, o'er their Walls  
 The wrathful Soldier drags the hostile Plow,  
 That haughty Mark of total Overthrow.  
 Me too the Heat of Youth to Madness fir'd,  
 And with Iambic rapid Rage inspir'd:  
 But now repentant shall the Muse again  
 To softer Numbers tune her melting Strain;  
 So thou recall thy Taunts, thy Wrath controul,  
 Resume thy Love, and give me back my Soul.

## ODE

When bold *Prometheus* first began,  
 As Story goes, to make a Man,  
 From every Thing he snatch'd a Part  
 To furnish out his Clay,  
 And to compleat his rude Essay,  
 And plac'd a Lyon's Fury in the Heart.

'Twas Rage that made the Brothers hate,  
 Rage wrought *Thyestes'* wond'rous Fate;  
 'Twas Rage that kill'd the Child;  
 That fed the Father with the Son,  
 And when it saw the mighty Mischief done,  
 Stood by, and (what was strange) it smil'd.

'Tis That that raises all our Wars,  
 And brings our Dangers and our Fears,  
 When the insulting Foe,  
 Whilst Anger burns, and Rage prevails,  
 O'er Town and Cities ruin'd Walls  
 Doth draw the heavy Plough.

Then curb thy Anger, charming Maid,  
 That once my heedless Youth betray'd,  
 It rais'd a deadly Flame;  
 And hurry'd on my thoughtless Muse  
 In swift *Iambics* to abuse,  
 And wanton with thy Fame.

But now I do repent the Wrong,  
 And now compose a softer Song  
 To make Thee just amends:  
 Recant the Errors of my Youth,  
 And swear those Scandals were not Truth;  
 So You and I be Friends.

## H

## ODE

But now I do repent the Wrong,  
 And now compose a softer Song  
 To make Thee just amends:  
 Recant the Errors of my Youth,  
 And swear those Scandals were not Truth;  
 So You and I be Friends.

ODE XVII. Ad TYNDARIDEM.

VELOX amœnum sæpe Lucretilem  
Mutat Lycæo Faunus, & igneam  
Defendit æstatem capellis  
Usque meis, pluviosque ventos.  
Impune tutum per nemus arbutos  
Quærent latentes, & thyma devæ  
Olentis uxores mariti;  
Nec virides metuunt colubras,  
Nec Martiales hædulae lupos;  
Utrumque dulci, Tyndari, fistulâ  
Valles, & Usticæ cubantis  
Levia personuere saxa.  
Dî me tuentur: Dis pietas mea,  
Et musa cordi est. Hic tibi copia  
Manabit ad plenum benigno  
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.  
Hic in reductâ valle, Caniculæ  
Vitabis æstus, & fide Teiâ  
Dices laborantes in uno  
Penelopen, vitreamque Circen.  
Hic innocentis pocula Lesbii  
Duces sub umbrâ; nec Semeleius  
Cum Marte confundet Thyoneus  
Prælia; nec metues protervum  
Suspecta Cyrum, ne malè disparti  
Incontinentes injiciat manus,  
Et scindat hærentem coronam  
Crinibus, immeritamque vestem.

ODE

The Beauties of Language in this Ode are of no mean Character. *Ignem defendit æstatem capellis, pluviosque ventos. Olentis uxores mariti. Martiales lupos. Usticæ cubantis. Ruris honorum. Laborantes in uno. Male disparti. Vitreamque Circen.* Some of these Expressions are too bold for our Language. The rest the Translator hath endeavour'd to preserve.

Horace having by the last Ode made his Peace with Tyndaris, now invites her to his Country-Seat, and offers her a Retirement and Security from the Brutality of Cyrus, who had treated her with an unmanly Rudeness and Cruelty.

CRUQ.

Verf. 1. *Lucretilem.* ) A Mountain in the District of the Sabines; near Horace's Country Seat.

2. *Lycæo.* ) A Mountain of Arcadia, near the River Al-

ODE XVII. To TYNDARIS.

SWIFT Faunus, for my sweet Lucretile,  
His lov'd Lycæus oft delights to change;  
And still from Summer's fiery Heat,  
And rainy Winds, my Flock defends.  
Through the safe Forest with Impunity,  
The straggling Wives of the rank Husband seek  
The devious Shrub, or flow'ry Thyme;  
Nor fear the verdant-crested Snake  
My tender Kids, nor yet the Martial Wolf;  
Whene'er with his melodious Pipe the Vales,  
O Tyndaris, and polish'd Rocks  
Of low-brow'd Ustica resound.  
The Gods protect me; to the Gods are dear  
My Piety and Muse. Here rural Wealth  
For Thee shall, in rich Plenty, pour  
Her Honours from a lib'ral Horn.  
Here thou in some sequester'd Vale shalt shun  
The Dog-Star's Rage, and to the Teian Lyre,  
Fair Circe and Penelope,  
Love-lab'ring for one Heart shalt sing.  
Here Cups of harmless Lesbian thou shalt drain  
In rosy Bowers; where Semeleus no Wars  
With Mars shall wage? nor thou need fear,  
By bold Suspicion meanly wrong'd,  
Left churlish Cyrus his intemp'rate Hand  
On thy defenceless Charms should lay, and tear  
Th' unwilling Chaplet from thy Brow,  
Or rend thy undeserving Robe.

ODE

pheus.

7. *Olentis mariti.* ) Virgil hath also called the He-Goat the Husband of the Herd;

*Vir gregis ipse caper decerraverat.* — Ecl. 7.  
and before him Theocritus,

Ἡ τράγῃ, τῶν λευκῶν αἰγῶν ἀντὶ. — Idyll. 8.

9. *Martiales lupos.* ) Wolves were consecrated to Mars, and under his Protection, because they lived upon Spoil and Rapine.

10. *Dulci fistulâ.* ) The Invention of the Pastoral Pipe is attributed to this Deity.

*Pan primus calamos cera conjungere Plures*

la:

ODE XVII. To TYNDARIS.

ODE XVII. To TYNDARIS.

PAN from Arcadia's Heights descends  
 To visit oft my rural Seat,  
 And here my tender Goats defends  
 From rainy Winds, and Summer's fiery Heat;  
 For when the Vales, wide-spreading round,  
 The sloping Hills, and polish'd Rocks  
 With his melodious Pipe resound,  
 In fearless Safety graze my wand'ring Flocks;  
 Whether they browse the thymy Mead,  
 Or every latent Shrub explore,  
 No more th' envenom'd Snake they dread,  
 They tremble at the Martial Wolf no more.  
 Their Poet to the Gods is dear;  
 They love my Piety and Muse,  
 And all our rural Honours here  
 Their flow'ry Wealth around thee shall diffuse.  
 Here shall you tune Anacreon's Lyre,  
 Beneath a shady Mountain's Brow,  
 To sing frail Circe's guilty Fire,  
 And chaste Penelope's unbroken Vow,  
 Far from the burning Dog-Star's Rage  
 Here shall you quaff our harmless Wine;  
 Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage  
 Rude War with Him who rules the jovial Vine.  
 Nor Cyrus' bold Suspicions fear;  
 Not on thy Softness shall he lay  
 His desperate Hand, thy Cloaths to tear,  
 Or brutal snatch thy festal Crown away.

ODE

*Instituit.* ————— *Virg. Ecl. 2.*

And

*Panaque, qui primus calamos non passus inertes.* Ecl. 8.

11. *Ustica.* ) A little Hill also in the Country of the Sabinæ.

18. *Fide Teïd.* ) As Tyndaris is distinguished by her Love of Music and Poetry, this Ode must have been extremely suited to her Taste. There is not only a natural Elegance in it; the Images and Expressions are not only lively, and beautiful, but the Poet seems to point out the Story of Ulysses, as a Subject proper to inspire her with the tenderest Sentiments: He seems to direct her in the Manner of composing a Song, by the Opposition of Penelope's Chastity to

SWIFT *Faunus* oft *Lycæum* leaves behind,  
 And to my pleasing Farm retreats;  
 And from the Summer Heats  
 Defends my Goats, and from the rainy Wind.  
 O'er Vales, o'er craggy Rocks, and Hills they stray,  
 Seek flow'ry Thyme, and safely browse  
 And wanton in the Boughs;  
 Nor fear an angry Serpent in the Way.  
 No lurking Venom swells the harmless Mould,  
 The Kids are safe, the tender Lambs  
 Lie bleating by their Dams,  
 Nor hear the evening Wolves grin round the Fold.  
 Soft rural Lays thro' every Valley sound;  
 By low *Ustica's* purling Spring  
 The Shepherds pipe and sing,  
 Whilst from the even Rocks the Tunes rebound.  
 Kind Heav'n defends my soft Abodes,  
 I live the Gods peculiar Care,  
 Secure and free from Fear;  
 My Songs and my Devotion please the Gods.  
 Here naked Truth, Love, Peace, good Nature reign,  
 And here to Thee shall Plenty flow,  
 And all her Riches show,  
 To raise the Honour of the quiet Plain.  
 Here crooked Vales afford a cool Retreat;  
 Or underneath an Arbour's Shade  
 For Love and Pleasure made,  
 Thou shalt avoid the Dog-Star's raging Heat;  
 And sweetly sing the harmless Wars of Love,  
 How chaste *Penelope's* Desires,  
 And wanton *Circe's* Fires,  
 With various Heats for one *Ulysses* strove:  
 At Noon with Wine the fiery Beams assuage  
 Beneath a Shade on Beds of Grass;  
 And take a chirping Glass,  
 But never drink 'till Mirth boils up to Rage.  
 Ne'er fear thy old Gallant, He's far away,  
 He shall not see, nor seize, nor tear  
 Thy Chaplet from thy Hair;  
 We shall have Leisure, and have Room to play.

H 2

ODE



## ODE XVIII. Ad VARUM.

**N**Ullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem  
 Circa mite solum Tiburis, & moenia Catili;  
 Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit; neque  
 Mordaces aliter diffugiunt sollicitudines.  
 Quis post vina gravem militiam, aut pauperiem cre-  
 pat? 5  
 Quis non te potius, Bacche pater, teque decens Venus?  
 At ne quis modici transfiliat munera Liberi,  
 Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero  
 Debellata

the Frailty of Circe; such is the Meaning of the Word *vitrea*, by which the glassy Frailty of the Mistress is compared, (if we may use the Expression) to the adamantine Constancy of the Wife. In another Place Horace writes, *Vitrea forma*, and Pub. Sirus *Vitrea fortuna*. SAN.

Mr. Barnes, in his Edition of Anacreon, fancies that Tyndaris was famous for singing an Ode of that Poet upon this Subject, of which he laments the Loss.

Ulysses is thus described by Ovid:

*Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses,  
 Et tamen æquoreas torfit amore Deas.*

For Eloquence, not Beauty, was He fam'd,  
 And yet with Love the Sea-born Nymphs enslam'd.

20. *Vitreamque*. This Epithet, as Dacier remarks, seems only expressive of the Splendor of Circe's Beauty; and to mean exactly what he elsewhere calls,

*Vultus nimium lubricus aspicit.*

The supposed Opposition between Penelope's *adamantine* Chastity, and the *glassy* Frailty of Circe, being rather too refin'd a Gloss. Such an Hint must have shewn little Delicacy, and less Policy in our Poet, who is persuading Tyndaris to break her Engagement with Cyrus, her present Gallant, in his Favour.

21. *Innocentis Lesbii*. In Athenæus this Wine is called *ἰνόνιον*, *vinulum*, the little Wine, to which Bacchus gave *ἀτιμία*, an Innocence and Immunity from Drunkennells.

25. *Cyrum*. Probably the same mentioned Ode 33. where Horace calls him *turpis adulter*.

27. *Et scindat hærentem Coronam*. Speaking of the Garlands with which they crowned themselves on Festivals. These Circumstances amass'd together by our Poet, were, no Doubt, the Particulars of some Insult, which had been offer'd to Tyndaris by his unpolite Rival.

## ODE XVIII.

This Ode is an Imitation of one written by Alcæus upon the same Subject, and in the same Kind of Verse. The first Line is almost an exact Translation.

*Μέδῃ ἄλλο φουρτὺς πρῶτον διδρὸν ἀμπύλω.*

## ODE XVIII. To QUINTILIUS VARUS.

**N**O Tree, my *Varus*, to the sacred Vine  
 Prefer, in *Tibur's* gen'rous Soil,  
 And round the Walls of *Catili*, to plant.  
 For Evil still the God decrees  
 To him who drinks not; and corroding Cares  
 His Power alone can put to Flight.  
 Who, after the crown'd Bowl, of warlike Toils,  
 Or abject Penury complains?  
 Who, Father *Bacchus*, rather thy just Praise;  
 Who, golden *Venus*, chants not thine?  
 But that none modest *Liber's* Gifts abuse,  
 The *Centaurs' Quarrel*, o'er their Wine  
 Fought with the *Lapithæ*, still loudly warns;

And

It is remarkable that the Poet, with great Calmness, begins to describe the fatal Consequences which attend our Excesses in Wine, when he suddenly falls into a Poetical Disorder, which seems almost natural to his Subject, and which breaks forth into stronger Ideas, figurative Expressions, and a Style broken and unconnected. Thus the Difference of the two Characters which divide this Ode is not the meanest of its Beauties; and the Transition from one to the other is natural and well conducted.

DAC.

Verf. 1. *Vare*.) Not that Quintilius Varus who slew himself in Germany, after the Defeat of the three Legions which he commanded there; but the Poet Quintilius Varus, who died in the Year of Rome 729, was a Relation of Virgil's, and whose Death our Author laments in the 24th Ode.

DAC.

2. *Mite Solum*.) Thus Virgil, speaking of the Soil proper for the Vine, *Pinguis humus, rarissima terra*.

*Mœnia Catili*.) Tibur built by the three Brothers, *Tibur*, *Catili*, and *Coras*.

DAC.

3. *Proposuit*.) The God proposeth to us a Choice of the last Importance. *We must drink or resolve to bear all the Anxieties of Life*. *Ὅταν Βάχχος ἰσίδῃ ἰνὸς μέγαν*. When Bacchus enters, our Cares are asleep.

ANACREON.

7. *Modici*.) This Ode is an Exhortation to drink, but then it is to drink with Moderation. For the same Reason he gives Bacchus, in another Ode, the Epithet *verecundum*, modest.

8. *Centaurea monet*.) The Centaurs and the Lapithæ were both Inhabitants of Thessaly. Their famous Battle, at the Marriage of Pirithous, is said, by *Ælian*, to have been described by Melissander the Milesian, a very ancient Poet.

9. *Sithoniis non levis*.) The Sithonians were a People of Thrace, bordering on the Euxine Sea. Horace uses the Appellation

Appellation

ODE XVIII. To QUINTILIUS VARUS.

ROUND Catilus' Walls, or in Tibur's rich Soil,  
To plant the glad Vine, be my Varus' first Toil;  
For the God hath propos'd to the Wretch who's a-  
thirst,  
To drink, or with Heart-gnawing Cares to be curst.  
Of War, or of Want, who e'er prates o'er his Wine?  
For 'tis thine Father Bacchus, bright Venus 'tis thine  
To charm all his Cares; yet that no one may pass  
The Freedom and Mirth of a temperate Glass,  
Let us think on the Lapithæ's Quarrel so dire,  
And the Thracians, whom Wine can to Madness  
inspire:

Infatiate

Appellation for the Thracians in general, to whom he saith Bacchus was not *mild*, or *favourable*, because their Feasts usually ended in Quarrels and Murder.

D A C.

14. *Avidi.* ] Immoderate, insatiable. The Thracians in their Debauches know not any other Bounds to their Desires but their Passions, which usually make little Difference between good and evil. *Quia sunt avidi, ideo fas atque nefas discernunt exiguo sine libidine.*

S A N.

*Non ego te, Bassareu, &c.* ] This poetical Sally is admirable; yet sudden as it is, it does not transport him out of his Subject. He promises to practise that Moderation which he recommends to others, and intreats the God not to abandon him to the Vices with which he afflicts those who profane his Benefits by a sacrilegious Use of them.

*Candid.* ) The Poet gives this Epithet to Bacchus, because he is a Lover of Frankness and Truth, and commonly inspires his Votaries to speak what they think.

D A C.

12. *Quatiam.* ] This Word is metaphorically taken from a Custom of the Ancients, who on their festival Days removed the Statues of their Gods from the Place in which they usually stood, and carried them in Procession. This they called *commovere sacra*.

*Variis obfita frondibus.* ) This Expression is also taken from a Custom, which they observed in the Feasts of Bacchus and Ceres; for when they carried the Statues of those Deities in Procession, they carried Baskets also covered with Vine Leaves and Ivy. The following Words, *sub Divum rapere* do not mean to discover or open these Baskets, but to take them out of their Chappels, and carry them in Procession. This will appear to be the Sense, by explaining the Allegory. *They who drink with Moderation, are like the Persons who celebrate without Trouble or Noise some little Feast of Bacchus; on the contrary, They who drink to Excess, may be compared to the Bacchanals who celebrate the grand triennial Festival, and at the first Sound of the Timbrels and Cornets, hurry away the sacred Baskets and Statues of the Gods out of their Temples; and as if they were inspired carry them to the Mountains, where they commit all Kinds of Ex-*

ODE XVIII. To QUINTILIUS VARUS.

DEAR Varus urge thy wife Design,  
And chiefly plant the noble Vine  
In Tibur's fertile Shade,  
Or round Catilus' Wall,  
The sober Dotards Cares invade,  
And numerous Mischiefs wait on all.

Pale Cares are rude,

And must intrude

Until forgetful Cups go round;

And who in Drink doth prate of Wars,

Of Want, or State Affairs?

Each Head is free, and busy Thoughts are drown'd;

But Mirth, and Women, Sport, and Play

Is all the Trouble of the Day.

But lest thy growing Mirth surpass

The moderate Freedom of a merry Glass,

Think on the Centaurs' Blood;

Think how those Beasts did fight,

With Wine and Gore their Tables flow'd;

And then command thy Appetite.

What

travagance.

D A C.

13. *Sæva tene.* ) Horace in a Kind of poetical Rapture, fancies that he beholds the God ready to give the Signal, whose Sound should inspire his Votaries with Madness.

— *Ubi audito stimulant Trieterica Baccho*

*Orgia.*

V I R G.

As the Timbrels and Cornets, which were founded in the Festivals of Bacchus, were likewise used in the Feasts of Cybele, Horace calls them Berecynthian, from the Name of a Mountain in Phrygia, where that Goddess was worshipped.

S A N.

14. *Cæcus amor sui, &c.* ) Vanity, Presumption, and Infidelity; the ordinary Vices of excessive Drinking.

It may not perhaps be disagreeable to shew how two other great Poets, Lucretius and Catullus, have written upon this Subject, and described these Feasts of Bacchus.

*Tympana tenta sonant palmis, & cymbala circum*

*Concava, raucisonoque minantur cornua cantu,*

*Et Phrygio stimulat numero cava tibia mentes,*

*Telaque præportant violenti signa furoris.* L U C R E T.

The

Debellata: monet Sithoniis non levis Evius;  
 Cum fas atque nefas, exiguo fine libidinum, 10  
 Discernunt avidi. Non ego te, candide Bassareu,  
 Invitum quatiam; nec variis obsita frondibus  
 Sub divum rapiam. Sæva tene cum Berecynthio  
 Cornu tympana, quæ subsequitur cæcus amor sui,  
 Et tollens vacuum plus nimio gloria verticem, 15  
 Arcaniquæ fides prodiga, perlucidior vitro.

## ODE

The Timbrels beaten by their Hands resound,  
 And hollow Cymbals fill the Void around;  
 The threatening Horn in hoarser Music winds,  
 The Pipe with Phrygian Measure stings their Minds;  
 And now the Rout with Violence engage  
 Protend their Weapons, and express their Rage. D.

——— *Lymphata mente surebant,*

*Evoë bacchantes, Evoë capita insistentes.*

——— *Pars tecta quatiebant cuspide Thyrsos.*

*Pars obscura cavis celebrabant Orgia cistis,*

*Orgia, quæ frustra cupiunt audire profani.*

*Plangebant alii proceris tympana palmis,*

*Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant,*

*Multi raucifonis efflabant cornua bombis,*

*Barbaraque horribili stridebat tibia cantu, CATUL.*

The sprightly Train in frantic Mirth incline  
 Their Heads inspir'd, and hail the Power divine.  
 The Rites begun, some shook the mystic Rod,

And *Evius* not lightly felt  
 By the *Sithonians*, when Right and Wrong,  
 Insatiate, they alone define  
 By the slight Bound of their intemp'rate Lusts.  
 I ne'er, O candid *Bassareus*,  
 Thy Statues will unbidden move; nor snatch  
 Abroad thy sacred Mysteries  
 With various Foliage clos'd. Then stop, Oh stop,  
 The *Berecynthian* Cornet's Voice,  
 And Timbrel's madding Sound! which blind Self-  
 Love

Still follows, with presumptuous Haste;  
 And Vanity which lifts the vacant Head;  
 With Faith of Secrets prodigal,  
 And more transparent than the brittle Glass.

## ODE

And Ivy Wreath, dread Ensign of the God.  
 Some far, far distant from the Crowd profane,  
 In dark Retreats renew'd their Orgic Strain.  
 Others the Timbrels beat in Peals profound,  
 Or gently breathe the shriller Trumpet - Sound.  
 While Horns in hoarse - resounding Blasts conspire,  
 And barbarous Pipes affright the jarring Quire. D.



BOOK I.

ODE XVIII.

Infatiate of Liquor, when glow their full Veins,  
No Distinction of Vice, or of Virtue remains.

Thou God, who dost Candour and Friendship ap-  
prove,

I ne'er will thy Statues profanely remove;  
I ne'er will thy Rites so mysterious betray  
To the broad-glaring Eye of the Tale-telling Day.  
Oh stop the loud Cymbal, the Cornet's Alarms,  
Whose Sound, when the Bacchanal's Bosom it warms,  
Arouses Self-love, by Blindness misled,  
And Vanity lifting aloft the light Head,  
And Honour, of prodigal Spirit, that shows,  
Transparent as Glass, all the Secrets it knows.

ODE

What wild Desires,  
What Madness fires  
The *Thracian* Brutes, how fierce a God;  
When Drunken They all Right and Just  
Do measure by their Lust,  
And eagerly rush on to Brawls and Blood?  
Attending Death strikes ev'ry Guest,  
And none survive the fatal Feast.

Submitting to thy easy Yoke  
I'll freely use, but ne'er provoke  
Thy Rage, obliging God;  
Nor shall my Tongue reveal,  
To the prophane and common Crowd,  
The Mysteries thy Boughs conceal:

Preserve my Age  
From drunken Rage,  
Which blind Self-Love does still attend;  
With Vanity, which loves to spread  
Her Plumes, and raise her Head  
Above the common Level of her Friend;  
With These with an uneven Pace  
Walks broken Faith, which lets all Secrets pass,  
Much more transparent than a Glass.

ODE

ODE XIX. De GLYCERA.

**M**ATER sæva Cupidinum,  
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,  
Et lasciva Licentia  
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.  
Urit me Glycerae nitor  
Splendentis Pario marmore purius:  
Urit grata protervitas,  
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.  
In me tota ruens Venus  
Cyprum deferuit; nec patitur Scythas,  
Et versis animosum equis  
Parthum dicere; nec quæ nihil attinent.  
Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic  
Verbenas, pueri, posito, thuraque,  
Bimi cum paterâ meri:  
Macratâ veniet lenior hostia.

There is something very pretty in the Manner with which the Poet renews his Addresses to a forsaken Mistress, by telling Her that three Deities, Venus, Bacchus, and the Goddess Licentia had commanded Him again to love Her.

Verf. 1. *Mater sæva Cupidinum.*) The cruel Mother of the Loves. The Heathens were very little exact in the Genealogy and Fables of their Gods. Plato says there were two Goddesses called Venus, one Old, the other Young. Ovid calls Venus *geminorum mater Amorum*. Pausanias gives her three Sons, Love, Pleasure, and Desire; and in Lucian she tells Paris that she has two fine Children, Pleasure and Love.

7. *Urit grata protervitas.*) Perhaps there are not Words in the English Tongue, which can give the full Beauty of this Expression. There is a Passage not unlike it in Petronius Arbiter; *Oculorum quoque mobilis petulantia*.

13. *Vivum cespitem.*] Green Turf for an Altar.

14. *Verbenas.*] The common Appellation of all Herbs made Use of in Sacrifice.

15. *Bimi meri.*) When the Poet had determined to drink a sober, chearful Bottle with Thaliarchus, He calls for four-year old Wine, that was mellowed with Age; but in a Sacrifice to Venus, the Wine must be of newer and more heady Spirit, as more suitable to the Temper of the Goddess.

*Paterâ.*] This Cup seems to have been, in a peculiar Manner, appropriated to the Service of Sacrifices and Liba-

ODE XIX. On GLYCERA.

**T**HE cruel Mother of the Loves,  
The Son of Theban Semele,  
And wanton Ease conspire, to bid  
My Heart resume it's former Chains.  
5 Fair Glycera's radiant Bloom, more bright  
Than Parian Marble, fires my Soul;  
Her grateful Frowardness alarms,  
And Face too dazzling to behold.  
All Venus rushing to my Breast  
10 Hath left her Cyprus; nor permits  
Me of the Scythians to sing,  
Or Parthian dreadful in his Flight;  
Nor Things, like these, of no Import.  
Bring hither, Boy, the living Turf,  
15 Vervain, and Frankincense, a Bowl  
Of Two-Years Wine; our Offering paid,  
The Goddess milder may approach.

tions. In sacrificando Deis hoc poculo Magistratus dat De vinum. Varro, Lib. 4.

16. *Macratâ.*) In the first and purest Ages of the World, Fruits, Flowers, and Herbs, were offered in Sacrifices to the Gods. The Romans preserved this innocent Piety only in Regard to Venus, whom they worshipped as the Goddess and Parent of Life, *Genetrix*, and therefore thought it impious to offer her any living Victim. Other Nations sacrificed to her a Pidgeon, a Sow, and an Heifer.

*Macrare* is therefore properly *adolere*, and signifies the casting the Offering (whatever it was) into the Fire; or the putting what they called the *Mola* upon the Head of the Victim.

*Lenior.*) The Commentators are much divided in their Conjectures, whether this Epithet should be applied to Venus or Glycera. In the Beginning of the Ode Horace seems to complain of the wanton Cruelty, *protervitas*, of Glycera, and it is perhaps a Wish fitter for a Poet, that his Mistress should grow kinder, and gratify his Passion, than that the Goddess should coldly teach Him to get the better of it.

The Editor has followed that Construction which seemed to him the most natural.

ODE

## ODE XIX. ON GLYCERA.

**V**ENUS, who gave the Cupids Birth,  
 And the resistless God of Wine,  
 With the gay Power of wanton Mirth,  
 Now bid my Heart its Peace resign;  
 Again for Glycera I burn,  
 And all my long-forgotten Flames return.  
 As Parian Marble pure and bright,  
 The shining Maid my Bosom warms,  
 Her Face too dazzling for the Sight,  
 Her winning Coyness --- how it charms!  
 All Venus rushing through my Veins,  
 No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns;  
 No more she suffers me to write  
 Of Scythian, fierce in martial Deed,  
 Or Parthian, urging in his Flight  
 The Battle with reverted Steed;  
 Such Themes she will no more approve,  
 Nor ought that sounds impertinent to Love.

Here let the living Altar rise,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Herb and Flow'r,  
 Here flame the Incense to the Skies,  
 And purest Wine's Libation pour;  
 Due Honours to the Goddess paid,  
 Soft sinks to willing Love the yielding Maid.

## O D E

## ODE XIX. ON GLYCERA.

**T**HE cruel Mother of Desires,  
 And wanton Youth reproves,  
 And bids me, rais'd by *Bacchus'* Fires,  
 Restore my self to my forsaken Loves:

Fair *Glycera* my Wish provokes,  
 More white than polish'd Marble Stone;  
 Inviting, coy, and slippery Looks,  
 Coy Looks, too slippery to be gaz'd upon.

Now *Venus* leaves her *Cyprian* Seats,  
 And fills my Soul with all her Heats;  
 Bids me not mind the *Parthian* Force,  
 When dreadful on his flying Horse  
 He makes his proud and conquering Retreats.

All that I think on must be Love;  
 Bring Wine, my Boys, an Altar rear,  
 A tender Lamb perhaps may move,  
 And make the angry Goddess less severe.

## O D E



## ODE XX. Ad MÆCENATEM.

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum  
 Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipse testâ  
 Conditum levi; datus in theatro  
 Cùm tibi plausus,  
 Clare Mæcenas eques, ut paterni  
 Fluminis ripæ, simul & jocosa  
 Redderet laudes tibi Vatican  
 Montis imago.  
 Cæcubam, & prælo domitam Caleno  
 Tu bibes uvam: mea nec Falernæ  
 Temperant vites, neque Formiani  
 Pocula collis.

## ODE

Whatever Pleasures Horace found in his Country-Seat, it was very ill situated for a Poet, who was by no means an Enemy to a Glass of good Wine! He therefore tells his illustrious Guest, who was used to the richest Wines of Greece and Italy, that he had none but of the Sabine Growth, and seems to make the frank Confession, that Mæcenas might either be contented with what he found, or rather that he should bring better from Rome. S. A. N.

Verf. 1. *Modicis cantharis.* ] The Poet doth not mean that Mæcenas shall drink out of small Cups, but rather that he shall drink but little, *modice potabit*, although his Cups be large. The Cantharus was properly the Cup of Bacchus, from whence we may believe, it was not a small one; and Virgil calls that of Silenus, *gravis*. We must explain the Words *modicis cantharis* by the *vile Sabinum*, to which the best Invitation was that of drinking it soberly. *Bibes cantharis, sed modicis.* S. A. N.

But how odd must such an Invitation sound? *You shall drink an ordinary Sort of Wine; however, let this be your Comfort, you shall drink little of it.* How trivial the Turn? How unworthy the Genius and Delicacy of our Author? The Words *modicis Cantharis* should, therefore, rather be explain'd by what immediately follows, *quod conditum levi; datus in Theatro cum tibi plausus.* "I have only an ordinary Wine to treat you with, yet such as I set an inestimable Value upon; it will, therefore, be dealt round with a Miser's Bounty, being that which I racked into a Grecian Cask, and sealed up on that glorious Day, &c."

2. *Græcâ testâ.* ] The Ancients put their Wine into earthen Vessels, and as they sent from Greece to Italy none but of the most exquisite Kinds, the Poet says, he had racked his Sabine Wine into a Grecian Cask, that he might correct the bad Qualities of it. S. A. N.

3. *Levi.* ] When the Ancients filled their Casks, they closed them with Wax, Pitch, Gum, or Plaster, and although the Sabine Wine was by no means worthy of so much Care; yet as Mæcenas at that Time had received some remarkable Applause in the Theatre, the Poet pre-

## ODE XX. To MÆCENAS.

P LAIN Sabine you shall drink, and from such Cups  
 As Temp'rance loves; what in a Grecian Cask  
 I seal'd myself, Mæcenas, First of Knights,  
 That Day the crowded Theatre  
 Shook with the Thunder of thy vast Applause:  
 The Banks of thy paternal Stream return'd,  
 And sportive Echo, from Mount Vatican,  
 The Musick of thy frequent Praise.  
 Cæcubian, and the precious Grape subdu'd  
 By the Calenian Press, to thee flow pleas'd;  
 My humble Bowl nor the Falernian Vine,  
 Nor hilly Formia deigns to bless.

## ODE

served on his Vessels the Remembrance of a Day so glorious to his Patron. This little Circumstance hath in it something extremely delicate and artful. S. A. N.

*Datus in theatro.* ] It is probable, from the 17th Ode of the second Book, that this Applause was to congratulate Mæcenas for escaping some accidental Danger; and as the Ancients were used to mark the Age of their Wines by the Names of the Consuls, or by the most extraordinary Event of the Year, the Poet had chosen this Instance of the Glory and good Fortune of his Patron, for the Date of his Wine. S. A. N.

5. *Clare eques.* ] This reading is authorized by an ancient Manuscript, and by one of the first Editions. The Expression is stronger than the usual *chare eques*, and more suitable to the Pomp, with which the Poet mentions this Applause of the Roman People. B. E. N. T.

*Paterni fluminis.* ] It seems as if Horace could not find a more glorious Epithet for the Tiber than this, which calls it the River of Mæcenas his Ancestors. They came originally from Etruria, where the Tiber hath it's Source.

8. *Vaticani montis imago.* ] The Tiber running between the Vatican and the Theatre of Pompey, it was not possible there should be any considerable Noise in the Theatre, but it would be echoed back from the Banks of the Tiber and the Vatican. This Situation gave Birth to, and reflects Light on these beautiful Lines.

9. *Cæcubam.* ] Martial has given us a Character of the Cæcubian Wine, and a beautiful Description of the Vintage:

*Cæcuba Fundanis generosa coquuntur Amyclis,  
 Vitis & in media nata palude viret.*

Lib. 13. Epigram. 115.

Cæcubian Wine in fam'd Amyclæ flows,  
 Amidst a Lake the blooming Vintage glows.

Prælo

## ODE XX. TO MÆCENAS.

**A** Poet's Beverage, humbly cheap,  
 (Should great Mæcenas be my Guest,)  
 Crude Vintage of the Sabine Grape,  
 But yet in sober Cups, shall crown the Feast:  
 'Twas rack'd into a Grecian Cask,  
 It's rougher Juice to melt away,  
 I seal'd it too --- a pleasing Task,  
 With annual Joy to mark that glorious Day,  
 When in applausive Shouts, thy Name  
 Spread from the Theatre around,  
 floating on thy own Tiber's Stream,  
 And Echo, playful Nymph, return'd the Sound.  
 From the Cæcubian Vintage prest  
 For you shall flow the racy Wine;  
 But ah! my meagre Cup's unblest  
 With the rich Formian, or Falernian Vine.

## ODE

*Prælo domitam Caleno.*] The Wine of Cales near Capua, which Athenæus commends as very good for the Stomach, and preferable to the Falernian.

10. *Tu bibes uvam.*] The Sense of these Lines, as far as the Poet hath expressed it, lies thus, *My Wine is very bad, however you shall drink the richest Juice of the Grape,*

## ODE XX. TO MÆCENAS.

**P**OOOR Sabine Wine, in Cups as poor,  
 Is all my present Store;  
 'Twas bottled then, when You, my Lord,  
 In crowded Theatres ador'd,  
 Smooth Tyber's Banks around  
 Return'd the joyful Sound,  
 And babling Echo the glad Shouts restor'd.  
 Rich Casks from the Calenian Vine,  
 Or smooth Cæcubian Wine  
 Your Cellar store; but meaner Juice  
 Contented I must humbly use;  
 My Cups the Formian Hill  
 Nor the Falernian fill;  
 'Tis Wealth's great Privilege to be profuse.

## ODE

*but remember I have it not.* Is not this indirectly to tell Mæcenas, that if he intended to drink good Wine, he must bring it with him? There is the same poetical Invitation to Torquatus in the Epistles. S.A.N.

*Falerna.*] This was esteem'd an excellent Wine, and grew on the Mountain Falernus, near Sinope in Campania.

11. *Formiani colles.*] By the Sea-Side, near Cales.

D.A.C.

## ODE XXII. Ad ARISTIUM FUSCUM.

INTEGER vitæ, scelerisque purus

Non egit Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,

Nec venenatis gravidâ sagittis,

Fusce, pharetrâ;

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas,

Sive facturus per inhospitalem

Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus

Lambit Hydaspes:

Namque me sylvâ lupus in Sabina,

Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultra

Terminum curis vagor expeditis,

Fugit inermem:

Quale portentum neque militaris

Daunia in latis alit æsculetis;

Nec Jubbæ tellus generat, leonum

Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis

Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ;

Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque

Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui

Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ;

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,

Dulce loquentem.

## ODE

Although the Poet seems to have been in Love with Lalage, yet had He too much Friendship for Aristius to be his Rival. He therefore begins this Ode with his own Innocence, and Integrity of Manners, to convince Aristius that He ought not to be jealous, even while He is praising his Mistress.

D. A. C.

*Ad Aristium Fuscum.*) The same Person to whom the Tenth Epistle of the First Book is addressed: He was a Rhetorician, Grammarian, and Poet.

*Verf. 1. Integer vitæ.*) The first Cause to which the Poet attributes his Preservation, is the Innocence and Integrity of his Life, and He is of too careless and unaffected a Character to be suspected of Insincerity, whatever were his Epicurean Principles. With the worst speculative Opinions a Man may be morally honest and virtuous.

*3. Venenatis sagittis.*) The Africans were obliged to poison their Arrows, to defend them from the wild Beasts, with which their Country was infested. The Poison was

## ODE XXII. To ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE Man of pure Integrity, whose Breast  
No Guilt alarms, needs, *Fuscus*, nor the Guard  
Of *Moorish* Javelins, or Bow,

Or Quiver big with poison'd Shafts;

5 Whether thro' scorèhing Sands his Journey leads,

Or o'er inhospitable *Caucasus*,

Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* pours

His wealthy Urn thro' barb'rous Lands.

For late, as to the *Sabine* Grove I sing

10 Of Love and *Lalage*, and heedless stray,

An happy Fugitive from Care,

A furious Wolf fled me unarm'd:

A Monster! such as warlike *Daunia*,

Ne'er foster'd in her vast, embosom'd Wild;

15 Nor *Juba's* Land, the thirsty Nurse

Of raging Lions, ever bore.

Place me where no soft Summer-Gale unbinds

The lazy Glebe, nor cheers the Trees, nor calls

The Verdures forth; that Side the World,

20 Which Clouds and adverse *Jove* deform.

Place me beneath the Sun's top neighbouring Car,

A Clime which he denies the Human-Race;

Yet *Lalage* who sweetly smiles,

Who sweetly speaks, I'll still adore.

## ODE

a Mixture of Viper's and human Blood, and Pliny tells us it was incurable.

D. A. C.

*7. Hydaspes.*) A River of India, called at present *Lobchan*. See the Remark on the 16th Line of Ode IV.

*11. Curis expeditis.*) Lambinus says he has taken this Reading upon the Faith and Authority of all the ancient Copies, except the Faernian. *Torrentius*, *Cunningham*, and *Sanadon* have received it as a more poetical and elegant Expression than the usual *curis expeditis*. *O Quid solutis est beatius curis.* CATULL.

*14. Daunia.*) Properly that Part of *Apulia* which runs out into the *Adriatic* Sea: But formerly all the Country from the Border of the *Samnites* to *Calabria* had the same common Appellation; and in this latter Sense it seems to be employed by our Author. He calls it *Militaris*, on Account of the warlike Disposition of the Inhabitants.

*In latis æsculetis.*) *Apulia* was a Country covered with thick Forests, whence the Greeks gave it the Name *Daunia*



ODE XXII. To ARISTIVS FUSCUS.

ODE XXII. To ARISTIVS FUSCUS.

THE Man who knows not guilty Fear,  
Nor wants the Bow, nor pointed Spear,  
Nor needs, while innocent of Heart,  
The Quiver teeming with the poison'd Dart;

A Man unstain'd, and pure from Sin,  
No Quiver fraught with poison'd Heads,  
No *Africk* Javelin needs,  
He has a Guard and Arms within:

Whether through Lybia's burning Sands  
His Journey leads, or Scythia's Lands,  
Unhabitable Waste of Snows,

Whether o'er *Syrtis* wand'ring Sands,  
Or brutish *Caucasus* he goes,  
Or where *Hydaspes* flows

Or where the fabulous *Hydaspes* flows:

And swiftly cuts the Savage Lands:

For musing on my lovely Maid,  
As careless in the Woods I stray'd,  
A Wolf --- how dreadful --- cross'd my Way,  
Yet fled --- he fled from his defenceless Prey:

Of late, when Cares forsook my Head,  
I stray'd, and sang i' th' *Sabine* Grove  
My *Lalage*, my Love,  
A Wolf saw me unarm'd, and fled:

No Beast of such portentous Size,  
In warlike *Daunia's* Forests lies;  
Nor such the tawny *Lion* reigns,  
Fierce on his native *Africk's* thirsty Plains.

A Beast so large did never roar  
I' th' *Daunian* Woods, and fright the Swains,  
Nor in her burning Plains  
The *Lion's* dry-Nurse *Africk* bore:

Place me where never Summer Breeze  
Unbinds the Glebe, or warms the Trees,  
Where ever lowering Clouds appear,  
And angry *Jove* deforms th' inclement Year:

So place me where no Sun appears,  
Or wrapt in Clouds, or drown'd in Tears;  
Where Woods with whirling Tempests tost:  
Where no relieving Summer's Breeze

Place me beneath the burning Ray,  
Where rolls the rapid Car of Day;  
Love and the Nymph shall charm my Toils,  
The Nymph who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

Does murmur thro' the Trees,  
But all lies bound and fixt in Frost.  
Or place me where the scorching Sun,  
With Beams too near, doth burn the Zone,

ODE

Yet fearless there I'll gladly rove;  
Let frowning or let smiling Fate  
Or Curse, or Bless my State,  
Sweet smiling *Lalage* I'll always love.

ODE

*Daunia*, from the Word *Δαῦλος*, *Δαῦνος*, covered, thick, rusted. Hefych. *δαῦλον*, *δαῦν*. D.A.C.

15. *Juba tellus*.) Mauritania, a Part of Numidia, the Kingdom of Juba, was so infested with Lyons and Tygers, that the People were oblig'd to abandon the Country to them. D.A.C.

22. *In terrâ domibus negatâ*.) The Ancients believed the Torrid Zone to be uninhabitable: Modern Discoveries have sufficiently confuted this Error.

23. *Dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem*.) These Words are

a Translation of two very beautiful Lines in an Ode of Sappho, which is rendered into English with all the Spirit of the Original.

## ODE XXIII. Ad CHLOEN.

VITAS hinnuleo me similis, Chloë,

Quærenti pavidam montibus aviis

Matrem, non finè vano

Aurum &amp; sylvæ metu:

Nam, seu mobilibus veris inhorruit

Adventus foliis, seu virides rubum

Dimovere lacertæ,

Et corde, &amp; genibus tremit:

Atqui non ego te, tigris ut aspera,

Gætulûsve leo, frangere persequor.

Tandem define matrem

Tempestiva sequi viro.

## ODE

Verf. 2. *Pavidam*.] Timorous by Nature; and terrified with the Apprehension of having lost her Fawn.

5. *Mobilibus veris inhorruit adventus foliis*.] Muretus and Scaliger read,

*Nam seu mobilibus vitis inhorruit  
Ad ventum foliis.*

In which they have been followed by Doctor Bentley, Mr. Francis, and others; except that for *vitis* these latter read *vepris*. But we cannot find that either of these Alterations of the Text have the Sanction of any competent Authority; and, besides, there are not wanting those,

## ODE XXIII. To CHLOE.

YOU fly me, *Chloe*, like a tender Fawn,  
Which scudding o'er the pathless Mountains  
seeks

It's frighted Dam, and idly fears

Each Breath of Air, each rustling Bough:

For whether Spring's Arrival thro' the Grove

A gentle Horror breath, or nodding stirs

The Bramble, by green Lizards shook,

Cold Tremors run thro' ev'ry Part.

But, ah! no cruel Tyger to devour,

Or tawny Lion I thy Steps pursue;

Then ripe for Love, at length forbear

The Covert of a Mother's Wing.

## ODE

who, with Mr. Dacier, think the common Reading by far the most elegant.

*Inhorruit*.] Properly *insonuit*, *horrorem incussit*. The Arrival of the Spring inspires a gentle Horror, or Trembling thro' the Leaves.

10. *Gætulûsve leo*.] Gætulia was a Part of Mauritania, confining on Mount Atlas.

11. *Matrem sequi*.] In Greece and Italy the young Women lived in the House with their Mothers, nor appeared abroad until they were married. Dac.

## ODE XXIII. To CHLOE.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

CHLOE flies me like a Fawn,  
Which through some sequester'd Lawn,  
Panting seeks her Mother-Deer,  
Not without a panic Fear  
Of the gentle-breathing Breeze,  
And the Motion of the Trees.  
If the curling Leaves but shake,  
If a Lizard stir the Brake,  
Frighted it begins to freeze,  
Trembling both at Heart and Knees.  
But not like a Tyger dire,  
Nor a Lion fraught with Ire,  
I pursue my lovely Game,  
To destroy thy tender Frame.  
Haste thee, leave thy Mother's Arms,  
Ripe for Love are all thy Charms.

ODE

## ODE XXIII. To CHLOE.

YOU fly me, Maid, as tender Fawns  
Seek absent Dams in deep Despair,  
O'er craggy Rocks, o'er Woods and Lawns,  
And idly fear at every breath of Air.  
  
If Winds do whistle thro' the Grove,  
Or ruffle Vines, they quickly start;  
If Lizards in a Bramble move,  
An Icy trembling runs thro' every Part.  
  
No Tyger I, or angry Bear,  
Pursue Thee, *Chloe*, to destroy;  
Attend thy Mother's Heels no more,  
Now grown mature for Man, and ripe for Joy.

ODE



## ODE XXIV. Ad VIRGILIUM.

QUIS desiderio sit pudor, aut modus  
 Tam cari capitis? præcipe Iugubres  
 Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
 Vocem cum citharâ dedit.

Ergo Quinctilius perpetuus sopor  
 Urget! cui Pudor & Justitiæ soror  
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,

Quando ullum invenient parem?  
 Multis ille quidem flebilis occidit:  
 Nulli flebilior quàm tibi, Virgili.

Sed frustra pius, heu, non ita creditum,  
 Poscis Quinctilium Deos.

Quid? si Threicio blandius Orpheo  
 Auditam moderare arboribus fidem;

Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,

Quam virgâ semel horridâ,  
 Non lenis precibus fata recludere,  
 Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.

Durum: sed levius fit patientiâ,

Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

ODE

There is something very artful, and yet very natural, in the Opening of this Ode. The Design of the Poet is to comfort Virgil for the Death of their common Friend; but instead of directly opposing his Grief, he encourages him to indulge it even to Excess. He sets the Virtues of Quinctilius in their strongest Light, and joins with Virgil in his Sorrows for the Loss of a Person so extraordinary. A direct Opposition of Reason and Comfort is an Insult to the Afflicted, and we must seem to feel their Sorrow, and make it our own, before we pretend to find a Remedy for it.

Verf. 1. *Sit Pudor.*) However just our Grief may be, we are usually ashamed of indulging it over-long, as betraying too much Weakness. But Quinctilius's Merit was so great, that his Death became an Exception to this almost general Rule, as a Misfortune that could not be too much regretted and deplor'd.

D A C.

2. *Tam cari capitis.*) A Phrase borrowed from the Greeks; *Τὸν γὰρ καὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ κεφαλῆς.*

H O M.

3. *Liquidam.*) Clear, tuneful. Thus the Sound of a Flute is called by Varro *liquidam animam.*

5. *Ergo Quinctilium.*) Quinctilius to whom this amiable Character is given, is mentioned in the Art of Poetry, with all the Honour which can be given to a Critic of Sincerity and Candour; and as Virgil was in a particular manner anxious for his poetical Reputation, he must have been sensibly afflicted by the Loss of so valuable and useful a Friend.

## ODE XXIV. To VIRGIL.

S Hall Sorrow blush, that it preserve no Bounds  
 For one so dear? Prompt thou the mournful Lay,  
 Melpomene, who rul'st with melting Voice,  
 (Thy Father's Gift) th' harmonious Lyre.

5 Has endless Sleep then clos'd Quinctilius' Eyes!  
 Where now shall Modesty, where spotless Faith,  
 Thy Sister, Justice, and Truth undisguis'd,  
 Ah! where shall they his Equal find?

Bewail'd by all the Good he dy'd; by thee,  
 10 My Virgil, most to be deplor'd: In vain  
 Thy pious Grief demands him from the Gods,  
 Not lent, alas, on Terms like those!

Couldst thou more sweet than Thracian Orpheus touch  
 The speaking Strings, and draw the list'ning Trees,  
 15 The vital Stream would ne'er re-clothe that Shade  
 Which Hermes, lenient by no Pray'r

T' unseal the Grave, has once with his dread Wand  
 Compell'd to join the fable Herd below.

Severe the Law! --- But Patience lighter makes  
 Those Evils which we cannot cure.

ODE

This Concern, this Tenderness, the Poet hath expressed by the Word *Pius*, and surely our Piety may very justly be applied to a sincere and tender Friendship, than which the World hath not a greater Blessing. *Amicum perdere, damnum maximum.*

D A C. S A L.

*Perpetuus sopor.*) The Ancients were careful to avoid the Word *Death*, which they thought ominous and ill-boding. Sometimes they called it *abitus*, a Departure; as *To die* they expressed by the soft'ning term *denasci*, to which the Great answers. In the same Sense they also used *vivere*, he once lived; and *fuit*; Thus Tibullus,

*Vivite felices, memores & vivite nostri:*

*Sive erimus, seu nos fata fuisse velint.* Lib. 3. Eleg.

But the most common Appellations for Death are those taken from Sleep, to which Death bears so near a Resemblance, that the Poets have feigned them to be Brothers. Hence Lycophron calls a Sepulchre *νεκρῶν ἀδελφὴ*; the Primitive Christians, for much better Reasons, call their Burying-places *κοιμητήρια*, Dormitories.

6. *Cui pudor, &c.*) These three Verses, says Mr. Dacier, are worth, at their lowest Value, a whole Funeral Oration.

11. *Non ita creditum.*) Our Lives, our Friends are lent to us; and God hath reserved to himself the Right of withdrawing them, whenever it seems Good to him.

D A C.

## ODE XXIV. To VIRGIL:

WHY should we blush, for One so dear,  
 Ceaseless to pour the tender Tear?  
 Thou Muse of melting Voice and Lyre,  
 Do Thou the mournful Song inspire.  
 Quinctilius --- sunk to endless Rest,  
 With Death's eternal Sleep oppress!  
 Oh when shall Faith, of Soul sincere,  
 Of Justice pure, the Sister fair,  
 And Modesty, unspotted Maid,  
 And Truth in artless Guise array'd,  
 Among the Race of human Kind,  
 An Equal to Quinctilius find?  
 How did the good, the virtuous mourn,  
 And pour their Sorrows o'er his Urn?  
 But, Virgil, thine the loudest Strain,  
 Yet all thy pious Griefs are vain.  
 In vain do you the Gods implore,  
 Thy lov'd Quinctilius to restore,  
 Whom on far other Terms They gave,  
 By Nature fated to the Grave.  
 What though you can the Lyre command,  
 And sweep its Tones with softer Hand  
 Than Orpheus, whose harmonious Song  
 Once drew the list'ning Oaks along,  
 Yet ne'er returns the vital Heat,  
 The shadowy Form to animate.  
 Soon as the Ghost-compelling God  
 Forms his black Troops with horrid Rod,  
 He will not, lenient to the Breath  
 Of Prayer, unbar the Gates of Death.  
 'Tis hard. But Patience must endure,  
 And sooth the Woes it cannot cure.

ODE

15. *Non vane.*) The Theology of the Ancients taught, that when a Man was dead, his Soul or the spiritual Part of him went to Heaven; that his Body continued in the Earth; and his Image, or Shadow, went to Hell. This Image was a corporeal Part of the Soul, a Kind of subtle Body, with which it was clothed. *Species corporea quæ non potest tangi, sicut Ventus.* Virgil hath expressed it, *Tenuem sine corpore vitam cavâ sub imagine formæ.* S A N.

## ODE XXIV. To VIRGIL:

AND who can grieve too much? what Time  
 shall end  
 Our Mourning for so dear a Friend?  
*Melpomene*, whom *Jove* hath blest  
 With melting Voice, and mournful Tongue,  
 And with a Harp above the Rest  
 Hath grac'd, begin the melancholly Song.  
 And doth eternal Sleep close *Varus'* Eyes?  
 How soon our Pride and Glory dyes!  
 And where will equal Justice find,  
 Where steady Faith, and naked Truth,  
 So generous, and so great a Mind?  
 And where an Equal to the falling Youth?  
 To be bewail'd by all the Good, the Just,  
 He fell; by you, dear *Virgil*, most;  
 By you, who now dost mourn in vain,  
 By Pious you, who idly pray  
 To have thy *Varus* back again;  
 He was not lent Thee for a longer Stay.  
 Could you with softer touch than *Orpheus* move  
 The Harp that drew the list'ning Grove,  
 The Grove that danc'd to Tunes he play'd;  
 Yet Blood and Bones would scarce return,  
 Nor Flesh to cloath the empty Shade,  
 The Shade that once lay naked in the Urn:  
 Which *Mercury*, a hard uneasy God  
 To open Fate, with frightful Rod  
 Hath driven thro' the gloomy Air,  
 And shut amongst the Shades of Night.  
 'Tis hard: but when we needs must bear,  
 Enduring Patience makes the Burthen light.

ODE

17. *Fata recludere.*) As soon as the Ghosts are conducted by *Mercury*, to their respective Habitations in the infernal Regions, Horace considers those Places as shut up and sealed; and that God, he says, is not compassionate enough to open them again, in Order to release any Ghost that hath

K

once

ODE XXV. Ad LYDIAM.

**P**ARCIUS junctas quatiunt fenestras  
 Ictibus crebris juvenes protervi;  
 Nec tibi fornios adimunt, amâque  
 Janua limen,  
 Quæ prius multum faciles movebat  
 Cardines. Audis minùs, & minùs jam,  
 ME TUO longas pereunte noctes,  
 Lydia, dormis?  
 Invicem mœchos anus arrogantes  
 Flebis, in solo levis angiportu,  
 Thracio bacchante magis sub inter-  
 lunia vento;  
 Cum tibi flagrans amor, & libido,  
 Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,  
 Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum,  
 Non finè questu,  
 Læta quod pubes hederâ virenti  
 Gaudeat, pullâ magis atque myrto;  
 Aridas frondes hyemis fodali  
 Dedicet Hebro.

ODE

once enter'd there. *Fata recludere* is, therefore, *Ea quæ semel satis clausa & obsignata sunt, aperire.* D A C.

19. *Levius fit.*) Publius Sirus calls Patience the Asylum of the Afflicted. *Miseriarum portus est patientia.*

ODE XXV.

Verf. 1. *Parcius junctas.*] In Italy, as in Greece, the young People, who went to see their Mistresses at Night, carried with them Torches to burn their Doors, or Bars to break them open, and in this Sense the Poet hath used the Word *Quatiunt*, which was a Term for battering a Town. In the 26th Ode of the third Book, he consecrates to Venus this Kind of midnight Arms:

*Nunc arma, defunctumque bello  
 Barbiton hic paries habebit,  
 Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus  
 Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida  
 Funalia, & vestes, & arcus  
 Oppositis foribus minaces.*

But now crown'd with Conquest I hang up my Arms,  
 And Harp, that campaign'd it in midnight Alarms;  
 Here fix on this Wall, here my Ensigns of Wars,  
 By the Statue of Venus, my Torches and Bars

ODE XXV. To LYDIA.

**L**ESS frequent with impatient Strokes  
 Of young Gallants thy Windows jar,  
 And break thy Rest; that Door now loves  
 It's Threshold to embrace,  
 5 Which once on easy Hinges turn'd:  
 Still less and less you hear, "And can  
 "You, *Lydia* sleep the tedious Night,  
 "Whilst I your Slave expire?  
 Grown old and scorn'd, You, in your Turn,  
 10 Shall in some lonely Corner weep,  
 While *Boreas* doubles all his Rage,  
 To vex the moonless Night:  
 Then ardent Love, and fierce Desire,  
 Such as enflames the neighing Bride,  
 Shall round thy ulcerous Liver burn;  
 15 Not without fond Complaint,  
 That in fresh Garlands our gay Youths  
 Alone delight; but wither'd Leaves  
 To frozen *Heber*, Winter's drear  
 Companion, dedicate.

ODE

And Arrows, which threaten'd, by Cupid their Liegè,  
 War, War on all Doors, that would hold out a Siege.

7. ME TUO.] The Songs, in these Serenades, were by the Greeks, called *παρὰκλαυθύρα*, because they were sung before the Doors that were shut. T O R R.

*Levis.*] Loosely and lightly dressed.

11. *Thraco bacchante magis.*] *Vebementius furente, flante.* Between an old and new Moon, the Wind is usually most tempestuous. *Interluniorum dies tempestatibus plenis, & navigantibus quàm maximè metuendos, non solum peritia ratio, sed etiam vulgi usus intelligit.* Veget. de re milit. L. 4. C. 40. D A C.

14. *Matres furiare equorum*]

*Scilicet ante omnes furor est insignis Equarum.*

Virg. Georg. 3.

19. *Aridas frondes hyemis fodali dedicet.*) The Sense and Interpretation of these Words depend on the two former Lines. Young Men, says the Poet, are more pleased, *magis gaudent*, with Trees which are always green, such as are Myrtle and Ivy; but despise dry and withered Leaves. Myrtle is of two Colours, white and black. This last Kind is



## ODE XXV. To LYDIA.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

THE wanton Herd of Rakes profess  
Thy Windows rarely now molest  
With midnight Raps, and break thy Rest

With Riot.

Thy Door which kindly once could move  
The plyant Hinge, begins to love  
Its Threshold, and no more shall prove

Unquiet.

Now less and less assail thine Ear  
These Complaints, "Ah sleepest thou my Dear,  
"While I whole Nights thy True-love here  
"Am dying?"

You in your Turn shall weep the Taunts  
Of young and insolent Gallants,  
In some dark Alley's Midnight Haunts

Late-lying:

While raging Tempests chill the Skies,  
And burning Lust (such Lust as tries  
The madding Dams of Horses) fries

Thy Liver.

Our Youth, regardless of thy Frown,  
Their Heads with fresher Wreaths shall crown,  
And fling thy wither'd Garlands down

The River.

ODE

is equally an Emblem of Youth, as it is black when in its  
greatest Vigour, and preserveth its Colour through the Win-  
ter.

BENT.

10. *Dedicet Hebro.*) Heber is a River of Thrace, which  
the Ancients considered as the Habitation of Winter, and  
the Crowns which were worn in Honour of a Mistress, who

## ODE XXV. To LYDIA.

HA, Hal Thy Trade at last is done,  
And all thy wanton Lovers gone!  
No fighting Youths attend thy State,  
There's no such Rattling at thy Door  
As heretofore:  
And now thy Threshold loves thy quiet Gate.

Now, you may rest secure from Noise,  
And sadly dream of former Joys;  
You seldom hear despairing Sighs,  
My *Lydia* rests in soft Delight  
All the long Night,  
Whilst here her faithful Lover pines, and dies.

Now, now 'tis thine, thy Turn to moan  
The haughty Wantons all alone:  
Now to a shady Grove retire,  
Whilst Winds as cold as thy dull Age  
Do fiercely rage,  
And cool the poor Remainers of thy Fire.

When Lust, as fierce as Mares Desires,  
Thy ulcerous Heart and Liver fires;  
Then thou shalt mourn, but mourn in vain,  
That wanton Youth seeks blooming Charms,  
And greener Arms,  
Whilst longing Age still meets with cold Disdain.

Then thou shalt think on Sweets before,  
And die at the despairing Thought, No more.

ODE

is now in the Winter of her Age, are here dedicated to the  
Companion of that cold and cheerless Season.

T O R R.

K 2

## ODE XXVI. De ÆLIO LAMIA.

MUSIS amicus, tristitiam & metus  
 Tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
 Portare ventis; quis sub Arcto  
 Rex gelidæ metuatur oræ,  
 Quid Tiridaten terreat, unicè  
 Securus. O quæ fontibus integris  
 Gaudes, apricos nocte flores,  
 Nocte meo Lamiaë coronam,  
 Pimplea dulcis: nil finè te mei  
 Possunt honores. Hunc fidibus novis,  
 Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro  
 Téque, tuâsque decet sorores.

## ODE

Verf. 1. *Musis amicus.*) When Poets talk with so much Rapture of their Conversation with the Muses, none but a Poet can understand them. But we may believe, (at least if we were allowed to judge from the poetical Manner of living,) that Poetry can efface the Remembrance of past Misfortunes, soften the Anguish of present Evils, and disperse all Apprehensions and Terrours of Futurity; or, as Horace expresseth it, give them to the Winds and Waves.

5. *Quid Tiridaten.*) In the Year 719 the Parthians expelled Phraates for his Cruelty, and set Tiridates upon the Throne. In 724 Phraates was restored by the Scythians; and Tiridates, obliged to fly, carried with him the Son of Phraates to Octavius, who was then in Syria. That Prince, delighted with having the Son of the greatest Enemy of the Republic in his Power, carried him to Rome, and permitted Tiridates to remain in Syria; who being impatient to recover his Throne, solicited Augustus for Succours. In 731 Phraates sent an Embassy to Rome, with an Offer of restoring the Roman Eagles, which were taken in the Defeat of Crassus, to Augustus, if he would send his Son and Tiridates to him. Augustus made the Report to the Senate, who remitted to Him the Decision of the Affair. He granted the Ambassadors the first Part of their Demand, but kept Tiridates at Rome, and promised to entertain him in a Manner suitable to his Dignity.

This Ode was written when the Affair was depending, and we may judge how Tiridates must have been alarmed, while he was afraid of being sent to Phraates, from whom he could expect nothing but Tortures and Death.

S A N.

6. *O quæ fontibus integris.*) There seems to be something here imperfect in the Sentiment. *Fountains and Crowns of Flowers* are very distant Images, and the Poet with more Justice, both in regard to the Sense and Expression, might have said, *O ye Muses, who delight in Meadows, whose Flowers were never yet gathered, weave a*

## ODE XXVI. To the MUSE.

W HILE favour'd by the Muses, to the Winds  
 All Sadness I commit and Fear, to vex  
 The Cretan Main; careless who awes,  
 Beneath the Bear, the frozen Clime;  
 5 What Terrours shake fierce Tiridates' Breast.  
 O sweet Pimplea, who by Virgin Springs  
 Delight'st to sport, each sunny Flow'r  
 Combine to wreath my Lamia's Brow:  
 Without thy Aid, vain Honours I prepare!  
 10 Thee and thy tuneful Sisters it becomes,  
 Anew to string the Lesbian Lyre,  
 And consecrate his much-lov'd Name.

## ODE

*Crown for my Lamia's Head.* Lucretius hath used these Images with more Exactness:

— *Juvat integres accedere fontes  
 Atque haurire; juvatque novos decerpere flores.*

D A C. S A N.

— My Muse, transported while she sings,  
 Delights to quaff the yet untasted Springs,  
 And pluck the Virgin Flowers.

D.

6. *Fontibus integris.*) Horace often boasts himself the first that brought the Romans acquainted with Lyric Poetry.

8. *Lamia.*) Ælius Lamia was a Roman Knight, whose Character is thus drawn by Cicero: *Vir summo splendore, summâ gratiâ; nulla prorsus plus homine delector.* D A C.

*Coronam.*) The Poets frequently call their Works, *Crowns*, which they put on the Heads of those whom they praise; and in the next Line Horace calls them *Honours*. This last is an Expression of Pindar. M U R E T I U S.

10. *Fidibus novis.*) When the Poets intended to sing any Thing extraordinary, they used to change the Strings of their Lyres.

D A C.

Ἡμῖν δὲ νῦν πρῶτον,  
 Καὶ τὴν λύρην ἀπασάν,  
 Κατὰ μὲν ἦδον ἀθλῶς  
 Ἡρακλῆος.

A N A O.

Then the lovesome Lyre I string,  
 And Herculean Labours sung.

However, this *Changing the Strings of the Lyre* seems rather a poetical, metaphorical Expression for the Change of the Subject.

*Pollis & ipse facis nova carmina.*

ODE XXVI. To the MUSE.

WHILE in the Muse's Friendship blest,  
Nor Fears nor Grief disturb my Breast;  
Bear them, ye vagrant Winds, away,  
And drown them in the Cretan Sea.  
Careless am I, or who shall reign,  
The Tyrant of the frozen Plain,  
Or with what anxious Fear oppress,  
Heaves Tiridates' panting Breast.  
Sweet Muse, who lov'st the Virgin Spring,  
Hither thy sunny Flowrets bring,  
And let thy richest Chaplet shed  
It's Fragrance round my Lamia's Head;  
For nought avails the Poet's Praise,  
Unless the Muse inspire his Lays.  
Now string the tuneful Lyre again,  
Let all thy Sisters raise the Strain,  
And consecrate to deathless Fame,  
My lov'd, my Lamia's honour'd Name.

ODE

ODE XXVI. To the MUSE.

I, the Muses merry Friend,  
Deliver all my busy Cares  
Unto the wanton Wind;  
What Tyrant of the North  
Leads dreadful Armies forth  
Secure alone, and laugh at others Fears.  
  
Sweet Muse, that dost delight to sing,  
In Strains to Roman Ears unknown,  
And taste the Virgin Spring;  
Trace o'er the shady Bowers,  
And gather sweetest Flowers;  
And wreath my Lamia, wreath a noble Crown.  
  
What Honours I without thy Aid  
Bestow, to grace my Friends, are vain;  
My Crowns will quickly fade:  
You, Muse, and all the Nine should raise,  
In new Alcaicks, Lamia's Praise,  
And make him live in an unusual Strain.

ODE



ODE XXVII. *Ad SODALES.*

NATIS in usum lætitiæ scyphis  
 Pugnare, Thracum est. Tollite barbarum  
 Morem, verecundumque Bacchum  
 Sanguineis prohibete rixis.  
 Vino & lucernis Medus acinaces  
 Immane quantum discrepat! Impium  
 Lenite clamorem, sodales,  
 Et cubito remanete presso.  
 Vultis severi me quoque sumere  
 Partem Falerni? dicat Opuntia  
 Frater Megillæ, quo beatus  
 Vulnere, quâ pereat sagittâ.  
 Cessat voluntas? non aliâ bibam  
 Mercede. Quæ te cunque domat Venus,  
 Non erubescendis adurit  
 Ignibus, ingenuoque semper  
 Amore peccas. Quicquid habes, age,  
 Depone tutis auribus --- Ah miser,  
 Quantâ laboras in Charybdi,  
 Digne puer meliore flammâ!  
 Quæ saga, quis te solvere Theffalis  
 Magus venenis, quis poterit Deus?  
 Vix illigatum te triformi  
 Pegasus expediet Chimæra.

## ODE

Horace was at an Entertainment where a Dispute began to enflame some of the Company, already heated with Wine; when instead of endeavouring to restore the Peace by grave Advice, and sober Reasoning, he makes a gay Proposal to them, of drowning all Quarrels in a Bumper. The Proposal was cheerfully received, and probably the Success of it made the Poet think it worthy of being the Subject of an Ode.

2. *Thracum est.* ) Of all the Barbarians, says Thucydides, there are none that shed Blood with less Scruple than the Thracians. τὸ γὰρ γένος τῶν Θρακῶν, ὁμοίᾳ τοῖς μάστιγα τῷ βαρβαρικῷ, ἢ ὃ ἂν δαρσύνῃ, φοικυτάτων ἴσιν. Lib. 7.

3. *Verecundumque.* ) The Commentators are greatly divided about the Reading and Sense of this Epithet, because Bacchus in another Ode is called *invirecundus*. But we may say, that this God seemed to have two different Characters, and to be either an Encourager or an Enemy to Excess, according to the different Temper of his Worshipers. In the eighteenth Ode he is called *modicus*, temperate, and a Lover of Candour; and as in that Ode he is offended by

ODE XXVII. *To his COMPANIONS.*

TO fight with Goblets form'd for Joy,  
 Is like rude *Thracians*: banish hence  
 The barb'rous Fashion, nor affright  
 The modest God with bloody Brawls.  
 5 How monstrous, o'er the social Bowl,  
 'Midst gay, illuminated Mirth,  
 To see the *Median* Sabre shine!  
 Then cease this impious Clamour, Friends;  
 Each press his Couch in Peace. Must I  
 10 This potent Liquor share? Then let  
*Megilla's* Brother tell, what Wound  
 He blesses, or what Shaft he mourns.  
 Does he deny? Nought else shall bribe  
 My Pledge. Whatever *Venus* reigns,  
 15 With no ignoble Flame he burns,  
 Still guilty of ingenuous Love.  
 Thy Secret, whatsoe'er it be,  
 Confide to faithful Ears --- Ah Wretch,  
 In what *Charybdis* art thou fall'n!  
 20 Boy worthy of a better Flame!  
 What Wizard with *Theffalian* Charms,  
 What God has Pow'r to set thee free?  
 Scarce *Pegasus* could loose thee bound  
 In this three-shap'd *Chimæra's* Chain.

## ODE

the Intemperance of his Votaries; as all the Vices of Wine seem to be the Effects of his Anger, so He is represented here with the same Character of Modesty and Temperance, and it is impious to affront him with Noise and Quarrels. In the eleventh Epode he is called, *invirecundus*, because he there encourages the Poet to tell a Secret which his Modesty would have concealed. Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Snadon read *verecundi*, but surely the Text seems to be very causelessly altered.

5. *Acinaces.* ) A Sort of *Scymetar*, or *Sabre*, used by the Persians, Medes, Parthians, and Scythians. D A C.

8. *Cubito presso.* ) Because, according to the luxurious Custom of those Times, they were placed at Tables on Beds, or Couches cover'd with Cloth, or Tapestry, upon which they lay, inclining the superior Part of their Bodies upon their left Arms. This they called *accubare*, *accumbere*, *dis-cumbere*. Women, indeed, sat upright out of Decency; and that was the Posture observed by the primitive Romans, and also by the Greeks in the Time of Homer.

ODE XXVII. *To his COMPANIONS.*

WITH Glasses form'd for gay Delight,  
'Tis Thracian, savage Rage to fight.

With such intemperate, bloody Fray,  
Fright not the modest God away.

Monstrous! to see the Dagger shine  
Amid the chearful Joys of Wine.

Here bid this impious Clamour cease,  
And press the social Couch in Peace.

Say, shall I drink this heady Wine  
Prest from the rough Falernian Vine?

Instant let yonder Youth impart

The tender Story of his Heart,

By what dear Wound he blissful dies,

And whence the gentle Arrow flies.

What! does the bashful Boy deny?

Then if I drink it let me die.

Whoe'er she be, a generous Flame

Can never know the Blush of Shame.

Thy Breast no slavish Venus fires,

But fair, ingenuous Love inspires.

Then safely whisper in my Ear,

For all such Trusts are sacred here.

Ah! worthy of a better Flame!

Unhappy Youth! is She the Dame?

Ah luckless Youth! how art thou lost,

In what a Sea of Troubles tost?

What Drugs, what Witchcraft, or what Charms,

What God can free thee from her Arms?

Scarce Pegasus can disengage

Thy Heart from this Chimæra's Rage.

ODE

9. *Severi Falerni.*) Athenæus tells us, that there were two Kinds of Falernian Wine; one, strong and heady; the other, smooth and sweet. The Poet therefore offers to drink a Cup of the stronger Kind, though He knew the Strength of it, to shew at what Expence He would recover the Good-humour of the Company.

11. *Megilla, quo beatus.*) The Ancients used to cast Lots to determine the Order in which the Guests should give their Toasts. But Horace, that he may divert the Company, calls to Megilla's Brother, with an Air of Pleasantry,

ODE XXVII. *To his COMPANIONS.*

A Midst our Cups, for Mirth design'd,  
To fight and quarrel suits

Rough *Thracian* Brutes;

But not the sober Temper of a Friend.

This Savage Humour, Sirs, forbear,

And free the modest God

From Brawls and Blood;

And let your Humour, as your Wine, be clear.

How Cups and Swords do disagree!

Then give your fighting o'er,

And brawl no more;

But sit, and keep your Elbows down like me.

If you will have the Glass go round,

Then tell from what fair Eyes

The Arrow flies;

What Beauty makes Thee Happy in a Wound.

Not tell! nay then the Glass remove:

Whatever Charms ensnare

Thy Heart, are fair;

You never sin in a dishonest Love.

Tell boldly, tell thy generous Flame;

This is no leaky Ear,

Nor what I hear

Shall my loose Tongue pour out to common Fame.

Unhappy Youth! doth She surprize?

And have her Flames possess'd

Thy burning Breast?

Thou didst deserve a Dart from kinder Eyes.

Undone! for no *Thessalian* Charms

Nor e'en the winged Horse

Can break her Force,

And free Thee from this strange *Chimæra's* Arms.

ODE

## ODE XXVIII.

**T**E maris & terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ  
 Menforem cohibent, Archyta,  
 Pulveris exigui prope littus parva Matinum  
 Munera; nec quidquam tibi prodest  
 Aërias tentasse domos, animoque rotundum  
 Percurrissè polum, morituro.  
 Occidit & Pelopis genitor, conviva Deorum,  
 Tithonusque remotus in auras,  
 Et Jovis arcanis Minos admissus; habentque  
 Tartara Panthoiden, iterum Orco  
 Demissum; quamvis clypeo Trojana refixo  
 Tempora testatus, nihil ultra  
 Nervos, atque cutem morti concesserat atræ;  
 Judice te, non fordibus auctor  
 Naturæ, verique. Sed omnes una manet nox,  
 Et calcanda semel via lethi.

Dant

to name his Mistress without the usual Forms. BOND.  
 17. *Ingenueque amore peccas.*) You never are in love but  
 with a Woman of Family. They who had an Intrigue with  
 a Slave, were branded with the Name of *Ancillarioli*; as  
 Men of fordid and infamous Passions. Such Passions as the  
 Poet here calls *erubescendi ignes*. LAMB. BENT.

21. *Theſſalis.*) The Theſſalians were particularly infamous  
 for their Frauds, Magic, and Incantations.  
 22. *Venenis.*) *Venenum* does not always signify *Poison*,  
 and it is here used for the Juice of magical Herbs, proper  
 to correct the Malignity of *Poison*; It is a figurative Manner  
 of Expression to insinuate to Megilla's Brother, that he had  
 need of extraordinary Virtue to resist the fatal Passion in  
 which he was engaged. SAN.

## ODE XXVIII.

It might perhaps be an Amusement to read the various  
 Conjectures of the Commentators on the Occasion of this  
 Ode. Each of them advancing his own Opinion, and ex-  
 posing that of others, in the true Spirit of guessing, while  
 all are equally doubtful and uncertain. What appears in  
 the Ode itself, is that the Poet in a Dialogue between a Ma-  
 riner and Archytas (a great Philosopher, Astronomer, and  
 Geometrician of Tarentum) ridicules the Doctrine of Py-  
 thagoras, in the Transmigration of Souls, and recommends  
 the Care of burying the Dead.

Verſ. 2. *Menforem.*] There is a fine Ridicule in saying  
 that Archytas could number the Sands of the Sea, because  
 the Pythagoreans asserted that all Things consisted of Num-  
 bers.

They called the Number Ten sacred, because it included  
 all other Numbers.

Torr.

## ODE XXVIII.

**T**HEE, who couldst measure Ocean's bound-  
 less Wave,  
 The Earth, and number - flying Sand,  
 A few kind Sprinklings of light Dust confine,  
 Archytas, on the *Matine* Shore.  
 What now avails it, that, with soaring Mind,  
 You scal'd th' aerial Palaces,  
 And travers'd Heav'n's bright Road from Pole to Pole?  
 Fated to yield thy transient Breath!  
 Ev'n *Pelops'* Sire, who with th' immortal Gods  
 At Banquet sat; and *Tithon* rais'd  
 To breath celestial Air; and he, whom *Jove*  
 To Council on *Olympus* call'd,  
*Minos*, submitted to the Stroke of Fate.  
 Nor could *Panthoides* escape,  
 Dismiss'd a second Time to *Pluto's* Realm;  
 Altho' his monumental Shield,  
 Born 'midst the *Trojan* Conflicts, Witness bore,  
 That nought to Death but Nerves and Skin,  
 The Soul's terrestrial Robe, he had resign'd;  
 A Sage, in Truth and Nature's Laws,  
 Thyself the Judge, of no ignoble Skill.  
 One endless Night for all remains;  
 And once, alas, we all are doom'd to tread  
 The dark, irremeable Way!

Some

3. *Pulveris exigui munera.*] The Ancients believed that  
 the Souls of those, whose Bodies were left unburied, were  
 not permitted to pass over the River Styx, but wandered an  
 hundred Years on its Banks. In Allusion to this Opinion,  
 Horace says, *Parva munera pulveris exigui cohibent te, re-  
 tinent tuam umbram ab Elyſiis campis.* A little Present of  
 Dust detains You; that is, You are detained, for Want of  
 a little Present of Dust, from the Elyſian Fields. We must  
 understand *Munera tibi deficientia, tibi negata, quibus indi-  
 ges.* However singular this Manner of Expression may ap-  
 pear, yet are there Examples of it in all Languages. D.C.

8. *Tithonusque remotus in auras.*] Archytas says, that all  
 Mankind must follow the common Lot of their Mortality;  
 that Tantalus and Minos are dead, although one had receiv-  
 ed the Gods to his Table, and the other had been Confident  
 of Jupiter. As he mentions Tithonus between Them, and  
 says, that He is dead, (for *occidit* is equally applied to each  
 of



## ODE XXVIII.

## ODE XXVIII.

What now avails, my Friend, of Earth and Sea,  
With all its countless Sands, thy nice Survey?

In vain thy mighty Spirit once could soar  
To Orbs celestial, and their Course explore:  
If here, upon the tempest-beaten Strand,  
You lie confin'd, 'till some more liberal Hand  
Shall strow the pious Dust in funeral Rite,  
And wing Thee to the boundless Realms of Light.

Even He who did with Gods the Banquet share,  
Tithonus rais'd to breath celestial Air,  
And Minos, Jove's own Counsellor of State,  
All These have yielded to the Power of Fate.  
The Sage, whom You confess with fair Applause  
In moral Truth and Nature's secret Laws  
Not meanly skill'd; whose monumental Shield,  
Borne through the Terrours of the Trojan Field,  
Prov'd that alone the mouldring Body dies,  
But Souls immortal from our Ashes rise;

Even He, a second Time, resign'd his Breath,  
Sent headlong to the gloomy Realms of Death.

One endless Night for whole Mankind remains,  
And once we all must tread the shadowy Plains.

In

of them,) the Justness of Thought requires, that some Pre-rogative, some Title should be given to Him, as well as to the Others, which might naturally defend him from the Power of Death. If then we understand *remotus in auras*, that Tithonus had been carried by Aurora into Heaven, according to the Fable, it will form such a Character of Him, that we might expect He should have been preserved from Death, by the Favour of the Goddesses. BENT.

10. *Ierum Orco demissum*. ] Euphorbus was killed by Menelaus, and Pythagoras by his Fellow - Citizens, so that Archytas is now perfectly undeceived in his Opinion, that our Bodies alone are subject to Death. When therefore He says, that Pythagoras was the second Time precipitated to Hell, He means, that the true Euphorbus was dead, and that the false Euphorbus was also dead, under his true Name of Pythagoras. Without this Explication it is difficult to reconcile the Words to the Sentiments of Archytas, if we suppose Him still a Pythagorean. SAN.

11. *Clypeo refixo*. ] *Figere* and *refigere* are Terms borrowed from the Roman Law. When a Law was publicly set up, and proposed to the People, They made Use of the Word *figere*; when it was taken down, They used the

A Narrow Grave by the *Matinian* Shore  
Confines thee now, and thou canst have no  
more;

Ah learn'd *Archytas*, ah how small for Thee,  
Whose wond'rous Mind could measure Earth and Sea!  
What Sands make up the Shore minutely teach,  
And count as far as Number's self can reach!  
What did it profit that thy nimble Soul  
Had travel'd Heav'n, and oft ran round the Pole,  
Pursu'd the Motions of the rowling Light,  
When Death came on, and spread a gloomy Night!  
Wife *Tantalus*, the Guest of Gods is dead,  
And on strange Wings the chang'd *Tithonus* fled:  
*Jove's* Friend, just *Minos*, hath resign'd his Breath,  
And wife *Pythagoras* felt a second Death:  
Altho' his *Trojan* Shield, and former State  
Did prove his Soul above the Force of Fate;  
Withdrew the Mind from Death's black conquering  
Hand,

And left but Skin and Bones at Fate's Command;  
In thy Opinion he did most excell,  
Discover'd Truth, and follow'd Nature well:  
But once, o'er All long Night her Shades will spread,  
And all must walk the Valleys of the Dead:

Some

Term *refigere legem*.

*Trojana tempora testatus*. ] Pythagoras himself in Ovid;

DAC.

*Ipse ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli  
Pantboides Euphorbus eram: cui pectore quondam  
Hæsit in adverso gravis hasta minoris Atridae.  
Cognovi clypeum lævæ gestamina nostræ  
Nuper Abantis, templo Junonis, in Argis.*

Metam. L. 15.

13. *Nervos atque cutem*. ] You ought not to be surpris'd, says Archytas, that I am dead, when the greatest Favourites of the Gods, nay the grand Pythagoras himself, with his Doctrine of Transmigration, hath suffered the common Fate of Mortals. As the Doctrine of Pythagoras was the reigning Philosophy of Greece, (which is the Scene of this Ode,) Archytas appeals to the Judgment of this Voyager, and supposes that He could not be ignorant how great an Au-  
L  
thor

Dant alios Furiae torvo spectacula Marti;  
 Exitio est avidum mare nautis.  
 Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera; nullum  
 Sæva caput Proserpina fugit. 20  
 Me quoque devexi rapidus comes Orionis  
 Illyricis Notus obruit undis.  
 At tu, nauta, vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ  
 Ossibus, & capiti inhumato  
 Particulam dare. Sic, quodcumque minabitur Eu-  
 rus 25  
 Fluctibus Hesperiiis, Venufinæ  
 Plestantur sylvæ, te sospite; multæque merces,  
 Unde potest, tibi defluat æquo  
 Ab Jove, Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.  
 Negligis immeritis nocituram 30  
 Postmodo te natis fraudem committere forsitan.  
 Debita jura, vicisque superbæ  
 Te maneant ipsum: precibus non linquar inultis,  
 Téque piacula nulla resolvent.  
 Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa, licebit 25  
 Injecto ter pulvere curras.

## ODE

thor Pythagoras was, both in natural and moral Philosophy. Horace gives to Morality the Name of *True*, because They who study the Nature of moral Actions, and the Distinctions between Vice and Virtue, have no other Aim than Truth.

LE FEVRE.

18. *Avidum mare.*] The common Editions that read *avidis* make Archytas, against all Rules of Decency, causelessly affront this Mariner, even while he is asking a Favour from him. Besides, *avidum* appears in all the Manuscripts of Torrentius and Doctor Bentley, and in some very ancient Editions. It is the Reading of the Scholiast, and a common, poetical Epithet for the Sea.

20. *Proserpina fugit.*] In Allusion to a Superstition of the Ancients, who believed that no Person could die, until Proserpine, or Atropos had cut off a Lock of their Hair. This Ceremony was considered as a Kind of First-fruits consecrated to Pluto.

T O R R.

And probably owed it's Original to a Ceremony used at Sacrifices, wherein they cut some of the Hairs from the Victims Fore-head, and offer'd them to the Gods as First-fruits of the Sacrifice.

21. *Devexi.*] Which declines to its setting. The rising and setting of this Constellation, are usually attended with Storms. Virgil calls it *aquosum* and *nimbosum*. T O R R.

24. *Ossibus & capiti.*] It does not appear that any Earth had been already thrown on the Body of Archytas; Therefore Scaliger has without Reason criticised this Passage, as some of the Commentators have without Necessity endea-

Some, by the *Furies* urg'd, fall *Mars's* Sport;  
 Others the greedy *Sea* devours.  
 Old Age and Youth promiscuous crowd the Tomb;  
 No Head stern *Proserpine* escapes.  
 Me too, the rapid South, whose Rage attends  
*Orion's* Setting, overwhelm'd  
 In the *Illyrian* Wave. But envy not,  
 O Mariner, th' unstable Sand,  
 Nor spare a little Portion on these Bones  
 To strew, and unsepulchred Head.  
 So when th' *Hesperian* Billows *Eurus* threatens,  
 Be his averted Spite still wreck'd  
 On the *Venusian* Woods, while safe thou plough'st  
 The smiling Deep; and from each Source,  
 To Thee may Gain still flow from righteous *Jove*,  
 And *Neptune*, sacred *Tarent's* Guard.  
 Haughty, perhaps, thou slight'st t' incur a Guilt,  
 Which on thy undeserving Race  
 May late be visited? Due Punishment  
 Thyself, and the like proud Neglect  
 Shall surely wait; my Prayers with Vengeance arm'd  
 Will quick return, from whose dire Power  
 No Expiation can release. It asks,  
 Whate'er thy Haste, no long Delay:  
 The Dust, with pious Hand, thrice sprinkled, hoist,  
 In happy Hour, the flying Sail.

## ODE

voured to justify the Poet, upon a false Supposition. S A W.

But how upon a false Supposition? For tho' we understand, with Scaliger, the Words, *Pulveris exigui parva munera cobibent te*, to imply, that Dust had been already sprinkled upon the Corpse, yet that Critick's Question, why the Mariner is here ask'd to do that which is supposed in the Beginning of the Ode, already done? will appear not very difficult to answer: Since it is certain, that every Passenger was oblig'd to throw Earth upon the Body, 'till it was entirely cover'd: Whence Quintilian calls this Kind of Interment *collatitiam sepulturam*, as being performed by several Persons. It must also be acknowledged, that there is a particular Beauty in the Word *cobibent*, when opposed to *morforem*; and that this Sense of the Passage is more natural and obvious, than the Turn given to the Words in Note 3d.

*Capiti.*] The first Handful of Earth was usually cast upon the Head.

26. *Venufinæ plestantur sylvæ.*] It was no uncommon Manner of deprecating Misfortunes, not to implore the Gods to with-hold the Stroke but to avert it, to let the Weight



In horrid Pomp of War the Soldier dies;  
Sunk in the gulphy Deep the Sailor lies;  
Thus Age and Youth promiscuous crowd the Tomb,  
No mortal Head can shun th' impending Doom.  
When sets Orion's Star, the Winds, which sweep  
The rageful Waves, o'erwhelm'd me in the Deep:  
Nor Thou, my Friend, refuse with impious Hand  
A little Portion of this wandering Sand  
To these my poor Remains; so may the Storm  
Rage o'er the Woods, nor Ocean's Face deform:  
May gracious Jove with Wealth thy Toils repay,  
And Neptune guard Thee through the watry Way.  
Thy guiltless Race the bold Neglect shall mourn,  
And Thou shalt feel the just Returns of Scorn.  
My Curfes shall pursue the guilty Deed,  
And all in vain thy richest Victims bleed.  
Whate'er thy Haste, oh let my Pray'r prevail,  
Thrice strow the Sand, then hoist the flying Sail.

ODE

Weight of it fall elsewhere, that they would chuse some other Victim of their Anger. Examples of this Kind are conspicuous in the sacred Writings.

29. *Neptunoque sacri custode Tarenti.* ] Tarentum a City and Sea-port on the Coast of Calabria, so called from it's Founder Taras the Son of Neptune. But that God was, in general, the tutelary Deity of all Sea-ports.

30. *Negligis.* ] You do not fear to commit. You are careless in committing. The Manner of Expression is remarkable. D A C.

31. *Immeritis nocituram postmodo te natis.* ] Even the Heavens themselves acknowledged, That the Justice of God may visit the Sins of the Fathers upon their Children, to the latest Posterity.

34. *Tæque piacula.* ] *Piaculum* signifies both the Crime, and the Sacrifice by which it was expiated, The Ancients were persuaded that nothing could turn away the Effects of an Imprecation made by a Person unjustly treated. *Defigidiis detestationibus nemo non metuit.* PLIN. SAN.

35. *Quaquam festinas.* ] *Ignotis cadaveribus humum congerimus;* & *inscpultum quodlibet corpus nulla festinatio tam rapida transcurrit, ut non quantulocumque veneretur aggestu.* QUINTILIAN.

36. *Injeto ter pulvere.* ] This was an Act of Religion so indispensable, that no Person could be excused, and even

Some Rage spurs on, and Death attends in Wars;  
The Sea destroys the greedy Mariners:  
The Young and Old confus'd, by Numbers fall,  
And Death with equal Hand doth strike at all:  
A boist'rous Storm my feeble Tackling tore,  
And left me naked on th' *Illyrian* Shore:  
But, Seaman, pray be just, put near the Land,  
Bestow a Grave, and hide my Limbs in Sand:  
So may the threat'ning East Winds spare the Floods,  
And idly spend their Rage on Hills and Woods;  
Whilst you ride safely; so from ev'ry Shore  
May Gain flow in, and feed thy growing Store:  
May *Jove* and *Neptune*, soft *Tarentum's* Guard,  
Conspire to bless, and join in one Reward:  
Perhaps you scorn, and are design'dly base,  
Thy Crime shall damn thy undeserving Race;  
Thy Pride, vain Man, shall on thy self return,  
Thou naked lie, and be the Publick Scorn:  
My Pray'rs shall mount, and pull just Vengeance  
down,

No Offerings shall release, no Vows atone:  
Tho' hasty now, driv'n by a prosp'rous Gale,  
( 'Tis quickly done ) thrice strow the Sand, and fail.

ODE

the Pontifices, who were forbidden to approach or look upon a dead Body, yet were obliged to perform this Duty. *Cum Pontificibus nefas esset cadaver videre, tamen magis nefas visum fuerit, si inscpultum relinquerent.* Ser. on the sixth Book of the *Æneid*. Thus among the Jews, the High-Priest was forbidden to approach the Corps even of his Father or Mother, and yet he was obliged to inter any dead Body which he found in the Road. TORR. D A C.

*Curras.* ] The Application of *currere* and *curfus* to Navigation is frequent in the best Authors. Thus Virgil,

*Currit iter tutum non secius æquore classis.* *Æn.* 5.

and

*Huc cursus fuit.* *Æneid.* 1.



ODE XXIX. Ad ICCIUM.

ICCI, beatis nunc Arabum invides  
 Gazis, & acrem militiam paras  
 Non antè devictis Sabææ  
 Regibus, horribilique Medo  
 Nectis catenas? Quæ tibi virginum,  
 Sponso necato, barbara serviet?  
 Puer quis ex aulâ capillis  
 Ad cyathum statuetur unctis,  
 Doctus sagittas tendere Sericas  
 Arcu paterno? quis neget arduis  
 Pronos relabi posse rivos  
 Montibus, ac Tiberim reverti;  
 Cùm tu coëmtos undique nobiles  
 Libros Panæti, Socraticam & domum  
 Mutare loricis Iberis,  
 Pollicitus meliora, tendis?

ODE

In the Year 729 Augustus sent an Army against the Arabians. The Expedition was unsuccessful by an unusual Sickness among the Soldiers. Horace, with a good deal of Pleasantry ridicules Iccius for leaving the quiet and easy Study of Philosophy to pursue the Dangers and Fatigues of War, while he supposes him to meditate some mighty Proofs of his Courage, and to subdue all Arabia in his first Campaign.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Beatis Arabum gazis.*) Strabo, who accompanied Ælius Gallus in this Expedition, says that he was sent by Augustus against the Sabæans, because that Prince had heard that they were a People rich in Gold, and Silver, and Spices. Perhaps the Poet intended this Stroke of Satire on the Avarice of Augustus, which was his sole Motive to undertake that War, although he hath artfully and less dangerously applied it to Iccius. *Augustus Ælium Gallum in Sabæos misit, quod audiret ex omni tempore ditissimos esse, qui & auro, & argento, & pretiosis lapidibus aromata permutarent.*

SAN.

3. *Non antè devictis.*) We can understand these Words only of that Part of Arabia called *Sabæa*, for the Romans had carried their Arms into other Parts of that Country under several different Generals.

DAC.

5. *Nectis catenas.*) The Poet alludes to a Custom among the Roman Soldiers of carrying with them to Battle, Chains or Ropes, to tie their Prisoners. He hath raised the Terror of the Medes by this Epithet *Horribilis*, while he laughs at the Vanity of Iccius, who proposed to conquer those E-

ODE XXIX. To ICCIUS.

THOU envy'st then Arabia's happy Wealth,  
 O Iccius, and against Sabæa's Kings,  
 Not yet subdu'd, fierce War prepar'st;  
 And meditat'st the dreadful *Mede*  
 In Chains to lead. Her hapless Lover slain,  
 What barb'rous Virgin shall thy Nod obey?  
 What courtly Youth shall on thy Cup  
 Obsequious wait, with essenc'd Hair;  
 Skill'd from Hereditary Bow to wing  
 The Serean Shaft? Henceforth, who will deny  
 That headlong Streams may re-ascend  
 The Hills, and *Tiber* backward flow;  
 Since Thou *Panætius*' noble Tracts, once fought  
 With such impatient Cost, and all th' admir'd  
*Socratic* Tribe, our Hopes betray'd,  
 Wilt for *Iberian* Armour change.

ODE

enemies of the Republic, although all his Warfare seems to end in getting some young Maiden to wait on Him, as (Heroes of old had Princesses) or some young Man to be his Cup-bearer.

DAC. SAN.

10. *Quis neget.*) Erasmus thinks this a proverbial Expression, taken from the Greeks, who said that the Stream rose against its Fountain, when any Thing seemed to contradict the common Course of Nature.

13. *Cum tu coëmtos.*) For a last Stroke of Pleasantry Horace represents the Metamorphosis of this Scholar into a Warrior, and brings him out of his philosophical Cabinet in the terrible Equipage of a Soldier.

SAN.

14. *Panæti.*) Panætius, a Native of Rhodes, was one of the most eminent Stoic Philosophers, and Preceptor to Scipio and Lælius.

*Socraticam domum.*) Horace calls the Sect of Socrates, *Socraticam domum*; thus the Schools of all the Philosophers, such as Plato, Xenophon, and other Academicians, were called *Familie*.

DAC.

15. *Loricis Iberis.*) The Cuirasses made in Spain were in particular Esteem, because of the excellent Temper of the Steel manufactur'd there.

## ODE XXIX. To ICCIUS.

CANST Thou, with envious Eye, behold  
 The blest Arabia's treasur'd Gold,  
 And boldly mean to take the Field,  
 To teach Sabæa's Kings to yield?  
 Or meditate the dreadful Mede  
 In Chains triumphantly to lead?  
 Should You her hapless Lover slay,  
 What captive Maid would own thy Sway?  
 What courtly Youth, with essenc'd Hair,  
 Shall at thy Board the Goblet bear,  
 Skilful with his great Father's Art  
 To wing with Death the pointed Dart?  
 Who shall deny that Streams ascend,  
 And Tiber's Currents backward bend,  
 When You have all our Hopes betray'd,  
 You that far other Promise made?  
 When all thy Volumes, learned Store!  
 The Treasures of Socratic Lore,  
 Once bought at mighty Price, in vain,  
 Are sent to purchase Arms in Spain?

ODE

## ODE XXIX. To ICCIUS.

YOU envy, *Iccius*, the *Arabian* Store,  
 Their precious Gums, and Ivory Beds;  
 And art resolv'd for War;  
 For fierce *Sabean* Kings ne'er fought before,  
 And dreadful *Medes*  
 You Scourges knit, and *Roman* Chains prepare.

What lovely Virgin when her Lover's kill'd  
 Shall wait on Thee; and call thee Lord?  
 What perfum'd Royal Boy,  
 To shoot in's Father's Bow exactly skill'd,  
 Attend thy Board;  
 And serve thy Pleasure in another Joy?

Who now dares say that Streams must flow  
 From Mountain's Tops to Vales below,  
 And not to th' Springs return?  
 Or who deny but *Tyber's* wond'rous Stream  
 May Hills contemn,  
 And swiftly rowl back to his lofty Urn?

When you can change for Shield, and Sword, and  
 Dart,  
 And the base Drudgery of Wars,  
 Whate'er Contentment brings  
*Panæti* Works, thy costly Books of Art,  
 And *Plato's* Cares;  
 Tho' once I'm sure you promis'd better Things.

ODE

ODE XXX. *Ad VENEREM.*

O Venus, regina Cnidi, Paphique,  
Sperne dilectam Cypron, & vocantis  
Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram  
Transfer in ædem.

Fervidus tecum Puer, & solutis  
Gratiæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,  
Et parum comis sinè te Juventas,  
Mercuriusque.

ODE

The Versification and Images of this little Ode are beautiful and harmonious: nor is it possible to have given Venus a more gallant, as well as modest Retinue. We may conjecture, not without Probability, that it was written when Horace was about six and forty Years of Age. S A N.

Probably not long after the 19th Ode, which is address'd to the same Person, and where the Expression *finitis animum reddere amoribus* seems indeed to imply, that our Author was not at that Time very young.

Verf. 1. *Cnidi, Paphique.* ] Cities of Cyprus, where Venus was particularly ador'd.

4. *In ædem.* ] The Commentators dispute with a great deal of Learning, whether Glyceræ invites the Goddess to her own House, or to a Chapel particularly dedicated to her; and although the Debate be of such Importance, it is not yet decided.

Mr. Dacier thinks the very Turn of Words implies a Domestic Sacrifice.

5. *Fervidus tecum Puer.* ] These domestic Sacrifices, were performed by the Ladies with great Magnificence, and the Days on which they were offered dedicated entirely to Pleasure; therefore it is not to be wonder'd, that Venus is invited to attend with her whole Retinue. D A C.

*Solutis Gratiæ zonis.* ] The Graces were the most amiable Divinities of the Heathen Mythology. They presided over Benefits, and the Gratitude due to them; they bestow'd Liberality, Eloquence, and Wisdom; they dispensed that Gaiety of Humour, that easiness of Manners, and all those amiable Qualities, which render Society delightful and pleasurable. They alone could give that certain Happiness of Manner, which we all can understand, yet no one is able to express; which often supplies the Place of real Merit, and without which Merit itself is imperfect. To temper the Vacuity of Cupid, the Graces are here made his Companions,

ODE XXX. *To VENUS*

O Venus, Queen of Cnidus and of Paphos,  
Leave thy lov'd Cyprus for this fair Abode,  
Where, with much Incense, beauteous Glyceræ  
Thy Presence now invokes.

With thee bid haste thy ardent Son, each Grace  
With flowing Robe, the Nymphs, and Youth to please  
Unpolish'd without Thee, and Hermes, God  
Of moving Eloquence.

ODE

and appear with their Garments flowing and ungirded, in shew that the Festival should be celebrated with the greatest Modesty and Discretion. S A N.

7. *Juventas.* ] Young People who behaved themselves indecently, were turned out of this Festival; but the Poet means in general that Youth is savage and rude, if it be not softned and refined by Love. S A N.

There is a beautiful Passage in Euripides of the same Import.

Τοῖς δ' ἀπιδέροις  
Τῶν τῶδε πόνων μήτι συνίηται,  
Χωρὶς δ' ἀγλαῖαν ναίει μοι τρόπων.  
Τὸ δ' ἱρᾶν προδέγῃ τοῖς νόισι  
Μήποτε φεύγειν,  
Χρησθαι δ' ὁρῶς ὅταν ἴλθῃ.

I would not join in Friendship's League with him,  
Whose rude unfeeling Bosom ne'er confess'd  
These pleasing Pains, these sweet Anxieties;  
Keep far from Me, ye Gods, the savage Train!  
Love, when by Virtue kindled, is a Fire  
That frees, from Nature's Dross, th' imprison'd Soul.  
Would ye betimes in polish'd Wisdom shine?  
Make Haste, ye Youthful, and with Prudence love.

8. *Mercuriusque.* ] As Mercury was the God of Eloquence and Wit, he was a Companion very fit to enliven the Gaiety of such a Conversation. D A C.

Plutarch tells us, that Mercury was usually placed next to Venus, because the Pleasures of Love consist chiefly in Conversation.



Ode XXX. To VENUS.

QUEEN of Beauty, Queen of Smiles,  
 Leave, oh leave thy favourite Isles:  
 A Temple rises to thy Fame,  
 Where Glycera invokes thy Name,  
 And bids the fragrant Incense flame.

With Thee bring thy love-warm Son,  
 The Graces bring with flowing Zone,  
 The Nymphs, and jocund Mercury,  
 And Goddess Youth, who without Thee,  
 Is nought but savage Liberty.

ODE

Ode XXX. To VENUS.

KIND *Venus* leave the *Paphian* Isle,  
 And live with *Glycera* a while;  
 A noble Temple she prepares,  
 With Incense sweet thine Altars smoak,  
 Thy Presence numerous Vows invoke;  
 She calls thee with a thousand Prayers.

The Graces with their Zones unloos'd,  
 The Nymphs their Beauties all expos'd  
 From every Spring, and every Plain;  
 Thy powerful, hot, and winged Boy,  
 And Youth that's dull without thy Joy,  
 And *Mercury* compose thy Train.

ODE

## ODE XXXI. Ad APOLLINEM.

QUID dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
 Vates? quid orat, de paterâ novum  
 Fundens liquorem? non opimas  
 Sardiniae segetes feracis:  
 Non æstuosæ grata Calabria  
 Armenta: non aurum, aut ebur Indicum:  
 Non rura, quæ Liris quietâ  
 Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis.  
 Premant Calenam falce, quibus dedit  
 Fortuna, vitem; dives & aureis  
 Mercator exsiccet culullis  
 Vina Syrà reparata merce,  
 Dis carus ipsis; quippe ter, & quater  
 Anno revivens æquor Atlanticum  
 Impune. Me pascunt olivæ,  
 Me cichorea, levésque malvæ.  
 Frui paratis & valido mihi,  
 Latoë, dones; ac, precor, integrâ  
 Cum mente, nec turpem senectam  
 Degere, nec citharâ carentem.

ODE

We have in this Ode a Fund of Criticism and Morality sufficient to prove the Vanity of our Desires, and the Worthlessness of what we usually call Business. Reason and Nature know but few Necessities, while Avarice and Ambition are ever finding out imaginary Wants.

In the Year 726 Octavius dedicated to Apollo a Library and a Temple in his Palace on Mount Palatine, which having been struck by Lightning, the Augurs said the God demanded that it should be consecrated to him. Horace was then thirty-nine Years old.

S A N.

Vers. 1. *Dedicatum Apollinem.* ) Mr. Dacier fancies, that there is something particularly noble in the Opening of this Ode, by supposing that Apollo speaks to the Poet, and asks him what Request he hath to make to Him on this solemn Occasion.

2. *Novum liquorem.* ) Wine which was now the first Time poured out in Libations made in this new Temple. *Vinum, per quod nova instaurabatur precatio.*

A N C I E N T S C H O L I A S T.

Or, may not *novum liquorem* signify *sweet Wine*, in which Sense the Word *novum* seems to be used by Virgil?

*Vina novum fundam calatbis Ariusia nectar.*

On which Servius remarks, *Vina fundam calatbis, id est, calicibus, quæ vina sint novum nectar, id est, magna dulcedo.*

Or, perhaps, the *novus liquor*, or Libation mention'd here, was without any Mixture of Wine; like the *Νεφελισ*

## ODE XXXI. To APOLLO.

WHAT Boon of dedicated *Phœbus* asks,  
 What prays the Poet, while from the crown'd  
 Bowl  
 His Offering flows? not the proud Crops  
 That laugh on fair *Sardinia's* Plains;  
 Nor, scorch'd *Calabria*, thy stately Herds;  
 Nor yet for *India's* Gold, or Ivory;  
 Nor those rich Vales where *Liris* eats  
 His gentle Way, a silent Stream.  
 Whom Fortune bids *Calenian* Vineyards share,  
 Press They the Grape unenvy'd: From his Gold,  
 Still let the wealthy Merchant drain  
 The Wines his *Syrian* Traffick bought;  
 Dear to the heav'nly Pow'rs, since thrice he ploughs,  
 Each Year, in Safety the *Atlantic* Main.  
 Olives my humble Board suffice;  
 And Succory and Mallows deck.  
 Son of *Latona*, grant me Health t' enjoy  
 Kind Nature's ready Banquet, a sound Mind,  
 To Age without a Stain prolong'd,  
 Nor past the Blessings of the Lyre.

ODE

*Suoiæ* of the Greeks, so called for that very Reason, because they were compos'd without any of that intoxicating Ingredient. It is certain the Ancients offer'd Honey to the Sun, and held it unlawful to use Wine upon any Altar dedicated to him, as Eustathius assures us.

5. *Non æstuosæ Calabria.* ) In Winter the Shepherds drove their Flocks into Calabria, to avoid the Cold; and in Summer, fed them in Lucania, that they might not be incommoded by the Heat. See the first Epode. D A C.

6. *Ebur Indicum.* ) The largest Elephants are bred in Ethiopia, called here India. Thus Virgil,

*India mittit ebur.* ——— Georg. 1.

On which Servius, *Et in Africa fuerunt elephantes, sed meliores in India; hinc est quod ait Terentius, Elephantis quam Indicis præfecerat: id est, maximis.*

7. *Liris.* ) A River of a slow, placid Stream, has its Rise near Sora, a City of Latium, which it divides from Campania.

8. *Mordet aquâ.* ) Perhaps, no one hath made a bolder Use of this Figure, than Æschylus in his Prometheus.

— Εἴδω ἰσχυρότατον ποταμὸν

Horatius

ODE XXXI. To APOLLO.

ODE XXXI. To APOLLO.

WHEN at Apollo's hallow'd Shrine,  
The Poet hails the Power divine,  
What is the Blessing he implores,  
While he the first Libation pours?  
He nor desires the swelling Grain,  
That yellows o'er Sardinia's Plain;  
Nor the fair Herds which lowing feed  
On warm Calabria's flow'ry Mead;  
Nor Ivory, of spotless Shine,  
Nor Gold forth-flaming from its Mine;  
Nor the rich Fields that Liris laves,  
Where silent roll his deepning Waves.  
Let others quaff the racy Wine  
To whom hath Fortune giv'n the Vine;  
The golden Goblet let Him drain,  
Who vent'rous plows th' Atlantic Main,  
Blest with three safe Returns a Year,  
For He to every God is dear.

WHAT will the Poet beg to Day  
From *Phæbus* in his hallow'd Shrine,  
For what doth he design to pray,  
Whilst thus he pours his Holy Wine?  
Not fat *Sardinia's* fruitful Crops,  
Nor Flocks that hot *Calabria* feeds,  
Nor Gold, nor Ivory raise his Hopes;  
Those Toys he neither loves, nor needs.

Not those rich Fields where *Liris* runs  
With quiet Streams, and wanton Play,  
The smoothest of the Ocean's Sons,  
And gently eats his easy Way.

Let him that has one, prune his Vine;  
The Merchant, now come safe to Land,  
In golden Goblets quaff the Wine  
His *Syrian* Wares and Voyage gain'd.

He chiefest Darling of the Gods,  
For twice a Year he plows the Main,  
He rides the proud *Atlantick* Floods,  
And yet makes safe Returns again!

Me *Chicory* and *Olives* feed,  
Me loos'ning Mallows nobly feast,  
They give what Nature's Wants can need,  
And kindly fill the easy Guest.

ODE

A Mind to use my present Store  
With Health and Life, but not so long  
As brings Contempt, or cramps my Song;  
Grant this, *Apollo*, and I ask no more.

ODE

still return safe.  
D A C.  
15. *Me poscunt.* ) When the Poet has described a Crowd  
of Votaries who fatigue the God with their Petitions, he  
now prefers his own Prayer, in which his Wishes are bound-  
ed by good Sense and Modesty. He leaves to others the  
Views of an imaginary Happiness, and wisely asks for the  
M real

Ποταμοὶ πυρὸς δάπνοντες ἀγρίαις γνάδοις  
τῆς καλλικάρου Σικελίας λευρὰς γῆας.

Hence, one Day, fiery Torrents shall gush forth,  
And eat, with barb'rous Jaws, their glowing Way,  
Thro' the fair Fields of fertile Sicily.

9. *Calenam falce vitem.* ) Dr. Bentley hath sufficiently  
shewed the Necessity of this Correction, and Mr. Cuning-  
ham has received it into the Text. The Expression is more  
natural, and the Epithet better placed.

12. *Syrâ merce.* ) Aromatic Drugs, not of the Growth  
of Syria, but which were brought thither from Arabia.

13. *Dis carus.* ) Horace looks upon it as no mean  
Instance of Divine Providence, that a Merchant should make  
two or three Voyages in a Year, thro' a dangerous Sea, and



## ODE XXXII. Ad LYRAM.

POSCIMUR. Si quid vacui sub umbrâ  
 Lufimus tecum, quod & hunc in annum  
 Vivat, & plures, age, dic Latinum,  
 Barbite, carmen;  
 Lesbio primùm modulate civi;  
 Qui ferox bello, tamen inter arma,  
 Sive jactatam religarat udo  
 Littore navim;  
 Liberum, & Musas, Venerémque, & illi  
 Semper hærentem Puerum canebat,  
 Et Lycum, nigris oculis, nigróque  
 Crine decorum.  
 O decus Phœbi, & dapibus supremi  
 Grata testudo Jovis, ô laborum  
 Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve  
 Rite vocanti.

real Blessings which he is capable of enjoying.

16. *Leves malvæ.* ) Easy of Digestion, and which lighten the Stomach. BOND.

19. *Nec turpem senectam.* ) An honourable old Age is a Proof that our Youth was spent in the Practice of Virtue. The Construction of the Words is remarkable, *degere senectam non turpem.* As in Virgil, where he speaks of the Horse,

— Abde domo, nec turpi ignosce senectæ;

We must construe it,

*Abde domo, & ignosce senectæ non turpi.*

## ODE XXXII.

Augustus commanded Horace to write the Carmen Seculare. *Horatio seculare carmen componendum Augustus injunxit.* Suet. The Poet, justly sensible of an Honour which declared him the first Lyric Poet of his Age, in this Ode invokes his Lyre to inspire him with something worthy of such a Mark of Distinction, and which might deserve the Care and Regard of Posterity. *Quod ad hunc in annum vivat & plures.* HAMELIUS. SAN.

It is true this is only a Conjecture, and incapable of Proof, yet it throws a particular Beauty over the Ode, and we shall find in the following Remarks, that it doth not want Probability.

Verf. 1. *Poscimur.* ] Lambinus says that this Reading appears in almost all the Manuscripts. Doctor Bentley affirms the contrary. Mr. Dacier assures us, that although we read *Poscimur* we must construe it in an Active Sense, and that all Authors have Instances of this Kind. This Assertion requires some Proof. Mr. Sanadon has taken some

## ODE XXXII. To his LYRE.

HARK! we are summon'd. If with Thee,  
 reclin'd  
 In verdant Bowers, I ought have vacant sung,  
 Which may some passing Year survive, begin  
 A Latin Strain, sweet Lyre;  
 First touch'd by great *Alcæus'* skilful Hand;  
 Who brave in Arms, yet 'midst the Din of War,  
 Or when he on the hoarse - resounding Beach  
 His weary Bark repos'd;  
 Thee, *Bacchus*, sung; the nine harmonious Maids;  
*Venus*; the Boy who at her Side still sports;  
 With *Lycus*, whose black, sparkling Eyes yet warm,  
 Whose jetty Locks yet wave.  
 O Grace of *Phæbus*, joy - inspiring Shell,  
 At *Jove's* high Banquet ever-welcome Guest;  
 Propitious hear, thou Soft'ner of my Care,  
 Whenever I invoke.

## ODE

Quotations from Doctor Bentley, in which the Verb *posce* must necessarily be understood in a Passive Sense, and then concludes that Horace might have used it in the same Manner. Torrentius thinks *poscimur* too bold for a poetical Petition to his Lyre. Such are too frequently the Differences among Commentators, not in Opinion only, but in their Assertion of Facts. Yet since we have received the present Reading, we may observe that there is a Vivacity and Quickness in the Expression, which shews with how much Pleasure the Poet obeys the Command of Augustus.

*Vacui.* ] In the 22d Ode *curis expeditus.*

2. *Quod & hunc in annum.* ] There is a pretty Opposition between the solemn Inspiration which the Poet now demands for a Work that is to live to Posterity, and all those idle Songs, which were only an Amusement of his gayer Hours. SAN.

The Ancients used the Words *ludere* and *lusus* for Verses made upon little, trifling, or amorous Subjects; and the Greeks called such kind of Writers *παιμαρπάδες*, Writers of Sports or Plays. DAC.

5. *Lesbio primùm.* ] In this great Design of the *Carmen seculare*, Horace proposes to himself an Imitation of *Alcæus*, and seems to give him the Glory of inventing Lyric Poetry, because he excelled all his Predecessors in that kind of Composition. SAN.

The Remains, which we still have of *Alcæus*, are animated with a Spirit of Grandeur and Courage that shews him equally formed for War and Poetry. He was the Terror of Tyrants, and all Oppressors of public Liberty, from whence his *minaces Camenæ* in the fourth Book. His Superiority

ODE XXXII. To his LYRE.

**I**F beneath the careless Shade,  
 Harmonious Lyre, with Thee I play'd  
 What may live some passing Year,  
 Hark! we are call'd, obedient hear;  
 Now the Latin Muse inspire,  
 And warm the Song with Grecian Fire.  
 Alcæus first thy Music string,  
 Dreadful in War, to Thee He sung,  
 When He heard the Battle roar,  
 Or almost shipwreck'd reach'd the Shore.  
 Music, Love, and Wine his Theme,  
 And Venus, Laughter-loving Dame.  
 Cupid ever by her Side,  
 And Lycus high in Beauty's Pride,  
 With his Hair of jetty Dye,  
 And black the Lustre of his Eye.  
 Charming Shell, Apollo's Love,  
 How pleasing to the Feasts of Jove!  
 Hear thy Poet's solemn Prayer,  
 Thou softner of each anxious Care.

ODE

periority to Sappho, when they are represented singing to the Ghosts of the Departed, is finely imagined.

*Utrumque sacro digna silentio*

*Mirantur umbræ dicere; sed magis*

*Pugnas, & exactos tyrannos*

*Densum bibit aure vulgus.* Lib. 2. Ode 13.

Thus when they strike the golden Lyre,  
 The Ghosts the solemn Sounds admire;  
 But when Alcæus lifts the Strain  
 To Kings expell'd, and Tyrants slain,  
 In thicker Clouds the shadowy Throng,  
 Drink deeper down the martial Song.

7. *Religarât.* ] This Verb has two Significations entirely opposite, and might be construed either *to set Sail*, or *to cast Anchor*. The Sense must here determine us to the latter Meaning of the Word, as the Poet opposes the Noise and Tumult of Battle to the Calm and Repose after a Storm.

SAN.

11. *Lycum nigris oculis.* ] Black Eyes and black Hair were Beauties among the Greeks and Romans. Anacreon desires that his favourite Boy may be painted with black Hair, and Catullus tells a Girl, that she is not handsome,

ODE XXXII. To his LYRE.

**I**F underneath a Myrtle Shade,  
 When free from Business, I have play'd  
 What may this Year and more command;  
 Begin, sweet Harp, a Roman Strain,  
 Those Measures and those Tunes maintain,  
 First struck by great Alcæus' noble Hand.

He, fierce in Arms, yet 'midst his Cares,  
 When Dangers press'd, and noisy Wars,  
 And stain'd his charming Harp with Blood;  
 Or when he stem'd the angry Seas,  
 Or when arriv'd he sat at Ease,  
 And laugh'd at all the Fury of the Flood:

The Muses, He, in sounding Verse,  
 Would sing, and Venus' Praise rehearse,  
 With her attending wanton Boy:  
 Or Lyco's Face, surprizing fair,  
 With lovely Eyes, and Auburn Hair,  
 By Nature fitted to entice to Joy.

Great Phæbus' Glory, Phæbus' Love,  
 And welcome to the Feasts of Jove;  
 Thou great Reliever of my Care;  
 When e'er I beg thy Aid, attend;  
 Assist the Verses of thy Friend,  
 And tune my Songs for Mighty Cæsar's Ear.

ODE

because she has not black Eyes.

13. *O decus Phæbi.* ] The Hymn, which was sung at the secular Games, was consecrated to the tutelar Divinities of the Roman Empire, from whence the Poet invokes a Lyre that was the Glory of Apollo, and the Delight of Jupiter in his Feasts.

SAN.

*Et Dapibus.* ] Thus Homer calls the Lyre *δαΐδος ἱραίνης*, *δαΐδος συνόρου*, the Companion of Feasts; and Pindar *ἀγλαΐας ἀρχαῖας*.

15. *Mibi cumque.* ] In whatever Estate I am, at whatever Hour I invoke thee, hear, and assist me. The Word *Salve* is here of the same Import as *save*, *præsto adfcs*.

DAC.

16. *Rite.* ] This was a religious Term, which marked the Ceremonies prescribed for all exterior Worship of the Gods.

## ODE XXXIII. Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

ALBI, ne doleas plus nimio, memor  
Immitis Glyceræ, neu miserabiles

Decantes elegos, cur tibi junior

Læfâ præniteat fide.

Insignem tenui fronte Lycoridæ

Cyri torret amor: Cyrus in asperam

Declinat Pholoën; sed prius Appulis

Jungentur capreæ lupis,

Quàm turpi Pholoë peccet adultero.

Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares

Formas, atque animos sub juga ænea

Sævo mittere cum joco.

Ipsum me melior cùm peteret Venus,

Gratâ detinuit compede Myrtale

Libertina, fretis acrior Adriæ

Curvantis Calabros sinus.

ODE

Gods. The using it here in a solemn Invocation of the Lyre may open to us the Design of the Ode, and we find it twice used in the Carmen seculare in the same Sense.

S A N.

## ODE XXXIII.

Mr. Dacier, by a Mistake which runs through his whole Works, asserts that Tibullus was but twenty-four Years of Age when this Ode was written, and that consequently the Epithet *Junior* must be understood a *new Lover*, not a *younger*. From the same Mistake He tells us, that Tibullus, having ruined his Fortune in idle and vicious Pleasures, was obliged to retire to his Country-Seat to avoid the Pursuits of his Creditors.

The very amiable Character which Horace gives Him in the Epistle, *Albi, sermonum nostrorum candide judex*, might at least have taught the Critic a little more Caution: And although it may not be easy to fix the Year of this Poet's Birth, yet may we conjecture, with great Probability, that He was born about six hundred and ninety. An ancient Life of this Poet says that He was honoured with some military Rewards for his Merit in the War of Aquitaine, when by Mr. Dacier's Account He could be only fifteen Years of Age, as by the same Account He was only twelve Years old at the Battle of Actium: He had early engaged Himself in the Cause of Liberty, and continued in that unfortunate Party with great Firmness, for which his Fortune was by Augustus divided among his Soldiers. Thus the Critic, by a Train of Mistakes, not only misleads his Readers, but has injuriously treated an amiable and a virtuous Character.

Verf. 2. *Miserabiles elegos.*) Thus Ovid, *Elegeia seibile*

## ODE XXXIII. To ALBIUS TIBULLUS

ALBIUS, no more, in plaintive Elegy,  
For Glyceræ's Rigour let thy Grief o'erflow;  
Nor ask, why, all her Vows forgot, more bright

A newer Lover shines?

5 Lycoris, on whose Forehead Cupid sports,  
For Cyrus burns; He for proud Pholœ sighs:  
But sooner shall the tender Kid be match'd

To the Appulian Wolf,

Than Pholœ with his hated Suit comply.

10 So Venus bids; who joys, with cruel Sport,  
Unequal Forms, unequal Minds to bend

Beneath her brazen Yoke.

Me too, when kinder Beauty stoop'd t' invite,

A Slave-born Maid in pleasing Fetters held,

15 Deaf, and imperious, as the Waves that dash

Calabria's winding Shore.

ODE

Carmen.

5. *Tenui fronte.*) The Greeks and Latins thought a low Forehead a great Beauty. *Frons brevis atque modus brevis naribus sit uncis.* MART. And Petronius in the Description of Circe. *Frons minima.* This Taste was so general, that the Ladies used to hide part of their Foreheads with Bandages, which Arnobius calls *nimbos*. *Imminuerent frontes nimbis.* D A C.

7. *In asperam declinat Pholoën.*) By an Elegy of Tibullus, addressed to this same Lady, it appears, that she was indeed of a Disposition not the most tractable in the World to her Lovers; for pleading with her, in Favour of one of his Friends, whom her Rigours had almost reduced to Despair, he upbraids her,

*Oderunt Pholoe, monto, fastidia dævi:*

*Nec prodest sanctis thura dedisse focis.* L. 1. Eleg. 9.

And again,

*At te pæna manet, nisi desinis esse superba.* ib.

9. *Adultero.*) The Word *adulter*, in Horace, seems sometimes to signify no more than a Gallant, as here, and in Ode 36.

10. *Sic visum Veneri.*) Servius remarks upon a Passage in Virgil, that when the Ancients could not perceive the Reason or Justice of any extraordinary Action, They used to account for it, by saying it was the Will of the Gods. This Accusation of the Gods has a kind of Respect in it, which can alone preserve it from being blasphemous.

*Impar.*) The Word *impar* was used with Respect to one who return'd not the Affection of another; as on the contrary



## ODE XXXIII. To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

NO more in elegiac Strain  
Of cruel Glycera complain,  
Though she resigns her faithless Charms  
To a new Lover's younger Arms.  
The Maid, for lovely Forehead fam'd,  
With Cyrus' Beauties is inflam'd;  
While Pholoë, of haughty Charms,  
The panting Breast of Cyrus warms;  
But Wolves and Goats shall sooner prove  
The Pleasures of incestuous Love,  
Than she her Virgin Honour stain,  
And not the filthy Rake disdain.

Thus Venus wills, whose Power controuls  
The fond Affections of our Souls;  
With sportive Cruelty she binds  
Unequal Forms, unequal Minds.  
Thus when a better Mistress strove  
To warm my youthful Breast to Love,  
Yet could a Slave-born Maid detain  
My willing Heart in pleasing Chain,  
Though fiercer She, than Waves which roar  
Winding the rough Calabrian Shore.

## ODE

trary *par*, where the Liking was mutual. Thus in the 15th Epode, *Et queret iratus parem*. He shall seek a Mistress who will equal his Love. A Metaphor taken from Horses paired for a Chariot.

D A C.

12. *Sævo mittere cum joco*.) Moschus has pursued this Thought, in a very pretty Manner, thro' one of his Idylliums.

Ἡρα Πὰν Ἀχῶς τὰς γαίτας, ἤρατο δ' Ἀχῶ  
Σκ. τὰτ' ἑατέρω, ἑατέρω δ' ἐπίμνητο Λύδαν.  
Ὡς Ἀχῶ τὸν Πᾶνα, τόσσον ἑατέρως φλέγειν Ἀχῶ.  
Καὶ Λύδα ἑατέρωσκον. Ἐρως δ' ἐσμάχετ' ἀμοιβᾶ.  
Ὅσσοι γὰρ τίνων τίς ἰμῖσι τὸν φίλοντα,  
Τόσσον ὁμῶς φίλον ἐχθαίρειτο, πασχι δ' ἄποινα.  
Ταῦτα λέγω πᾶσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς ἀνθρώποις,  
Στείργετε τὸς φίλους· ὧν, ἢ φίλοντα, φίλησθε.

Thus translated by the learned and ingenious Mr. Stanley.

## ODE XXXIII. To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

COME dry thine Eyes, and cease to mourn,  
Think not too much on Glycera's Scorn:  
Let no complaining Songs proclaim,  
That She, regardless of her Vows,  
Her wanton Smiles bestows  
Upon a later, and a meaner Flame.

Fair *Lycoris* for *Cyrus* burns,  
She loves, but meets no kind Returns;  
Ill-natur'd *Pholoe* *Cyrus* charms:  
But sooner shall the Lambs agree  
With cruel Wolves, than She  
Shall take so base a Wanton in her Arms.

Thus *Venus* sports, the Rich, the Base,  
Unlike in Fortune, and in Face,  
To disagreeing Love provokes;  
When cruelly jocosé  
She ties the fatal Noose,  
And binds Unequals to the brazen Yokes.

This is the Fate that all must prove,  
The sure Unhappiness of Love;  
Whilst fairer Virgins did adore  
And courted Me, I *Myrtale* woo'd  
As rough as *Adria's* Flood,  
That bends the Creeks of the *Calabrian* Shore.

## ODE

Pan Echo lov'd; brisk Satyr she admir'd;  
And beauteous Lyda's Charms brisk Satyr fir'd;  
As Echo Pan, Satyr did Echo wound,  
And Lyda Satyrus; so Love went round:  
As each did Scorn for others Love return,  
So Justice paid their Love with others Scorn.  
Mark this, disdainful Lover! would'st thou be  
Belov'd of Those thou lov'st? love who love Thee.

13. *Melior Venus*.) A kinder, a less cruel Mistress; as  
Ode 27, *digne puer meliore flammâ*.

D A C.

15. *Libertina*.) One who had been a Slave, but was enfranchised.

## ODE XXXIV.

PARCUS Deorum cultor, & infrequens,  
 Infanientis dum sapientiae  
 Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum  
 Vela dare, atque iterare cursus  
 Cogor relectos; namque Diespiter  
 5 Igni corusco nubila dividens  
 Plerumque, per purum tonantes  
 Egit equos, volucrumque currum;  
 Quo bruta tellus, & vaga flumina,  
 10 Quo Styx, & invisi horrida Tænari  
 Sedes, Atlanteisque finis,  
 Concutitur. Valet ima summis  
 Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,  
 Obscura promens: hinc apicem rapax  
 15 Fortuna cum stridore acuto  
 Sustulit, hinc posuisse gaudet.

ODE

enfranchised, or made free.

*Fretis acrior Adriæ.*) Thus of Himself, in the 9th Ode of the Third Book.

Et improbo

Iracundior Adriâ

## ODE XXXIV.

The Commentators are much divided about the Design and Intention of this Ode; whether the Poet hath made a sincere Recantation of the Epicurean Philosophy, or whether he laughs at the Stoicks by a pretended Conversion to their Doctrine. The last Opinion is supported by the following Reasons.

If Horace really abjured the Sect of Epicurus, it must have been in the last ten Years of his Life, as appears by the fourth Epistle of the first Book; and as it was a frequent Argument against Atheists, that although Clouds are naturally the Cause of Thunder, yet it is sometimes heard in a clear Sky, Horace must have early known an Instance of this kind of reasoning as well as the Stoical Conclusion from it. But, besides the Weakness of the Reason which he gives for changing his religious Principles, it is a little extraordinary that we should not have any other the least Proof of this Conversion in his whole Works.

Verf. 1. *Parcus Deorum cultor.*) The Epicureans only conformed to the outward Ceremonies of religious Worship, which they thought the Credulity of the People had established. This superficial kind of Devotion, the Poet hath expressed by the Word *parcus*.

S A N.

*Infrequens.*) There is in this Epithet a remarkable Beauty, which the Translation hath endeavoured to preserve, It

## ODE XXXIV.

DEserter of their Shrines, I to the Gods  
 Small Worship paid, while by vain Wisdom  
 led,  
 I blindly err'd; but now I steer  
 With shifted Sails, my backward Course,  
 5 Compell'd; for Jove, great Parent of the Day,  
 Who frequent rends with livid Flame the Clouds,  
 Thro' Heaven's pure Azure lately drove  
 His thund'ring Steeds, and winged Car: [ *festus* ]  
 10 The pond'rous Earth, the wand'ring Streams con-  
 Infernal Styx, with hated Tænarus,  
 And Atlas, thro' his utmost Bounds,  
 Th' Almighty Shock. Yes, God can change  
 Low into high; eclipse the Proud, and clothe  
 15 With Lustre the Obscure: With clam'rous Wings  
 Hence restless Fortune loves to snatch,  
 Here joys to place the Diadem.

ODE

is a Metaphor taken from a Soldier who deserts his Colony. *Infrequens appellabatur miles qui abest, absitve à Signis.*

2. *Infanientis sapientiae.*) *Wisdom in the very Act of running mad.* According to the Stoicks, the System of Epicurus was *Folly* and *Madness*: According to the Epicureans it deserved the Title of *Wisdom*. Horace hath pleasantly put these two Words together, which seem naturally to destroy each other, and with an Equivocation, which keeps the Reader in Suspence, makes use of the Word *Sapientia*, which either signifies *Wisdom* or *Philosophy*. An Epicurean may understand it in the first Sense, and a Stoic in the second.

S A N.

4. *Iterare cursus relectos.*) This metaphorical Expression is taken from a Traveller who hath mistaken one Road for another, and returns immediately to the Spot from whence his wandering began. *Relectos cursus iterare, id est, relegendo cursus iterare.*

*Utque ope virginea nullis iterata priorum  
 Janua difficilis filo est inventa relecto.*

OVID. METAM.

*Cursus relectus* is not Latin; Heinsius, Doctor Bentley and Mr. Sanadon assure us, that we may say *cursum intermittere, cursum desinere*, but never *cursum relinquere*; that it is a manner of speaking absolutely improper and without Example; and that if we receive the usual Reading, we are obliged to prove that Horace had been once a Stoic, and had forsaken the Doctrines of that Philosophy, to which he now returns.

5. *Namque Diespiter.*) A Stoic might suppose, that it

## ODE XXXIV.

A Fugitive from Heaven and Prayer,  
I mock'd at all religious Fear,  
Deep-scienced in the mazy Lore  
Of mad Philosophy; but now  
Hoist Sail, and back my Voyage plow  
To that blest Harbour, which I left before.

For lo! that awful heavenly Sire,  
Who frequent cleaves the Clouds with Fire,  
Parent of Day, immortal Jove!  
Late through the floating Fields of Air,  
The Face of Heaven serene and fair,  
His thundering Steeds, and winged Chariot drove.

When, at the bursting of his Flames,  
The ponderous Earth, and vagrant Streams,  
Infernal Styx, the dire Abode  
Of hateful Tænarus profound,  
And Atlas to his utmost Bound,  
Trembled beneath the Terrours of the God.

The Hand of Jove can crush the Proud  
Down to the meanest of the Croud,  
And raise the lowest in his stead;  
But rapid Fortune pulls him down,  
And snatches his imperial Crown,  
To place, not fix it on another's Head.

## ODE

was the Strength of his Conviction, which furnished the Poet with Images so noble, with Cadences so pompous, and Expressions so animated. And yet the Weakness of the single Reason, which he gives for his Conversion, may justly make us suspect that He hath raised these Strophes with so much Magnificence, only to impose upon the Stoics by an affected Recantation of his Epicurean Errors.

*Dispiter* signifies *Diis pater*, as *Jupiter* is put for *Jovis pater*, and *Marspiter* for *Mars pater*.

7. *Plerumque, per purum.* ) I who was formerly an Epicurean, am now obliged to confess the Being of a God; for I lately heard the Thunder rolling in a clear, unclouded Sky, which usually, *plerumque*, proceeds from natural Causes, when the Firmament is covered with Clouds. By placing a Comma after *plerumque* the Sense and Connexion are plain.

BANGIUS. BENT.

8. *Egit equos, volucrumque currum.* ) Pindar, agreeable to this sublime Idea, calls *Jupiter* the *Sovereign Director*, or

## ODE XXXIV.

I That but seldom did adore,  
I That no God but Pleasure knew,  
Whilst mad Philosophy did blind,  
And *Epicurus* fool'd my Mind;  
Must keep that impious Course no more;  
But turn my Sails and steer anew.

For angry *Jove* with mighty Force,  
Whilst all the Skies were bright and clear,  
Shot thro' the Heav'n with pointed Flame,  
And shook the Universal Frame;  
He lately drove his thund'ring Horse  
And flaming Chariot thro' the Air.

This shook the Earth and wand'ring Streams,  
This Noise disturb'd the quiet Dead;  
Thro' muddy *Styx*, thro' All beneath,  
And thro' the shady Walks of Death  
Quick Light'ning shot unusual Beams;  
The Ghosts beheld the Light, and fled.

He brings the most Obscure to Light,  
And robs the Glorious of a Crown;  
Now tumbles down the mighty Proud,  
And makes them know there is a God;  
Now kicks the Lofty into Night,  
And seats the Peasant in a Throne.

## ODE

*Charioteer of the unwearied-footed Thunder.*

Ελατὴρ ὑπερίσταν βροντᾶς

Ἀκαμαντὸπόδος

Ζεῦ.

Olymp. 4.

10. *Styx.* ) A Fountain in Arcadia, whose Waters were of a poisonous, deadly Quality; or, according to *Servius*, a Lake near Syene in the farther Part of *Ægypt*, over which the neighbouring People used to ferry their Dead. Thence feigned to be a River of Hell.

*Tænari.* ) *Tænarus* *Laconiæ* promontorium est, circa finem *Maleæ*, ubi inferorum dicitur esse descensus. *SERVIVS.*

11. *Atlanteusque finis.* ) The utmost Extent of Mount Atlas, in the farthest Part of Africa. *DAC.*

12. *Valct ima summis.* ) The Poet here throws off the Mask of Stoicism, and appears an open, undisguised Epicurean



## ODE XXXV. Ad FORTUNAM.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,  
 Præfens vel imo tollere de gradu  
 Mortale corpus, vel superbos  
 Vertere funeribus triumphos:  
 Te pauper ambit sollicitâ prece  
 Ruris colonus: te dominam æquoris,  
 Quicumque Bithynâ laceffit  
 Carpathium pelagus carinâ:  
 Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,  
 Urbésque, gentésque, & Latium ferox,  
 Regúmque matres barbarorum, &  
 Purpurei metuunt tyranni:  
 Injurioso ne pede proruas  
 Stantem columnam; neu populus fremens  
 Ad arma cessantes, ad arma  
 Concitet, imperiúmque frangat.  
 Te semper anteit sæva Neceffitas,  
 Clavos trabales, & cuneos manu  
 Gestans ahenâ; nec severus  
 Uncus abest, liquidúmve plumbum. / 20  
 Te

curean. He acknowledges the Being of the Gods, and owns their Power, but, for fear of giving too much Trouble to their Indolence, He abandons all Events to Fortune, whose good Pleasure and sovereign Authority govern all things here below.

DAC. SAN.

14. *Obscura.*) The Critics agree that Horace, in Purity of Style, should have written *obscurum* after *insignem*. Doctor Bentley reads *insigne*, and Mr. Sanadon thinks it one of the happiest Corrections in Mr. Cuninghame, that he hath set *insignia* in grammatical Opposition to *obscura*. If the Reader approve of this last Correction, we must allow the poetical Licence of making *insignia* three Syllables, of which there are several Instances in the Poets.

15. *Cum stridore acuto.*) Alluding to the Sound of Fortune's Wings in her rapid Flight. Thus in the 29th Ode of the Third Book, *Si celeres quatit pennas.*

## ODE XXXV.

The Subject of this Ode is perfectly noble, well-designed, and well executed. The Versification is flowing and harmonious, the Expression bold and sublime.

In the Year 719 Augustus was on his March to Britain, but was recalled by a Revolt of the Dalmatians. In 727,

## ODE XXXV. To FORTUNE.

G Oddeff, whose sov'reign Sway fair *Antium* owns,  
 Still present, or, from low Estate t' exalt  
 Some favour'd Mortal, or to turn  
 Proud Triumphs into Funerals;  
 5 Thee the poor Farmer courts with anxious Prayer;  
 To Thee, the Ocean's Queen, He trembling bends  
 Who tempts, in a *Bithynian* Bark,  
 The Rage of the *Carpathian* Main:  
 Thee the rough *Dacian*, *Scythia's* wand'ring Tribes,  
 10 Cities, and Nations, *Latium's* martial Sons,  
 The Mothers of barbarian Kings,  
 And Tyrants rob'd in Purple fear;  
 Left the firm Column of their State thou spurn  
 With Heel injurious, and to Arms should'st rouse  
 15 The madding Croud, to fright soft Peace,  
 And lay their Glories in the Dust.  
 Still in thy Van inexorable Fate  
 Stalks awful, grasping in her brazen Hand  
 Her Wedges, and her beam-like Nails,  
 The tort'ring Hook, and liquid Lead.

The

having ended the Civil Wars by the Defeat of Anthony, He again resolved to turn his Arms against that Island, but was satisfied with an Embassy from thence, and a Promise of Obedience to any Conditions, which he pleased to impose upon Them. These Conditions being not well observed, He was determined to make the Britons feel the Effects of his Displeasure, yet was again obliged to employ the Forces of the Republic in suppressing an Insurrection of the Salassi, Cantabri and Asturij.

SAN.

It is indifferent upon which of these Occasions this Ode was written, and it is impossible to determine with any Exactness.

Verf. 1. *Antium.*] The Capital of the Volscians, was a Maritime City, about a Day's Journey from Rome, and situated near the Spot where Neptunium was afterwards built, now called Nettunio. It was famous for the Worship of the Goddess Fortune, who had a magnificent Temple there, and was the Tutelary Deity of the Place.

2. *Præfens.*] This Word, as Mr. Dacier observes, is of a much stronger Signification than *potens*; importing not only the Power of Fortune, but the instantaneous Effect of that Power.

6. *Te dominam*

ODE XXXV. To FORTUNE.

**G**Oddeſs, whom Antium, beauteous Town, obeys,  
Whofe various Will, with inſtant Power can  
raife

Frail Mortals from the Depths of cold Deſpair,  
Or change proud Triumphs to the funeral Tear;

Thee the poor Farmer, who with ceafeleſs Pain  
Labours the Soil; Thee, Miſtreſs of the Main,  
The Sailor, who with fearleſs Spirit dares  
The riſing Storm, yet courts with anxious Prayers:

Thee the rough Dacian, Thee the vagrant Band  
Of Field-born Scythians, Latium's warlike Land,  
Cities and Nations, Mother-Queens revere,  
And purple Tyranny beholds with Fear.

Nor in thy Rage, with Foot deſtructive, ſpurn  
This ſtanding Pillar, and its Strength o'erturn;  
Nor let the Nations riſe in bold Uproar,  
From Peace ariſe, to break th' imperial Power.

With ſolemn Pace and firm, in awful State  
Before Thee ſtalks inexorable Fate,  
And graſps impaling Nails, and Wedges dread,  
The Hook tormentous, and the melted Lead:

Thee

6. *Te dominam æquoris.* ] Thus Pindar attributes to Fortune not only the Conduct of Ships on the Sea, but alſo the Event of all Wars and Counſels on Land.

Τὴν γὰρ ἐν πᾶσι κυβερνήσας θεὰ  
Νῆας, ἐν χερσὶν τοῦ δαίμονος πᾶσι,

Καὶ ποταμὸν βροχάφορον. — Olymp. 12.

The Ancients, to expreſs this Dominion of Fortune over Navigation and Commerce, repreſented her with a Rudder.

9. *Dacus.* ] The Country of the Daci comprehended that Tract which is now divided into Tranſylvania, Wallachia, and Moldavia.

*Proſugi Scythæ.* ]

*Campeſtres melius Scythæ*

(*Quorum pluſtra vagas rite trabunt domos.*)

Lib. 3. Ode 24.

13. *Injuſto.* ] Theſe two Strophen will appear in a very different Senſe according to the Manner of Pointing. If we make a full Stop at *metuunt*, the firſt Strophe can only expreſs the Fears with which Kings and Nations regard the Power of Fortune; and the ſecond will be turned into

ODE XXXV. To FORTUNE.

**G**REAT Goddeſs, Antium's Guardian Pow'r,  
Whofe Force is ſtrong and quick to raiſe  
The Loweſt to the higheſt Place;

Or with a wond'rous Fall

To bring the Haughty lower;

And turn proud Triumphs to a Funeral.

The labouring Swain thy Aid implores,

His Pray'rs are mixt of Fear and Hope,

On Thee depending for his Crop;

The Merchants Thee confeſs,

When far remov'd from Shores,

And bow to Thee the Miſtreſs of the Seas.

To Thee their Vows rough Germans pay,

To Thee the wand'ring Scythians bend,

Thee mighty Rome proclaims a Friend:

And for their Tyrant Sons

The barbarous Mothers pray

To Thee, the greateſt Guardian of their Thrones:

They bend, They vow, and ſtill They fear

Left You ſhould kick their Empire down,

And cloud the Glory of their Crown;

They fear that You would raiſe

The lazy Crowd to War,

And break their Empire, or confine their Praise.

Necceſſity ſtill ſtalks before,

And leads the Way with poiſ'nous Breath,

And all the Inſtruments of Death;

Sharp Swords, and Wheels, and Racks,

That flow with putrid Gore,

Her brazen Hand to fright the Nations ſhakes.

Sure

a Prayer for the Roman State, which is naturally repreſented by a Column, raiſed and ſtrengthened by the Victories of Auguſtus, yet liable to be ſhaken and overturned by Revolts and Inſurrections in the Abſence of that Prince. If we read the Paſſage with the uſual Pointing, the Word *metuunt* muſt refer to the Column and Empire of each particular King, Nation, and Country. But, beſides that it would

N

be



Te spes, & albo rara fides colit  
 Velata panno; nec comitem abnegat,  
 Utcumque mutata potentes  
 Veste domos inimica linquis.  
 At vulgus infidum, & meretrix retro 25  
 Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis  
 Cum face siccatis amici,  
 Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.  
 Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos  
 Orbis Britannos, & juvenum recens 30  
 Examen, Eois timendum  
 Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.  
 Eheu! cicatricum & sceleris pudet,  
 Fratrūque. Quid nos dura refugimus.  
 Ætas? Quid intactum nefasti 35  
 Liquimus? Unde manum juvenus  
 Metu Deorum continuit? Quibus  
 Pepercit aris? O utinam nova  
 Incude diffingas retusum in  
 Massagetæ, Arabasque ferrum. 20

## ODE

be more elegant, Horatian Latin, to say *metuunt ne proruas*, rather than *metuunt te, ne proruas*, it seems to have some Hardness in the Expression, if we apply the standing Pillar to so many different Nations, particularly to the vagrant Scythians, who can very hardly be said to fear that the Nations should rise to break their Empire.

If the Translator could have ventured to bold an Alteration, he would have printed this Strophe after *Partibus, Oceanoque rubro*. We should then have the Character and Description of Fortune in one, unbroken Length, and each Strophe would begin with some new Instance of her Power. The Prayer to the Goddess would then be regularly continued, and end very happily with a Petition for confirming the Grandeur of the Roman State, and its Preservation from any future Insurrections of the Nations, which she had subdued, and which were now at Peace, *ad arma cessantes*.

This last Reflexion would more particularly introduce the Remembrance of the Civil War, the Miseries and Crimes which it produced, and the Prayer which concludes the Ode.

But was the Strophe in Question to be introduced where this Gentleman would have it, after *Partibus, Oceanoque rubro*, and to be considered as a Continuation of the Prayer to Fortune for confirming the Grandeur of the Roman State, I am afraid there would be less Difference (except in Words only) between this and the Petition contain'd in the preceding Strophe, than can well be reconciled to the usual Delicacy and Correctness of our Author. In that Strophe he prays for the Preservation of Augustus, and the Army a-

Thee Hope attends, and white-rob'd Faith, how rare!  
 Thy Train deserts not, when, in angry Mood,  
 And Garb of Wretchedness, you fly  
 The Palace of the falling Great.  
 But the false Vulgar, and the perjurd Miss,  
 Without a Blush fall off; and that light Croud  
 Who Friendship's Yoke, the Cask once drain'd,  
 With recreant Neck, refuse to share.  
 Preserve great Cæsar, bound for Earth's Extreme  
 Against the Britains; and that Youthful Swarm,  
 Whose waving Banners th' Eastern Realms,  
 Already, and the Red-Sea awe.  
 Alas, it shames us of our guilty Scars,  
 And slaughter'd Brethren! what have we not dar'd!  
 An Iron Age! or, what refus'd  
 To violate? From what with-held,  
 Thro' Rev'rence of the Gods, our impious Hands!  
 What Altar spar'd? Oh, that our blunted Steel  
 Thou would'st, th' Arabian to chastize,  
 And the proud Massagete, reforge!

## ODE

bout to march under his Conduct; what else would a Person, who so perfectly knew to make his Court, represent as that Column on which the Glory and Happiness of the Empire depended? The Scythians, it is true, were a vagrant People; but then they were a brave independent People, and, no doubt, as jealous to preserve the Pillar of their particular Constitution as any Nation whatever. Besides the Similitude of a Column, or standing Pillar, to represent the flourishing, or independent Condition of any Kingdom, or State, was used, long before our Author, by Ennius, and is, by no means, uncommon among the ancient Poets.

17. *Sæva Necessitas*.] Mr. Dacier imagines that these Lines are a Description of a Picture in Antium, or rather of one drawn by the Hand of the Poet, whom he doth not doubt to have been an excellent Painter. The Conjecture is indeed a Compliment to our favourite Author, yet a little difficult of Proof.

That not only the Portrait in these Lines, but, in a Manner, all the Descriptions of this Kind, to be met with in the ancient Poets, were really copy'd by them from such Representations of their fabulous Deities, or Heroes, as they found in their Temples, will scarce be doubted by any who have compared those Descriptions with the genuine Remains of Antiquity proper for the Purpose: But that Mr. Dacier imagin'd Horace to have been either an excellent Painter or Statuary, in any other than his Poetical Capacity, is a Mistake, occasion'd, no Doubt, by too superficial a Consideration of the Words of that learned Critic, which



Thee Hope, and Honour, now alas! how rare,  
With White enrob'd, attend with duteous Care,  
When, from the Palace of the Great, you fly  
In angry Mood, and Garb of Misery.

Not such the Croud of light Companions prove,  
Nor the false Mistress of a wanton Love,  
Faithless who wait the lowest Dregs to drain,  
Nor Friendship's equal Yoke with Strength sustain.

Propitious guard the Prince who bold explores  
His ventrous Way to farthest Britain's Shores;  
Our new-raisd Troops be thy peculiar Care,  
Who dreadful to the East our Banners bear.

Alas! the shameless Scars! the guilty Deeds,  
When by a Brother's Hand a Brother bleeds!  
What Crimes have we, an iron Age, not dar'd?  
Through Reverence of Gods, what Altar spar'd?

Oh that our Swords, with civil Gore distain'd,  
And in the Sight of Gods and Men prophan'd-----  
Oh forge again, dread Queen, the temper'd Steel,  
And let our Foes the pointed Vengeance feel.

ODE

which we have therefore subjoin'd, for the Amusement of the Reader. *C'est la Description du tableau de la Fortune qui étoit à Antium; ou peut-être qui est un tableau de la main d'Horace, & je doute qu'il y eût un meilleur Peintre de son temps.*

The Retinue of Fortune is well chosen. Necessity goes before Her, because there is nothing capable of resisting her Power. Hope is made her Companion, because Fortune is the Refuge of the Miserable, and Fidelity never leaves Her, because a true Friend is equally constant to bad, as to good Fortune.

S A N.

18. *Clavos trabalis.* ] Thus Virgil, *trabale telum*; and Statius, *besta trabalis*. Horace, elsewhere, calls these Nails adamantine;

*Si figit adamantinos*

*Summis verticibus dira Necessitas*

*Clavos.*

Lib. 3. Ode 24.

They seem, together with the other Implements mention'd here, to be put into the Hands of Necessity, or Fate, to signify, That it is She which subdues all Things to Fortune; and that, by her Means, all Men are fastned, or, if the Expression may be allow'd, *nail'd*, as it were, to that Goddess. Arnobius, arguing with the Adversaries of Christianity on the Doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul; *Vos enim non omnes pro illarum geritis incolumitatibus curas? non quod vitis omnibus, & cupiditatibus abstinetis, metus ille*

Sure Hope, and Friendship cloath'd in White  
Attend on Thee, they still remain  
The chiefest Glories of thy Train;  
Tho' You enrag'd retreat,  
And with a hasty Flight,  
Thy Garment chang'd, forsake the falling Great.

But the base Crowd, the perjurd Whore,  
And when the Casks of Wine are dry,  
The false Pretenders quickly fly;  
They all refuse to bend  
With the declining Poor,  
And take the heavy Yoke to ease their Friend.

Preserve great *Caesar*, *Caesar* leads  
To distant *Britain*, guide his Fate,  
And keep the Glory of our State,  
The Youth that must infect  
With Arms the haughty *Medes*;  
And scatter Fears and Slavery thro' the East.

I blush at the dishonest Show,  
I die to see the Wounds and Scars,  
Those Glories of our Civil Wars;  
What Sins, a curst Age,  
Were we afraid to do,  
And what hath 'scap'd the Fury of our Rage?

What Dread of Heav'n, or Fears of Hell  
Could stop the impious daring Hand?  
And was not ev'ry Shrine prophan'd!  
Oh would'st Thou quickly whet  
Our impious blunted Steel,  
To fight the bold *Arabian*, and the *Gæte*.

ODE

*vos habet, ne, velut trabalibus clavis affixi, corporibus hæreatis.* Advers. Gent. Lib. 2. Again upbraiding them with their helpless Gods, whose Statues they were forced to secure from Danger of falling; *Subscudibus, & catenis, uncis, atque ansulis retentori, interque omnes sinus, commissurarumque juncturas plumbum ire suffusum.* *Quid miseris his esse, aut quid infelicius poterit, quam si eos in basibus ita unci retinent, & plumbeæ vinciones?* ib. Lib. 6.

19. *Sewerus.* ] Perhaps, alluding to the Hooks made Use of to drag Criminals, under Condemnation, to the appointed

## ODE XXXVI.

## ODE XXXVI.

**E**T thure, & fidibus juvat  
 Placare, & vituli sanguine debito  
 Custodes Numidæ Deos;  
 Qui nunc, Hesperia sospes ab ultimâ,  
 Caris multa sodalibus;  
 Nulli plura tamen dividit oscula,  
 Quàm dulci Lamia, memor  
 Actæ non alio rege puertæ,  
 Mutatæque simul togæ.  
 Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ;  
 Neu promptæ modus amphoræ,  
 Neu morem in Salium sit requies pedum;  
 Neu multi Damalis meri  
 Bassum Threiciâ vincat amyftide;  
 Neu defint epulis rosæ,  
 Neu vivax apium, seu breve liliū.  
 Omnes in Damalin putres  
 Deponent oculos; nec Damalis novo  
 Divelletur adultero,  
 Lascivis hederis ambitiosior.

10

15

20

ODE

pointed Punishment.

22. *Nec comitem abnegat.* ] This Passage hath some Difficulty. Fortune never leaves any Person; When she is favourable, the Poet represents Her under the Idea of a Woman finely dressed, who fills her House with Happiness and Abundance; but when she changes her Temper, she is represented as changing her Dress, and leaving the House to Destruction and Misery. Thus she still continues a Companion, even to Those whom she hath rendered miserable.

DAC.

This seems to be rather a literal Construction of the Words, than the poetical Meaning of the Author, who by Fortune's changing her Dress, alludes to the Habits of Mourning worn by People in Affliction.

26. *Diffugiunt cadis.* ] This Image, taken from the Lees of Wine, hath something extremely below the Dignity of this Ode; and however beautiful the next Idea may be, in which a false Friend is said to refuse to bear the Yoke of Life, yet there seems to be something faulty in joining two Comparisons together so very different in kind. The best Latin Authors, especially the Poets, are but too careless in this respect. *Multi quum initium a tempestate sumserint, incendio aut ruina finiunt.* QUIN.

DAC. SAN.

28. *Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.* ] A Metaphor taken from Yoke'd Oxen. Thus Pindar;

**W**ith Incense, with the Lyre's harmonious Praise,  
 And with my Victim's promis'd Blood,  
 Grateful I will the Guardian Gods adore,  
 That make my Numida their Care; [ Friends  
 Who, safe return'd from Spain, now 'mongst this  
 His num'rous fond Embrace divides;  
 To no one more than his lov'd Lamia,  
 How They beneath one Regent grew  
 Still mindful, and at once their Youthful Robe  
 For Manhood chang'd. O mark with White  
 The happy Day! Let Wine unmeasur'd flow;  
 Nor rest your Feet from Salian Bounds:  
 Nor let fair Damalis, of jovial Fame,  
 At Thracian Bumpers Bessus beat.  
 The Rose it's Bloom, and let wreath'd Parsley bring  
 It's living Verdure to the Feast,  
 With short-liv'd Lillies join'd. Their gloating Eyes  
 On Damalis They all will roll;  
 While She, ambitious as the Ivy, twines  
 Insep'rate from her new Gallant.

ODE

— Παιῖδες δ' ἐν κόμῳ κισσὸν ἄλυσαν

Καυτέρῳ πύλας ἀφ' ἑλάνης

Nem. Od. 10.

When Fortune frowns, how Few will bear,  
 With equal Yoke, thy Toils to share!

31. *Eois timendum.* ] In the End of the Year 727, Elius Gallus marched with an Army to succeed Cornelius in the Government of Egypt, and as he wanted a Fleet for his Expedition against the Arabians, He ordered a Number of Ships to be built in the Ports of the Red Sea. As this Army alarmed all the Countries of the East, so the Romans had the greatest Expectations that it would revenge all the Insults which the Republic had received from the Parthians.

There are a great many wise Conjectures which attempt to account for the Name of the Red Sea, and probably those of the greatest Learning have the least Truth. Thus of the white Sea, the blue Sea, the black Sea, the green Sea, &c. where Chance or Fancy, or some particular Event hath produced these Names, which have furnished such abundant Matter of Erudition to Critics.

SAN.

33. *Eheu cicatricum.* ] The Poet very artfully laments the Calamities of the Civil War, from which Augustus had relieved the Commonwealth, and to which it might be again exposed by his Absence.

SAN.

38. O utinam



ODE XXXVI.

WITH Incense heap the sacred Fire,  
And strike with bolder Hand the willing Lyre;  
Now let the promis'd Victim's Blood  
Be grateful to the Gods its purple Flood;  
Those guardian Gods from farthest Spain,  
Gracious who send our Numida again.  
A thousand Kisses now He gives,  
A thousand welcome Kisses He receives;  
But Lamia most his Friendship proves,  
Lamia with Tenderness and Truth he loves.  
At School their youthful Love began,  
And by the same Degrees they rose to Man.  
With happiest Marks the Day shall shine,  
Nor shall it want th' abundant Joy of Wine;  
Like Salian Priests the Dance we'll lead,  
And many a mazy Measure ceaseless tread.  
Now let the Thracian Goblet foam,  
Nor Bassus, in the breathless Draught o'ercome,  
Shall tamely yield his boasted Name  
To Damalis of very drunken Fame:  
Here let the Rose and Lilly shed  
Their short-liv'd Bloom; let wreathing Parsley spread  
Its living Verdure o'er the Feast,  
And crown with mingled Sweets the raptur'd Guest:  
On Damalis each amorous Boy  
Wanton shall gaze with Eyes that flow with Joy,  
While she, as curls the Ivy-Plant,  
Shall twine luxuriant round her new Gallant.

ODE

38. *O utinam.*] Horace prays to Fortune, that she would  
urge again the Swords, which had been stained with the  
blood of Romans in the Civil War, that they might be use-  
fully employed against the Enemies of the Republic; For  
while they were polluted with civil Blood, they must be  
objects of Hatred and Aversion to the Gods. D A C.

ODE XXXVI.

It is probable that this Ode was written in the Year 730,  
when Numida returned with Augustus from the War of  
Spain; and we may judge with how much Tenderness Ho-  
race loved his Friends, when he celebrated their Return  
with Sacrifices, Songs, and Dances. S A N.  
Vers. 2. *Placari.*) Although Numida was returned, yet

ODE XXXVI.

THIS pious Duty now to praise  
With Incense, Songs and sacred Lays,  
And with a promis'd Heifer's Blood,  
My Numida's kind Guardian God:  
Who safely now return'd again  
From the remotest Parts of Spain,  
To thronging Friends on every Side  
A Thousand Kisses does divide;  
But dearest Lamia most receives,  
And takes as gladly as he gives:  
Their equal Love at School began,  
Both the same Race of Virtue ran;  
And Both at once grew up to Man:  
Be every Head with Garlands crown'd,  
And let the flowing Bowl go round:  
Let fading Lillies and the Rose  
Their Beauty and their Smells disclose,  
Let long-liv'd Parsley grace the Feast,  
And gently cool the heated Guest:  
Then all on beauteous Damalis  
Shall lose their gloating wanton Eyes;  
But her no Charms no Nods shall move,  
And none divide Her from her Love;  
She shall embrace her young Gallant  
As twining Ivy clasps the growing Plant.

ODE

his Friends ought still to fear the Anger of the Gods until  
they had performed their Vows, and offered the Sacrifice  
which they had promised. D A C.

4. *Hesperia ab ultimâ.*) All the West of Europe was for-  
merly called *Hesperia*. Italy, *Hesperia proxima*; or, only  
*Hesperia*: Spain, *Hesperia ultima*. D A C.

6. *Dividit oscula.*) See the Remarks on Ode 15.

7. *Lamiae.*) The same mentioned Ode 26.

9. *Mutatæque simul togæ*) The Greeks and Latins called  
the Tutors of their Children *Kings*, or *Governours*. At the  
Age of seventeen their Youth put on the Toga, and were  
no longer under a Tutor's Power. The Toga was a large  
Mantle, worn over the Tunica, and different in Length,  
Colour, and Ornaments according to the Fortune or Profes-  
sion of the Wearer. S A N.

10. *Cressâ ne careat.*) As Chalk was found in great A-  
bundance in Crete, the Ancients used to say proverbially, a  
Cretan



ODE XXXVII. *Ad SODALES.*

**N**UNC est bibendum, nunc pede libero  
 Pulsanda tellus; nunc Saliaribus  
 Ornare pulvinar Deorum  
 Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.  
 Antehac nefas depromere Cæcubum  
 Cellis avitis, dum Capitolio  
 Regina dementes ruinas,  
 Funus & imperio parabat,  
 Contaminato cum grege turpium  
 Morbo virorum; quidlibet impotens  
 Sperare, fortunæque dulci  
 Ebria; sed minuit furorem  
 Vix una sospes navis ab ignibus;  
 Mentemque lymphatam Mareotico  
 Redegit in veros timores  
 Cæsar, ab Italiâ volentem

5  
10  
15  
Remis

*Cretan Mark*, for any Mark of Joy and Happiness; on the contrary, their unlucky Days were said to be marked with black.

*Cretâ, an carbone notandi* Hor.  
*Illa prius Cretâ, mox hæc carbone notasti.* Perf.

LAMB.

12. *Morem in Saliûm.*) The Salii were the Priests of Mars, who carry'd the *Antilia*, or holy Shields, in Procession, singing and dancing.

13. *Mulæ Damalis meri.*) The ancient Romans had such an Abhorrence of a Woman's drinking to Excess, that the Laws of the twelve Tables permitted an Husband to punish his Wife with Death, who was guilty of that Crime. *Unoræm semulentam marito puniendi occidendive jus potestasque esto.*

SAN.

Torrentius thinks that Damalis intended, *ut mulierum est mori*, to spare her Lover Numida in this Drinking Match, and that therefore the Challenge is formed between her and Bassus, who is encouraged to attack this Mistress of the Feast.

14. *Threiciâ amysside.*) This Term is Greek, and signifies a Custom among the Thracians of drinking a certain Measure of Wine, without closing the Lips or taking Breath.

LAMB.

16. *Vivax apium.*) A kind of wild Parsley, of a beautiful Verdure, which preserves it's Freshness a long Time, from whence the Poet calls it *vivax*.

SAN.

17. *Patres oculos.*) The Eye by Excess of Wine is loose and flowing, or almost dissolved and broken. As Love has the same Effect, Anacreon desires a Painter to draw the Eyes of his Mistress, like those of Venus, *flowing in Moisture. Ille est in Venerem patris.* Perf.

TURNER.

ODE XXXVII. *To his COMPANIONS.*

**N**OW crown the laughing Bowl, and with light  
 Foot  
 Beat fearless the glad Earth; for the just Gods  
 Now haste the sacred Couch t' adorn,  
 And *Salian* Banquets grateful spread.  
 Sooner t' have loos'd the rich *Cæcubian* Flood  
 Our Fathers press'd were impious, while the Queen  
 Mad Ruin for the *Capitol*,  
 And th' Empire's Obsequy prepar'd;  
 Swift-pouring to the Prey, already grasp'd  
 By her intemp'rate Hope, a tainted Train  
 Mankind's Reproach; and with Success  
 Inebriate; but soon one Ship,  
 Scarce rescu'd from the Flames, her Fury cools;  
 And all her Visions to real Terrours yield,  
 Each *Mareotic* Fume dispers'd,  
 When *Cæsar*, with impelling Oar,

Her

18. *Novo Adultero.*) See Remark 9. Ode 33.

19. *Ambitiosior.*)

*Arctius atque edera præcæra astringitur ilex,*  
*Lentis adhærens brachiis.* Epod. 15

## ODE XXXVII.

The Death of Cleopatra put an end to the War between Octavius and Anthony. Horace composed six Odes upon this Subject, and although this be the last, yet it is not the least beautiful; for, as if the Success of Octavius had given him new Strength, the Poet and Hero are equally triumphant. The Character of Cleopatra is perfectly finished, and her Death represented in very natural and lively Colours. All her Passions are in violent Motion; her Ambition is Drunkenness; her Love is Madness; and her Courage is Despair; while the Soul of the Poet seems to be animated with all her Transports, which break forth into a Grandeur of Sentiments, a Boldness of Figures, and an Energy of Expression.

We may observe in this Ode (as in all the others which were written on the Subject of the Civil Wars) a constant Tenderness and Care for the Person of Anthony. He raised the whole East in Arms against Octavius, and his Death had now deliver'd that Prince from a dangerous Rival, and put an end to a War, which had laid waste the Republic to many Years: Yet all the Indignation of the Poet falls upon Cleopatra, and her Death alone is propos'd as an Object of the public Joy.

TORR. SAN.

Besides the prudential Reasons of not offending the Party of Anthony, which must have been still very powerful in Rome, Horace might possibly have known that unhappy Roman

## ODE XXXVII. To his COMPANIONS.

NOW let the Bowl with Wine be crown'd,  
Now lighter dance the mazy Round;  
And let the sacred Couch be stor'd  
With the rich Dainties of a Salian Board.

Sooner to draw the mellow'd Wine,  
Prest from the rich Cæcubian Vine,  
Were impious Mirth; while yet elate  
The Queen breath'd Ruin to the Roman State.

Surrounded by a tainted Train  
Of Men effeminate, obscene,  
She rav'd of Empire-----nothing less-----  
Vast in her Hopes, and giddy with Success.

But hardly rescued from the Flames,  
One lonely Ship her Fury tames;  
While Cæsar, with impelling Oar,  
Pursu'd her flying from the Latian Shore:

Her, with Egyptian Wine inspir'd,  
With the full Draught to Madness fir'd;  
Augustus sober'd into Tears,  
And turn'd her Visions into real Fears.

As

Roman, and was too generous to insult his Reputation after his Death.

Verf. 1. *Nunc est bibendum.* ] Instead of losing himself in puerile Descriptions of the public Joy, the Poet passeth at once to the Causes from whence it rose. The boundless Projects of Cleopatra; those Alarms which she caused thro' the whole Empire; the Ruin of her Fortune, and the melancholly Catastrophe of her Death, are the Objects which animate the Scene, and fix our Attention.

S A N.

2. *Nunc Saliaribus.* ] Upon any Event advantageous to the State, the Romans ordered public Prayers in the Temples, and invited the Gods to Banquets of the greatest Magnificence. The Expression of Horace is perfectly exact; all the Ornaments of the Entertainment were a Compliment to the Gods, but the Profit belonged to their Priests.

S A N.

5. *Antebac nefas.* ] It is a Crime in any Individual, Impiety to our Country, to rejoice and make merry, when That is visit'd with any signal Calamity, or threatned with impending Ruin.

D A C.

8. *Fusus & imperio parabat.* ] *Hæc mulier Egyptia, ab æro imperatore, pretium libidinum Romanum imperium petit.*  
Flor. Lib. 4. Cap. 11.

## ODE XXXVII. To his COMPANIONS.

NOW, now 'tis Time to dance and play,  
And drink, and frolick all the Day;  
'Tis Time, my Friends, to banish Care;  
And costly Feasts  
With thankful Hearts prepare  
In hallow'd Shrines, and make the Gods your Guests:

'Twas Treason once to sport a Flask,  
And Sin to pierce the noble Cask,  
Whilst Nought but boading Fears were seen  
For Ills to come,  
When Egypt's haughty Queen,  
With wither'd Eunuchs, threaten'd mighty Rome:

A Woman vain, whose Hopes could rise  
To such Impossibilities!

A Woman drunk with sweet Success;  
Whom smiling Fate  
Had brought to dare no less

Than Cæsar's Fortune, and the Roman State.

But soon her Pride to Fears retir'd,  
When all her Ships were sunk or fir'd;  
And real Dread possess'd her Mind,

When Cæsar's Oars

Did press so close behind,

And bore his Navy to the frighted Shores;

As

*Conjugii obscæni pretium Romana poposcit  
Mænia, & additos in sua regna patres.*

Propert. Lib. 3. Eleg. 9.

9. *Contaminato cum grege.* ]

*Romanus, (ebri, posteri negabit)*

*Emancipatus femina*

*Fert vallum & arma miles, & spadonibus*

*Servire rugosis potest.*

Epod. 9.

10. *Quidlibet impotens sperare.* ] Cleopatra was so sanguine in her Hopes of subduing the Roman Empire, that, as Dion relates, her most solemn Oath was to swear, By the Justice which she would render in the Capitol.

D A C.

11. *Fortunæque dulci ebria.* ] She carry'd this Intemperance

rance



Remis adurgens, (accipiter velut  
Molles columbas, aut leporem citus  
Venator in campis nivalis  
Æmonia) daret ut catenis 20  
Fatale monstrum; quæ generosius  
Perire quærens, nec muliebriter  
Expavit ense, nec latentes  
Classe citâ reparavit oras.  
Aufa & jacentem visere regiam 25  
Vultu sereno fortis, & asperas  
Tractare serpentes, ut atrum  
Corpore combiberet venenum,  
Deliberatâ morte ferocior:  
Sævis Liburnis scilicet invidens, 30  
Privata deduci superbo  
Non humilis mulier triumpho:

ODE

rance so far as to cause herself to be called the Moon and Isis, and oblig'd Anthony to usurp the Names of Osiris and Bacchus.

13. *Ab ignibus.* ] The Fleet of Anthony, even after his Flight, made such an obstinate Resistance, that Augustus was obliged to send for Fire from his Camp to destroy it.

DAC.

14. *Mareotico.* ] A Wine much esteem'd, that took its Name from the Lake Marea, or Mareotis, near which it grew, below Alexandria.

15. *Veros timores.* ] Horace says, that continual feasting, and drinking, had disorder'd Cleopatra's Understanding even to Madness, and these *veros timores* are put in strong opposition to *quidlibet impotens sperare*. Her Hopes were vain, but all her Fears were real.

SAN.

16. *Ab Italiâ volantem.* ] Cleopatra left Ægypt with a numerous and formidable Fleet, and sailed, as to a certain Conquest, towards Italy, which, from being an Object of her Hopes, was now become a Scene of Terror, from which She fled, in the greatest Disorder, with all the Speed of Sails and Oars.

SAN.

20. *Æmonia.* ] An ancient Name of Thessaly.

*Daret ut catenis.* ] Octavius had given particular Directions to Proculeius and Epaphroditus to take Cleopatra alive, that He might make Himself Master of her Treasures and have the Glory of leading her in Triumph. Justly sensible of this Ignominy, She had reserved a Dagger for her last Extremities, and when She saw Proculeius enter, she rais'd it to stab herself, but He dexterously wrenched it from her.

LAMB.

21. *Monstrum; quæ.* ] This Manner of speaking is not without Examples in the best Authors. *Ubi est scelus, qui me perdidit?* TERENT. *Duo importuna prodigia, quos egestas, &c.* CICERO. where the Adjective is applied to

Her Flight from Italy's now-hated View  
Urg'd (as the rapid Hawk the tender Dove,  
Or o'er Æmonia's snowy Field  
The Huntsman drives the tim'rous Hare)  
That He might lead in Chains the fatal Pest;  
Who, courting a more gen'rous Doom, nor fear  
The Dagger's Ray, nor devious seeks,  
With crowded Sail, some latent Shore.  
Dauntless her State in Ruins to behold,  
With Brow serene, and with relentless Hand  
The wrathful Aspic to provoke,  
And suck the Poison thro' her Veins;  
From Death resolv'd with added Fierceness brave  
And envying Caesar's Fleet the Boast, that She  
A Captive their proud Triumph grac'd,  
And less than Egypt's Queen expir'd.

ODE

the Person, rather than to the Substantive.

24. *Nec latentes classe citâ reparavit oras.* ] But tho' be true, as to Matter of Fact, that Cleopatra, after her defeat, made no Effort to shelter herself in any remote Part of the World, yet it is certain she had before-hand taken Measures for that Purpose; for we are told by Dion, that Anthony and She made private Preparation to fly, in Case of Necessity, into Spain, where they hoped, with the Treasure, to purchase Friends, and occasion a Revolt; to escape by Way of the Red-Sea. And it is probable this last was the Project fix'd upon, since we are assur'd by Plutarch and Dion, that She had gotten together a great Number of Vessels in the Arabian Gulph, which were lent by the neighbouring People, at the Instigation of Dion Governor of Syria.

25. *Jacentem regiam.* ] It would contradict the Façade History to construe *jacentem*, lying in Ruins, dirtum et struam. In Purity of Style it may signify *massam, dirutam, desperatam*.

26. *Vultu sereno fortis.* ]

*Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat.*

Virg. Æn. I.

*Asperas.* ] This Word taken in the Sense of *exacerbata*, forms a very beautiful Image, and exactly applicable to History; for Plutarch tells us, that She provok'd the Asp to greater Fury by pricking it with a golden spindle. *Aspidem perbibent fuso aureo ipsam lacerantis et tantis adripuisse Cleopatraz brachium.*

Thus died the most beautiful and most ambitious Prince in the World, at the Age of thirty eight Years, of which She reigned seventeen. With her fell the Egyptian Monarchy, which had subsisted two hundred, fourscore,

four



As darting sudden from above,  
The Hawk attacks a tender Dove:  
Or sweeping Huntsman drives the Hare  
O'er wide Æmonia's icy Defarts drear;

So Cæsar through the Billows preſt  
To lead in Chains the fatal Peſt:  
But ſhe a nobler Fate explor'd,  
Nor Woman-like beheld the deathful Sword.

Unmov'd ſhe ſaw her State deſtroy'd,  
Her Palace now a lonely Void,  
Nor with her proſtituted Hoſt,  
For Succour fled to ſome far diſtant Coaſt.

With fearleſs Hand ſhe dar'd to graſp  
The Writhings of the wrathful Aſp,  
And ſuck the Poiſon through her Veins,  
Reſolv'd on Death, and fiercer from its Pains;

Then ſcorning to be led, the Boaſt  
Of mighty Cæſar's naval Hoſt,  
And arm'd with more than mortal Spleen,  
Defrauds a Triumph, and expires a Queen.

ODE

fourteen Years, under thirteen Kings of the Family of the Lagidæ.

30. *Sævis Liburnis.* ] The Poet mentions theſe Vellels, not only becauſe they were particularly ſerviceable in gaining the Victory, but in Compliment to his Patron Mæcenæſ, who commanded that Squadron.

32. *Mulier.* ] Mr. Dacier finds Fault with the Word *Mulier*, as beneath the Dignity of this Ode: We ſhall not enter into an Examination of the Juſtneſs of this Criticiſm, thinking it more to the Purpoſe what he farther remarks, that Horace probably made Uſe of this Word in Imitation

( As Hawks purſue the trembling Doves,  
Thro' open Fields or ſhady Groves;  
Or as ſwift Huntſmen chace the Deer  
Thro' Thracian Plains,  
That fly as wing'd with Fear )  
To bring the fatal Monſter into Chains.

But She deſign'd a Nobler Fate,  
And falling would appear as great  
As when She ſingly fill'd the Throne;  
No Fears betray'd,  
Nor fled to Coaſts unknown  
To live ſecure, or meanly beg for Aid.

Her falling Throne with ſmiling look  
She boldly ſaw; ſhe dar'd provoke  
Fierce Serpents rough with Poiſ'nous Trains,  
To dart their Tongue,  
And fill her dying Veins;  
Grown furious now on Death reſolv'd ſo long:

The ſtout *Liburnian* Ships, the Fame  
And laſting glory of her Shame,  
She envy'd; ſhe, a Soul too Proud,  
Too haughty to be ſeen

Amongſt the private Crowd,  
And grace a Triumph leſs than *Egypt's* Queen.

ODE

of Auguſtus, who, at his Interview with Cleopatra, vouchſafed that Princeſs no other Title than this of *Mulier*, which belong'd to her in common with the meanest of her Sex.  
*Bono animo eſto mulier.* DION.



ODE XXXVIII. *Ad PUERUM.*

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus:  
 Displicent nexæ philyræ cœranæ:  
 Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
     Sera moretur.  
 Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
 Sedulus curæ: neque te ministrum  
 Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arctâ  
     Vite bibentem.

This little Piece hath nothing remarkable either in the Subject or the Composition. It is rather a Song, than an Ode; and yet the Genius and Manner of a great Master appear in the smallest Works. We find here an Expression easy and natural, Verses flowing and harmonious, and a little Stroke of Pleasantry, which very happily ends the Song. Horace had probably invited some of his Friends to Supper, and his Slave was making an extraordinary Preparation for their Entertainment. But our Poet, in his Epicurean Wisdom, declares that Pleasures more simple and less extravagant were better suited to his Taste. SAN.

Verf. 3. *Rosa sera.* ] They who were more soft and delicate, thought themselves very little elegant, unless their Luxury changed the whole Year; unless they had Winter Roses floating in their Cups. *Delicati illi & fluentes parum se lautes putabant, nisi luxuria vertisset annum, nisi hybernæ poculis rosæ innataissent.* PACAT.

6. *Sedulus curæ.* ] The Elegance of this Reading, which

ODE XXXVIII. *To his SLAVE.*

I Hate, my Boy, each busy Circumstance  
 Of Persian Pride; and labour'd Wreaths dispense:  
 Search not, where sweetly-coy, with ling'ring Bloom,  
     Delays the latter Rose.  
 Myrtle alone with artless Care provide;  
 Myrtle nor Thee, who wait'st, will misbecome,  
 Nor Me, as I beneath this mantling Vine's  
     Embow'ring Shade carouze.

Mr. Cuninghame has restored from an ancient Manuscript, hath escaped the common Grammarians and Copyists. They believed that they were obliged to read *curo* with Regard to Horace, or *curo* with Relation to his Slave. SAN.

7. *Dedecet myrtus.* ] The Ancients used to crown their Heads with Myrtle in their Feasts, not only because it was sacred to Venus, but because they thought it dispelled the Vapour of their Wine. LAM.

FINIS LIBRI PRIMI.



## ODE XXXVIII. To his SLAVE.

I Tell thee, Slave, that I detest  
 The Grandeur of a Persian Feast,  
 Not for Me the Linden's Rind  
 Shall the flow'ry Chaplet bind;  
 Then search not where the curious Rose,  
 Beyond his Season loitering grows:  
 But beneath the mantling Vine  
 While I quaff the flowing Wine,  
 The Myrtle's Wreath shall crown our Brows,  
 While You shall wait, and I carouze.

## ODE XXXVIII. To his SLAVE.

I Hate, my Boy, I deeply hate  
 The useless *Persian* Pomp and State:  
 Crowns wrought with too much Art displease;  
 Forbear to seek the blushing Rose  
 Or where the Beauteous Lilly grows,  
 Such Toil disturbs our Ease:  
 A negligent and simple Dress  
 Thoughts free from Cares will most express;  
 Thy Front, my Boy, thy Front, and mine  
 A Myrtle Crown will best become.  
 Whilst I sit and quaff at Home,  
 Beneath my shady Vine.

*The End of the FIRST BOOK.*





Q. HORATII FLACCI  
CARMINUM  
LIBER SECUNDUS.

ODE I. Ad ASINIUM POLLIONEM.

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum,  
Bellique causas, & vitia & modos,  
Ludumque Fortunæ, gravesque  
Principum amicitias, & arma  
Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,  
Periculose plenum opus alere  
Tractas, & incedis per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso:

Paulum

Pollio since the Year 715 lived in a private Manner at Rome, and in his Retirement had written several Tragedies, which, in the Judgment of Horace and Virgil, had equalled the Stage of Rome to that of Athens. But a Work better meriting his whole Strength and Attention was an History of the Civil Wars. It was already far advanced when the Poet wrote this Ode, and being apprehensive lest that Applause, which Pollio received from the Stage, might interrupt an History so interesting to the Republic, He urges him in the strongest Manner to continue it, yet tells him at the same Time, how delicate and dangerous a Work He had undertaken. Mr. Dacier believes that this Ode was written in the Year 714, two Years after the Battle of Philippi, when Pollio was Consul. Yet is it very little reasonable that He should have Leisure in the very Action of the Perusian War, the Treaty of Brundisium, and the Business of his Consulship, to write either Histories or Tragedies. And as Pollio was actually then in Arms against Octavius to hinder his Passage over the Alps, it must have been a very poetical Indiscretion in Horace to write to him with so much Friendship and Esteem. Besides, Octavius was the Year before so powerful in Rome, that He obliged Lucius Antonius the Consul, and Brother of the Triumvir, to leave it; nor is it probable that he would have suffered Pollio to exercise an Office of so much Power, while he was openly engaged in the Party of Anthony. The War of Perusium ended in Spring 714, and Dion writes that Anthony, whom Pollio had joined, did not return to Italy until the Month of July the same Year; and as the Peace of Brundisium, which was concluded by the Interposition of Cocceius, Mæcenæ, and Pollio, was not perfected until September, Pollio's Consulship could have continued but a short Time, and

THE SECOND BOOK  
OF THE  
ODES  
OF  
HORACE.

Translated by Mr. BROMWICH.

ODE I. To ASINIUS POLLIO.

OUR civil Rage, it's Seeds, the Throes which  
shook  
Metellus' Consulship, and gave it Birth;  
It's Form abhor'd, it's weeping Train  
Of Woes, and Fortune's cruel Game;  
The direful Leagues of the great Chiefs, our Arms  
Still blushing with unexpiated Gore,  
You treat, a Work of dang'rous Dye!  
And walk o'er Fires that faithless sleep.

consequently He could have but little Leisure for writing. If then we fix the Date of this Ode in the Year 725, when the Civil War was ended by the Death of Anthony, we shall allow Pollio a sufficient Time for his History, and we may with more Probability suppose, that he undertook such a Work as an Amusement in his Retirement from public Affairs.

Verf. 1. *Metello.*) There were several Consuls of this Name; but Florus seems to put it beyond Doubt, that the Metellus meant here was Q. Cæcilius Metellus Celer, who, in the Year 693, had L. Afranius for his Colleague: The same Year that gave Birth to the first Triumvirate. *Caesar tantæ calamitatis eadem quæ omnium, nimia felicitas. Quis quidem Quinto Metello, Lucio Afranio consulibus, quum Romana majestas toto orbe polleret, recentesque victorias, Ponticos & Armenios triumphos in Pompejanis theatris Roma cerneret; nimia Pompeji potentia apud ociosos, ut solet, citius movit invidiam. Metellus ob imminutum Græcæ triumphum Cato adversus potentes semper obliquus, detestare Pompejanis actisque ejus obstrepere. Hinc dolor transversum igit: & præsidia dignitati paranda impulit.* *igitur Cæsare dignitatem comparare, Crasso augere, Pompejo retinere cupientibus, omnibusque pariter potentia cupidis, invadenda Republica facile convenit.* L. 4. C. 2.

2. *Vita*

## THE SECOND

## B O O K.

By the Rev. Mr. PHILIP FRANCIS

## ODE I. To ASINIUS POLLIO.

OF warm Commotions, wrathful Jars,  
The growing Seeds of Civil Wars;  
Of double Fortune's cruel Games,  
The specious Means, the private Aims,  
And fatal Friendships of the guilty Great,  
Alas! how fatal to the Roman State!  
Of mighty Legions late - subdu'd,  
And Arms with Latian Blood embru'd,  
Yet unatton'd (a Labour vast!  
Doubtful the Dye, and dire the Cast!)  
You treat advent'rous, and incautious tread  
On Fires, with faithless Ashes overspread:

Retard

2. *Vitia & modus.*) These two Words bear a very different Sense. The first shews the Consequences and Effects of the Civil War; The second explains the Conduct and Circumstances of it.

SAN.

4. *Gravæque Principum amicitias.*) Velleius, speaking of the first Triumvirate, gives the full Idea of this Epithet *gravis*. *Inter Cæsarem, Pompeium, & Crassum inita Potentia societas, quæ Urbi, Orbique terrarum, nec minus diviæque tempore ipsi exitiabilis fuerit.* The same might be said of the second Triumvirate, according to an Expression of Cato; *It was not their Enmity, but their Friendship which was fatal to the Republic.*

SAN.

5. *Nondum expiatis.*) Horace here means the Ceremonies of Expiation with which the Pontiffe used to purify the People when polluted with the Flood of their Fellow Citizens. They appeared in Arms in the Campus Martius; The Ceremony was called *Armilustrium*, and the Sacrifice *Solitaurilia*.

TURNER.

6. *Periculose opus.*) This and the two following Lines represent to Pollio his Danger in attempting a Work of so much Importance in the Subject, and so much Delicacy in the Manner of treating it. The Faith of History was to be preserved, yet without offending Augustus, or disobliging the many Families, who had been deeply engaged in the Civil War; these two Expressions, by which the Poet would represent this political Danger, *a Work of dangerous Dye, and walking through Fires*, seem to have been proverbially used in the Roman Language. *Jacta est alea. Ultimam experiri aleam.*

## THE SECOND

## B O O K.

By Mr. CREECH.

## ODE I. To ASINIUS POLLIO.

SAD Prisoners Guard, and Glory of the Bar,  
The Senate's Oracle, and great in War,  
Whose Faith and Virtue all proclaim;  
To whom the German Triumph won  
Eternal Fame,

And never-fading Glories of a Crown:

The Grounds and Vices of our Wars,

Our Civil Dangers, and our Fears,

The sport of Chance, and turns of Fate,

And impious Arms that flow'd

With yet unexpiated Blood;

The great Triumvirate,

And their Leagues fatal to the Roman State;

A dangerous Work you write; and tread

O'er Flames by treacherous Ashes hid;

Yet this you write, and give to Fame

A lasting monument of our Fathers Shame:

But

*Infelix, propeas ultima nosse mala,**Et miser ignotos vestigia ferre per ignes.* PROPERT.

SAN. DAC.

9. *Severa*

Paulum severæ Musa tragediæ  
Desit theatris: mox, ubi publicas

Res ordinâris, grande munus  
Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne mæstis præsidium reis,

Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ;

Cui laurus æternos honores

Dalmatico peperit triumpho.

Jam nunc minaci murmure cornuum

Perstringis aures; jam litui strepunt;

Jam fulgor armorum fugaces

Terret equos, equitumque vultus.

Audire magnos jam videor duces

Non indecoro pulvere sordidos;

Et cuncta terrarum subacta,

Præter atrocem animum Catonis.

10 Let th' awful Queen of Tragedy awhile  
Leave the charm'd Theatre; this nobler Task,

The Debt thy Country claims, absolv'd,  
Again the Attic Buskin wear;

Dear Pollio, of impleaded Innocence

Th' illustrious Shield, and Senate's Oracle;

15 For whom Dalmatia's Triumph bore

A Wreath whose Verdure laughs at Time.

The Trumpet threatening in thy Lines I hear,

And Clarion's mingled Vioce: Ev'n now the Field

Of brandish'd Arms the flying Steed

Appalls, and Horseman's dazzled Sight.

Methinks each mighty Leader I survey,

Breaking thro' Clouds of no inglorious Dust;

And all th' extended Earth subdu'd,

Except great Cato's haughty Soul.

Juno

9. *Severæ Musa tragediæ.*) Besides the political Danger of writing such a History, the real Difficulty of executing it happily required Pollio's whole Art and Penetration; his utmost Diligence and Care. The Poet therefore advises Him to quit all other Studies; to forget the Muse who presides over Tragedy, and to give Himself entirely to this *grande munus*. But when He shall have ordered, when He shall have formed the public Affairs, by finishing their History, let him then return to the Applause of the Theatre; to that Kind of Writing in which he had so much Success.

SAN.

10. *Publicas res ordinâris.*) The ancient Scholiasts understand *ordinâris* for *scripseris*, and although the Word be not very common in this Acceptation, yet Horace, a great Imitator of the Greeks, hath taken from them an Expression which signifies the Composition and Order of the different Matters which enter into a learned Work. *Εὐτάκτως* signifies to write a Book, as *εὐτάκτως*, a Book or Volume.

BENT.

Another Argument, of great Authority to confirm this Sense of the Ode, is an ancient Manuscript, quoted by Turnebus and Scaliger, with this Title: *Ad Asinium Pollionem, virum consularem, ut intermissis Tragediis, belli civilis describat historiam.*

16. *Dalmatico triumpho.*) Appian tells us, that Anthony sent an Army against the Parthians, a People of Illyria, who made frequent IncurSIONS into Macedonia. *Exercitum misit in Parthinos, gentem Illyricam, Macedoniam incurfare solitos.* Dion writes, that Pollio by some Battles appeased an Insurrection in Epidaurus, a City of the Parthians. *Eodem tempore apud Epidaurios (Parthineorum urbs est Epidaurus) tumultum coortum Pollio, factis aliquot praeliis, compescuit.* The Marble Tables, upon which the Romans preserved the Memory of their Triumphs, have this Inscription; Pollio, the Proconsul, in the Year — triumph-

ed the twenty-fifth Day of October for his Conquest of the Parthians. *Caius Asinius Cæsarj Pollio proconsul an — ex Parthinais octavo calendas Novembres.*

These three Passages naturally give Light to each other, and the last says expressly, that Pollio was Proconsul when He triumphed for this Expedition: It is true that the Year of this Triumph is effaced in the Inscription; but it is clearly marked in the Lines which immediately precede, where it is said, that Lucius Marcus Censorinus was Consul. His Consulship fell upon the Year 715, which Dion has marked for the Year of Pollio's Triumph, and consequently in the Ode, which mentions his Triumph, could not have been composed while he was Consul.

SAN.

It was necessary to ascertain the Time of Pollio's Triumph, and to prove that it was after his Consulship, because some Commentators say, the Ode was written during his continuance in that Office, and from thence conclude, that the Expressions *Ordinare res publicas*, and *consulenti curiæ præsidium*, mean his ordering the Affairs of the Republic as her chief Magistrate, and directing the Counsels of the Senate as her Consul. The first of these Expressions hath been already explained; the other might have been a Compliment to any Senator of Eloquence and Dignity.

24. *Atrocem animum.*) All the Praises, which this Republican Hero hath received from different Authors, are not equal to this single Character, that Cæsar found it easier to subdue the whole World, than the inflexible Spirit of Cato. Virgil, in the same Sense, says, *virtus ferax*, and Silius Italicus *atrox virtus*.

BENT.



Retard awhile thy glowing Vein,  
Nor swell the solemn, tragic Scene;  
And, when thy sage, historic Cares  
Have form'd the Train of Rome's Affairs,  
With lofty Rapture re-inflam'd, infuse  
Heroic Thoughts, and wake the buskin'd Muse:  
O Pollio, Thou the great Defence  
Of sad, impleaded Innocence,  
On whom, to weigh the grand Debate,  
In deep Consult the Fathers wait;  
For whom the Triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread  
Unfading Honours round thy laurel'd Head.  
Lo! now the Clarion's Voice I hear,  
It's threatening Murmurs pierce mine Ear!  
And in thy Lines with brazen Breath  
The Trumpet sounds the Charge of Death!  
Now, now the Flash of brandish'd Arms affright  
The flying Steed, and marring the Rider's Sight!  
Panting with Terror I survey  
The martial Host in dread Array,  
The Chiefs, how valiant, and how just!  
Defil'd with not inglorious Dust,  
And all the World in Chains, but Cato see  
His Soul unshock'd, and savage to be free.

Imperial!

But hold thy Mourning Muse, forbear  
To tread the crowded Theater,  
Till Quiet spread o'er State Affairs  
Shall lend thee Time for meaner Cares;  
And then inspir'd with Tragick Rage  
Return to the forsaken Stage,  
And mourn the Faults and Follies of the Age.

Methinks the Trumpet's threatening Sound  
Disturbs our Rest with fierce Alarms,  
And from the shining Arms  
A dreadful Lightning spreads around;  
It darts pale Fear through ev'ry Eye,  
The Horses start, and trembling Riders fly:

Methinks the warlike Captains Shouts are heard,  
With fordid Dust how Gloriously besmear'd!  
In Blood I see the Soldiers roul,

I see the World obey,  
All yield, and own great Cæsar's Sway,  
Beside the stubborn Cato's haughty Soul.

June,

25 Juno, & Deorum quisquis amior  
 Afris, inultâ cesserat impotens  
 Tellure, victorum nepotes  
 Rettulit inferias Jugurthæ.  
 Quis non Latino sanguine pinguior  
 Campus sepulcris impia prælia  
 Testatur, auditumque Medis  
 Hesperiaë sonitum ruinæ?  
 Quis gurgēs? Ecquæ flumina lugubris  
 Ignara belli? quod mare Dauniae  
 Non decoloravere cædes?  
 30 Quæ caret ora cruore nostro?  
 Sed ne reliētis, Musa præcax, jocis,  
 Cææ retractes munera Næniæ;  
 Mecum Dionæo sub antro  
 Quære modos leviori plectro.

## ODE

25. *Juno, & Deorum.* ) Horace here leaves the History of Pollio, and without any Connexion with the former Part of the Ode, throws Himself into such Reflexions as he knew could not be disagreeable to Augustus. With his usual Address upon this delicate Subject, He avoids the true Causes of the Civil Wars, and ascribes them, not to the Ambition of Cæsar, but to the Vengeance of the Gods.

D A C.

28. *Rettulit inferias.* ) The Word *rettulit* is here taken in the same Sense as in the Proverb *par pari referre*, and *inferias* alludes to a Custom of the Ancients, who sacrificed a Number of Prisoners upon the Tombs of their Generals. This Custom at length appeared so barbarous to the Roman People, that they were contented with the less cruel Fights of their Gladiators, who were called *Buſtuarij*, from fighting before the Sepulchres of the Dead.

T O R R.

29. *Quis non Latino sanguine.* ) The Poet no longer confines Himself to the Quarrel between Cæsar and Pompey, but exposes in general the melancholy Effects of the whole Civil War. The Images of these two Strophes are very nobly spirited; Rivers and Gulphs appear animated and enlivened; and Italy is represented as a vast Body, the Fall of which is heard to Nations most distant.

S A N. D A C.

30. *Impia prælia.* ) All Wars among Fellow-Citizens are impious, as they tend to the Destruction of their Country; but the Poet has been careful that the Epithet should not offend Octavius, since he has not marked upon which Party this Impiety lay, and hath been particularly cautious

*Juno*, and ev'ry God that foil'd withdrew,  
 Unable to revenge her *Africk's* Wound,  
 With Offerings of the Victor Race  
*Jugurtha's* Manes have appeas'd.  
 What Land records not, rich with *Roman* Gore,  
 And cover'd o'er with Graves, our impious Wars!  
 Ev'n distant *Medes* astonish'd heard  
*Hesperia* rushing to her Fall!  
 What Gulph, what River of our mournful Folds  
 Unconscious flows? what Sea has not been dy'd  
 With *Daunian* Carnage? or what Shore  
 Has thirsted for our Blood in vain?  
 But hold, rash Muse, the solemn, *Cean* Dirge  
 Ill-suits thy sportive Vein! then seek, with Me,  
 The *Dionæan* Grot's Retreat;  
 And less unequal Strains inspire.

## ODE

not to name the second Triumvirate.

S A N.

37. *Sed ne reliētis.* ) The Poet stops here very happily; He could not enter into a Detail of the Actions of the second Triumvirate, without touching upon Things, which might displease Augustus; and perhaps he would thus insinuate to Pollio, how much Caution was necessary in writing the History which he had undertaken.

S A N.

38. *Cææ retractes munera næniæ* ) Nænia is an Hebrew or Syriac Word, which properly signifies the Song that was sung at Funerals by the Mourners. But by Nænia in this Passage, the Poet intends the Goddess Nænia, who presided over Tears, Lamentations, and Funerals; He bids his Muse be cautious not to attempt the Office of the melancholy Cean Goddess, and by this Goddess He means the Muse who inspired Simonides, whose Verses were so tender and affecting, that Catullus calls them, *the Tears of Simonides*.

*Mæsius lacrymis Simonideis.*

D A C.

39. *Dionæo sub antro.* ) Although Dione was the Mother of Venus, yet Venus herself is called by that Name. The Poet therefore invites his Muse into the Cave of Venus, there to sing of Love and Gallantry in a Tone less elevated, *leviori plectro*, and forbids her to imitate the plaintive Strains of Simonides.

L A M B.

Imperial Juno, fraught with Ire,  
And all the partial Gods of Tyre,  
Who, feeble to revenge her Cries,  
Retreated to their native Skies,  
Have, in the Victor's bleeding Race, repaid  
Jugurtha's Ruin, and appeas'd his Shade.

What Plain, by Mortals travers'd o'er,  
Is not enrich'd with Roman Gore?  
Unnumber'd Sepulchres record  
The deathful Harvest of the Sword,  
And proud Hesperia rushing into Thrall,  
While distant Parthia heard the cumberous Fall.

What Gulph, what rapid River flows,  
Unconscious of our wasteful Woes?  
What rolling Sea's unfathom'd Tide  
Have not the Daunian Slaughters dy'd?  
What Coast, encircled by the briny Flood,  
Boasts not the shameful Tribute of our Blood?

But Thou, my Muse, to whom belong  
The soft Delights, and jocund Song,  
Beyond thy Province cease to stray,  
Nor vain revive the plaintive Lay:  
Seek humbler Measures, indolently laid  
With Me beneath some Love-sequester'd Shade.

ODE

*Juno*, and *Africk's* Guardian Pow'r,  
That left their ruin'd Seats before,  
Unable to revenge their Fall;  
Have now on *Rome* return'd Disgrace,  
And offer'd up the Victor's Race  
To great *Jugurtha's* Ghost, and *Hannibal*.

What Land is free, what Plain  
Not fatned by the *Roman* Slain?  
And cannot witness by the Graves it shows  
Our Empire's Fall, whose Noise is spread  
O'er *Persia* and the distant *Mede*,  
The Sport and Laughter of our smiling Foes?

What Lake, unstain'd before,  
Not knows our War, and swells with *Latian* Gore?  
What Sea's not dy'd? On what unhappy Flood,  
On what remoter Coast  
Have not our Youth been lost,  
Grown Impiously Prodigal of their Blood?

Enough, my Muse, Complaints forbear,  
With me to shady Grots retire,  
Thy Mourning cease, divert thy Care;  
And there with softer Touches move thy Lyre.

P

ODE



ODE II. Ad CRISPUM SALLUSTIUM.

NULLUS argento color est avaris.  
Abdito terris; inimice lamne,  
Crispe Sallusti, nisi temperato  
Splendeat usu.  
Vivet extento Proculeius ævo,  
Notus in fratres animi paterni;  
Illum aget pennâ metuentes solvi  
Fama superstes.  
Latiùs regnes, avidum domando  
Spiritus, quàm si Libyam remotis  
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Pœnus  
Serviat uni.

Crescit

The mention of Phraates in this Ode might have directed us to the Date of it, but Dion and Justin differ in their Accounts in what Year that Tyrant was restored to the Throne of Parthia. Justin fixes his Restoration in the Year 728, when Augustus was in Spain. *Quum magno tempore finitimas civitates Phraates fatigasset, Scytharum maximo auxilio in regnum restituitur, & Tiridates ad Cæsarem in Hispania bellum tunc temporis gerentem profugit.* This Account makes the Banishment of Phraates to have continued ten Years, since he was driven out of Parthia soon after his Victory over Anthony, the Glory of which had inspired him with insupportable Cruelty and Pride. *Qua victoria insolentior redditus, quum multa crudeliter confuleret, in exilium a populo suo pellitur.*

Dion tells the Story differently. When Augustus was in his Eastern Expedition, in the Year 724, Tiridates fled to him for Succours against Phraates, who at the same Time sent an Embassy to him. *Tiridates victus in Syriam confugit, Phraates victor legatos ad Cæsarem misit.* It is true, Justin speaks upon the Faith of Trogus Pompeius, who was Cotemporary with Augustus; but Justin hath only abridged his History, and is, in general, sufficiently perplexed in his Accounts of Parthia. On the contrary, Dion hath digested his Facts, according to their Years, from the public Acts; a Method in which he could not easily mistake. We can therefore only conclude with certainty, that this Ode was written between the Years seven hundred and twenty four, and thirty two. All beyond this is guessing.

Mr. Dacier gives this Ode an Air of Satire, as if Horace intended to cure Sallust of his Prodigality by disengaging him from his excessive Expences, and to fortify him, by the Power of Examples, against Avarice and Ambition. Nothing appears in the Ode to support this Criticism; History formally contradicts it; and Horace had too much Art to treat the second Favourite of Augustus in so familiar a manner.

Sallust was a Courtier of a philosophical Character. Contented with the Rank in which he was born, like a faithful

ODE II. To CRISPUS SALLUSTIUM

By MR. JABEZ HUGHES.

SALLUST, whose noble Thoughts disdain  
The Miser's hoarded Heaps of Gain,  
Which close from Sight of dreaded Eyes  
In Earth imprison'd blindly lyes;  
The fullen Silver casts no Rays,  
'Till gen'rous Use and Charities divine  
To the dull Mass impart a Blaze,  
The Metal burnish bright, and make it shine.

Extended to succeeding Days  
Shall *Proculeius'* Name survive,  
Who to his suffering Brethren, kind,  
Express'd a Father's gracious Mind;  
For this, his long-recorded Praise  
Shall flourish ever fresh, and unextinguish'd live.

The Lust of Riches to restrain,  
And ever-craving Avarice subdue,  
Is greater than beneath thy sole Command  
Wide *Africk* to reduce, and spacious *Spain*;  
And with Majestic Glory view  
Thy ample Sway stretch'd out o'er either *Punic Land*.

The

Follower of Epicurus, he knew how to join an open unbounded Luxury to a laborious Care of the public Affairs; and the Poet, in setting forth the Maxims of Epicurean Philosophy, seems indirectly to applaud the Person who could thus bound his Desires, and enjoy with Honour the considerable Fortune which his Uncle had raised.

S. A. N.

His Character is thus given by Tacitus, *Quamquam prompto ad capeffendos honores aditu, Mæcenatem æmulatus, sine dignitate senatoria multos triumphalium consulariumque potentia antecit. diversus à veterum instituto, per cultum & magnitiam; copiamque & affluentia luxuriosior: suberat tamen vigor animi, ingentibus negotiis par; eo acrior, quo somnum & inertiam magis ostentabat. Igitur incolumi Mæcenate proximis; mox præcipuus cui secreta inniterentur, & interficiendi Postumi Agrippæ conscius; ætate provecita speciem magis in amicitia principis quam vim tenuit. idque & Mæcenati acciderat; fato potentie raro sempiternæ: an satias capit, aut illos cum omnia tribuerunt; aut hos, cum jam nihil reliquum est quod cupiant.*

Annal. Lib. 3.

Verf. 4.

## ODE II. TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

GOLD hath no Lustre of its own,  
It shines by temperate Use alone,  
And when in Earth it hoarded lies,  
My Sallust can the Mass despise.

With never-falling Wing shall Fame  
To latest Ages bear the Name  
Of Proculus, who could prove  
A Father in a Brother's Love.  
By Virtue's Precepts to controul  
The thirsty Cravings of the Soul,  
Is over wider Realms to reign,  
Unenvied Monarch, than if Spain  
You could to distant Lybia join,  
And both the Carthages were thine.

The

Vers. 4. *Ufu.] Divitis auri vena similis est reliqua terra, si jaceat: Ufu crescit ad pretium.*

Cassiodor. Lib. 4. Epist. 34.

5. *Proculus.]* Had two Brothers, Terentius and Licinius. Terentius was designed Consul in the Year seven hundred and thirty, but died before he could enter upon his Office. Licinius unfortunately engaged himself in a Conspiracy against Augustus, nor could all the Interest of Proculus and Mæcenas, who had married their Sister Terentia, preserve him from Banishment. An old Commentator relates a particular Story, which greatly enlightens this Passage: He says, that Proculus divided his Patrimony with his Brothers, whose Fortunes were ruined in the Civil Wars.

But besides this noble Instance of Generosity, the Character of Proculus is perfectly amiable. He was a great Lover of Men of Letters, whom he supported by his Credit, and animated by his Bounty: Nor was he less remarkable for

## ODE II. TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

DEAR Friend, whose generous Thoughts despise  
The creeping Fears of Avarice,  
How Silver looks, how mean and base,  
How much below the common Brass,  
Unless a Moderate Use refine,  
A Value give, and make it shine?

Kind *Proculus*, just and good,  
In Fame as Noble as in Blood,  
Who with a Father's care did grant  
Supplies, and eas'd his Brother's Want,  
Long, long shall live; surviving Fame  
On lasting Wings shall bear his Name.

That Man a wider Empire gains  
That his own craving With restrains,  
Than he whose Sword and wide Command  
Join distant *Spain* and *Libya's* Sand:  
Than if they did his Arms obey,  
And either *Carthage* own his Sway.

The

his constant Fidelity to Augustus, who had once some Intentions of making him his Son-in-Law; yet the Poet thinks it more glorious for him to be recommended to Posterity by this noble Instance of Brother's Love, than by being a Favourite and Confident of the Master of the World.

D A C. SAN.

11. *Uterque Pannus.]* That is, Carthage in Africa, and New Carthage (now Carthagena) in Spain; both which were built by the Phœnicians.

D A C.

P 2

13. *Crisis.*

Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops,  
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi  
Fugerit venis, & aquosus albo  
Corpore languor.

Redditum Cyri solio Phraaten,  
Diffidens plebi, numero beatorum  
Eximit Virtus; populumque falsis  
Dedocet uti  
Vocibus: regnum, & diadema tutum  
Deferens uni, propriamque laurum,  
Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto  
Spectat acervos.

## ODE

13. *Crescit indulgens.* ] The Ancients frequently compared the covetous and ambitious, to Persons afflicted with a Dropsy. Water only irritates the Thirst of one, as Honours and Riches provoke the insatiable Appetite of the other. Indeed great Fortunes rather enlarge than fill our Desires.

D A C.

15. *Et aquosus albo corpore languor.* ] An exact and beautiful Description of that kind of Dropsy called by the Greeks *αισασάρκα*, *σαρκίτης*, and *λευκοφλεγματίας*, which induces a pituitous Paleness over the whole Body. Serenus Samonicus speaking of the same Distemper, seems to have had his Eye upon our Author;

*Unguis quo frangit vires languoris aquosi.* D A C.

17. *Redditum Cyri Solio Phraaten.* ] In the Year 733, Phraates, having restor'd the Roman Eagles taken in the Defeat of Crassus, received the regal Diadem from the Hand of Tiberius, and sent his Sons Hostages to Rome; after which there is little Likelihood the Poet would treat him with so contemptuous a Severity. and hence, as Mr. Dacier observes, arises no slight Argument for confirming the Date fixed to this Ode; That it was written presently after the Restoration of that Tyrant by the Scythians.

18. *Numero beatorum.* ] Horace alludes to an Expression very frequent among the People, who usually called those Persons happy, who were greatly rich. *Beatus est qui multa bona possidet.* VARRO. Virtue, says the Poet, never talks the Language of the Vulgar, and gives the Title of happy to him alone, who can despise the Wealth which others possess.

D A C.

The fatal Dropsy swells within,  
Indulg'd with flatt'ring Draughts in vain;  
15 The raging Tumor puffs the bloated Skin,  
Nor can th' impatient Thirst be quell'd,  
'Till the dire Cause of all the Pain  
Be from the Veins expell'd.

Restor'd to Cyrus' Throne, tho' proud.  
*Phraates* rules the spacious East,  
Virtue, dissenting from the Croud,  
Will not pronounce him blest.  
The Vulgar's Style she soberly reclaims,  
Which misapplies mistaken Names,  
And points to him the Diadem,  
Who can, with unregarding Eye,  
Pass the pill'd Heaps of Treasure by,  
And the vain Sight condemn.

## ODE

19. *Virtus.* ] Philosophy, which is here called Virtue, instructs us to reconcile our Passions with Reason, and our Pleasure with Duty; but the Croud in a false Use of Words, disguise the real Nature of Things by mistaken Names. *Fraudare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium appellant.* Tac.

D A C.

*Eximit virtus.* ] Phraates, to make his Way to the Throne, murdered his Father, and thirty of his Brethren; when finding himself hated by the Nobility, he commanded his Eldest Son, now grown up, to be put to Death, that they might have no one, in Case of a Revolt, whereon to fix their Choice.

Justin.

23. *Oculo irretorto.* ] The Man who can look directly upon an Heap of Gold, without being obliged to turn away his Eyes, or being dazzled with it's Splendour, is, in the Language of Virtue, the only King. Such is an Eagle's Eye, which can look directly, *oculo irretorto*, at the Sun.

LAMB.



The Dropsy, by Indulgence nurs'd,  
Pursues us with increasing Thirst,  
Till Art expels the Cause, and drains  
The watry Languor from our Veins.  
But Virtue can the Croud unteach  
Their false, mistaken Forms of Speech;  
Virtue, to Crouds a Foe profess,  
Disdains to number, with the Blest,  
Phraates, by his Slaves ador'd,  
To Parthia's guilty Crown restor'd,  
But gives the Diadem, the Throne,  
And laurel Wreath to Him alone,  
Who can, a treasure'd Mass of Gold,  
With firm, unshaken Eye behold.

## ODE

The Dropsies still by Drink increase,  
In vain are all our Hopes of Ease;  
The Jaws are dry, the Thirst remains  
Until the fatal Humours cease;  
Until the Cause of the Disease  
Shall leave the swoln and craving Veins:

*Phraates* fixt in *Cyrus* Throne,  
Ador'd like *Persia's* rising Sun,  
True Sense, that scorns the People's Test,  
Ne'er ranks among the happy Blest;  
From Cheats of Words the Crowd she brings  
To real Estimate of things.

To him she gives, to him alone  
The Laurel, and the lasting Throne,  
Whose Eyes can unconcern'd behold  
The darling Heaps of shining Gold;  
Whose Mind doth never Wealth pursue,  
Nor turn to take a second View.

## ODE

## ODE III. Ad Q. DELLIIUM.

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis  
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
 Ab insolenti temperatam  
 Lætitiâ; moriture Delli,

Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,  
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies  
 Festos reclinatum beâris  
 Interiore notâ Falerni;

Quâ pinus ingens, albaque populus  
 Umbra[m] hospitalem consociare amant  
 Ramis, & obliquo laborat  
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

Huc

Dellius was a true Picture of Inconstancy. After Cæsar's Death he changed his Party four times in the Space of twelve Years, from whence Messala used pleasantly to call him *desultorem bellorum civilium*, in allusion to a Custom of the ancient Cavalry who had two Horses, and vaulted from one to the other as they were tired. The Peace, that succeeded the Civil Wars, gave him an Opportunity of establishing his Affairs, which must naturally have been greatly disordered by so many Changes. At this time Horace wrote this Ode, in which he instructs him in the purest Maxims of Epicurean Philosophy.

The Soul and Body, in the Opinion of Epicurus, were two Parts, composed of the same Matter, which ought to unite in the Harmony and Agreement of their Pleasures for the Happiness of Man. Horace therefore, after advising Dellius to possess his Soul in Tranquillity by the Moderation of his Passions, allows him to indulge his Senses with innocent Diversions. This is all that an Epicurean can reasonably say, according to his own Principles.

S A N.

Verf. 1. *Æquam*. ) Virtue finds Dangers and Difficulties in all Extremes of Life. Prosperity exalteth us too high; Adversity depresseth us too low. The last Effort therefore of Reason is to support us equally between Presumption and Despair; nor is any Reflexion more capable of producing this Equality of Soul, than the Thoughts of Death, which shall one Day put an end to all the Changes of Fortune. Such a Reflexion may furnish us with Motives of Patience in our Affliction, and of Moderation in our Pleasures.

S A N.

4. *Moriture Delli*. ) The whole Beauty and Force of this Strophe consist in the single Word *Moriture*, which is not only an Epithet, but a Reason, to confirm the Poet's Advice.

D A C.

## ODE III. To DELLIIUS.

AN even Mind, should Fortune frown, maintain;  
 Nor, *Dellius*, by her brightest Smile betray'd  
 To an unsober Joy, forget  
 That Thou must yield thy transient Breath:

5 Whether thou cheerless liv'st, the Slave of Care;  
 Or on soft Verdures, in some sweet Recess,  
 With choice *Falernian*, entertain'st  
 Thy Genius on each Festal Day:

Where the white Poplar, with the lofty Pine,  
 Delights to form an hospitable Shade;  
 And gurgling, thro' the sylvan Scene,  
 Obliquely toils the flying Stream.

Here

8. *Interiore notâ Falerni*. ) The Romans marked, upon every Cask, the Growth and Vintage of their Wines, and as they were laid in every Year, the oldest must have been deepest in the Cellar. We may likewise understand some choicer Wine, kept for a particular Occasion of Mirth and Pleasure.

OLD COM. LAMB.

9. *Albaque populus*. ) The Poplar Leaf is white below, and of a deep green above, whence Virgil calls it *bicolor*. The Mythologists give a pleasant Reason for it. Hercules having descended to Hell crowned with Poplar, his Sweat withered the Leaves on one side, and the Smoke blackened the other.

S A N.

12. *Lympha fugax*. ) Here Lambinus cries out, Horace is wonderful, I had almost said divine, in his Epithets. How happy is the Word *trepidare*, to signify the Course of a Rivulet, which flows *tremule* & *trepide*, which *laborat trepidare*, flows with Pain and Labour, and Murmuring!

13. D

## ODE III. To DELLIVS.

SHOULD Fortune frown, live Thou serene,  
Nor let your Spirit rise too high,  
Though she should kinder change the Scene,  
Alas! my Dellivus, Thou wert born to die;

Whether your Hours flow, mournful pass,  
Or swiftly joyous glide away,  
Whether, reclining on the Grass,  
You blest with choicer Wine the festal Day,

Where high the Poplar and the Pine  
Expel th' inhospitable Beam;  
Where their luxuriant Branches twine,  
And toils, obliquely swift, the purling Stream.

Here

## ODE III. To DELLIVS.

AN even Mind in ev'ry State,  
Amidst the Frowns and Smiles of Fate,  
Dear mortal *Dellivus*, always show;  
Let not too much of cloudy Fear,  
Nor too intemperate Joys appear  
Or to contract, or to extend thy Brow:

Whether thy dull unhappy Years  
Run slowly clogg'd with Hopes and Fears,  
And sit too heavy on thy Soul;  
Or whether crown'd on Beds of Flow'rs  
Mirth softly drives thy easie Hours,  
And cheers thy Spirits with the choicest Bowl:

Where Poplars white, the lofty Pine  
And Myrtles friendly Branches joyn,  
And hospitable Shades compose;  
Where near a purling Spring doth glide  
In winding Streams, and softly chide  
The interrupting Pebble as it flows.

There



Huc vina, & unguenta, & nimum brevis  
Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ;

Dum res, & ætas, & sororum

Fila trium patiuntur atra.

15

Cedes cœmtis saltibus, & domo,  
Villæque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit:

Cedes; & extructis in altum

Divitiis potietur hæres.

20

Divesne, prisco & natus ab Inacho,  
Nil interest, an pauper, & infimâ

De gente sub dio moreris,

Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium

25

Versatur urnâ, seriùs, ociùs

Sors exitura, & nos in æternum

Exilium impositura cymbæ.

## ODE

13. *Et nimum brevis flores rosæ.*) The following beautiful Epigram, written by Virgil, has been translated as the best Comment upon our Author:

*Quam longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum,*

*Quas pubescentes juncta senectâ premit.*

*Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eûs,*

*Hanc rediens sero vespere vidit anum.*

Mark one Day's Reign, so long the lovely Rose,  
In Virgin Pride, with living Purple glows,  
And, as it triumphs, hastens to it's Doom,  
While Age united nips the blushing Bloom:  
That which the Sun beheld in rich Array,  
Fresh breathing Fragrance to the new-born Day,  
At his Return, declines the haggard Head,  
It's Beauties blasted, and it's Glories dead.

D.

15. *Res.*) Three Things invite Dellius to pursue the Poet's Advice; *Res*, his present State of Fortune which was happily improved since his submitting to Augustus after the Battle of Actium; *Ætas*, his Age which was now in its greatest Vigour; *Fila trium sororum*, his Health, which promised him a Number of Years, while the Fates yet spin the black and fatal Thread of Life.

S A N.

Here Wine, here Odours, and the short-liv'd Bloom  
Of Roses bid them bring; while Youth invites,  
While Pleasure led by Affluence waits,  
And Fate thy mortal Thread prolongs.

Thy purchas'd Woods, thy pleasant Villa wash'd  
By Tiber's yellow Wave, thy stately House,  
These you shall leave; and soon your Heir  
Your high-pil'd Treasure shall invade.

Or poor, or rich; whether an humble Birth  
You own, or boast from Kings a proud Descent,  
It matters not; impartial Death  
No Pity for his Victim knows.

All tread one Path compell'd; for ever shakes  
The gen'ral Urn, whose Lot on Charon's Boat  
Embarks us all, or soon or late,  
To never-ending Exile doom'd.

## ODE

*Et Sororum.*) Catullus, speaking of the Fates, makes use of the same Appellation, *Sorores*;

*Accipe, quod læta tibi pandunt luce sorores,  
Veridicum oraculum.*————

21. *Prisco natus ab Inacho.*) A Proverbial Expression: The Time of Inachus being, in profane History, a Period of the most remote Antiquity. He founded the Kingdom of the Argives (according to Castor as quoted by Eusebius) 1080 Years before the first Olympiad.

24. *Victima nil miserantis Orci.*) Mr. le Févre remarks, That Hesiod hath express'd this by a single Epithet: He calls Men *κρῖσις*, *Victims nourish'd for Death.*

25. *Omnium versatur urna.*) As it was customary among the Ancients to decide Affairs of the utmost consequence by Lot, they feigned that the Names of all Mankind were written upon Billets, and thrown into an Urn which was perpetually in Motion; and that they whose Billets were first drawn should die first.

D A C.

Here pour thy Wines, thine Odours shed,  
 Bring forth the rosy, short-liv'd Flow'r,  
 While Fate yet spins thy mortal Thread,  
 While Youth and Fortune give the blissful Hour.

Your purchas'd Woods, your House of State,  
 Your Villa wash'd by Tiber's Wave,  
 You must, my Delliis, yield to Fate,  
 And to your Heir these high-pil'd Treasures leave.

Though you could boast a Monarch's Birth,  
 And Wealth unbounded round Thee flows;  
 Though poor, and sprung from vulgar Earth,  
 No Pity, for his Victim Pluto knows.

Thus all must tread the Paths of Fate,  
 Thus ever shakes the mortal Urn,  
 Whose Lot embarks us, soon or late,  
 On Charon's Boat, ah! never to return.

ODE

There bring thy Wine, thy Odours spread,  
 Let fading Roses crown thy Head,  
 Whilst Wealth, and Age and Life will bear;  
 For you must leave your Groves, your House,  
 And Farm, where yellow *Tiber* flows;  
 And thy heap'd Wealth shall fill thy greedy Heir.

For whether sprung from Royal Blood,  
 Or from the meanest of the Crowd;  
 'Tis all a Case, for nought can save;  
 The Hand of Fate doth strike at all;  
 And thou art surely doom'd to fall  
 A Sacrifice to the impartial Grave.

Our Lots are cast, Fate shakes the Urn,  
 And each Man's Lot must take his turn;  
 Some soon leap out, and some more late:  
 But still 'tis sure each Mortal's Lot  
 Will doom his Soul to *Charon's* Boat,  
 To bear th' eternal Banishment of Fate.

Q

ODE

ODE IV. *Ad XANTHIAM PHOCEUM.*

**N**E fit ancillæ tibi amor pudori  
Xanthia Phoceu: Prius insolentem

Serva Briseis niveo colore

Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum

Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ:

Arfit Atrides medio in triumpho

Virgine raptâ;

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ

Theffalo victore, & adeptus Hector

Tradidit fessis leviora tolli

Pergama Graiis.

Nescias an te generum beati

Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes:

Regium certè genus, ac Penates

Mœret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ

Plebe delectam; neque sic fidelem,

Sic lucro averfam potuisse nasci

Matre pudendâ.

Brachia, & vultum, teretesque furas

Integer laudo: fuge suspicari,

Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas

Claudere lustrum.

## ODE

Horace with an Air of Irony and Pleasantry, encourages Phoceus to indulge his Passion for his Slave. It hath been already remarked that Lovers of this kind were called *Ancillaristi*; We have the Term in Martial, with another of the same Character.

*Ancillariolum tua te vocat uxor, & ipsa*

*Leticariola est; estis, Alauda, pares.*

Verf. 3. *Niveo colore.*] Dares Phrygius hath left us the following Picture of Briseis. *Briseidam formosam, alta statura, candidam, capillo flavo, & molli, superciliis junctis, oculis venustis, corpore æquali, blandam, affabilem, verecundam, animo simplici, piam.* Briseis was beautiful, tall of Stature, fair-complexioned; her Hair yellow and delicate; Her Eye-brows joined; Her Eyes modestly sweet; and Her whole Person exactly proportioned. She was gentle, affable, modest, simple of Manners, and pious. He hath also given this Description of Cassandra: *Mediocri statura, ore rotundo, rufam, oculis micantibus.* Cassandra was of middle Stature, Her Mouth little and round, Her Complexion ruddy, Her Eyes sparkling.

ODE IV. *To XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.*

By Mr. DUKE.

**B**LUSH not, my Friend, to own the Love  
Which thy fair Captive's Eyes do move;

5 *Achilles* once the fierce, the brave,

Stoop'd to the Beauties of a Slave;

*Tecmessa's* Charms could over-power

*Ajax*, her Lord and Conqueror;

Great *Agamemnon*, when Success

10 Did all his Arms with Conquest bless;

When *Hector's* Fall had gain'd him more

Than ten long rolling Years before;

By a bright captive Virgin's Eyes

E'en in the midst of Triumph dyes.

15 You know not to what mighty Line

The lovely Maid may make you joyn;

See but the Charms her Sorrow wears,

No Common Cause could draw such Tears;

Those Streams sure that adorn her so

20 For loss of Royal Kindred flow:

Oh! think not so divine a Thing

Could from the Bed of Commons spring;

Whose Faith could so unmov'd remain,

And so averse to sordid Gain,

Was never born of any Race

That might the noblest Love disgrace.

Her blooming Face, her snowy Arms,

Her well-shap'd Leg, and all the Charms,

Of her Body, and her Face,

I, poor I, may safely praise:

Suspect not Love the youthful Rage

From *Horace's* declining Age;

But think remov'd, by forty Years,

All his Flames and all thy Fears.

## ODE

13. *Nescias.*] Horace here answers an Objection, that all the Slaves whom he had named, were Daughters of Kings; that the greatest Princes might therefore have loved them without Shame, and that these Examples could not authorise Phoceus in his Love for Phillis, who was probably of



ODE IV. TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

**B**LUSH not, my Phoceus, though a Dame  
Of servile State thy Breast enflame;  
A Slave could stern Achilles move,  
And bend his haughty Soul to Love:  
Ajax, invincible in Arms,  
Was captiv'd by his Captive's Charms:  
Atreides, midst his Triumphs mourn'd,  
And for a ravish'd Virgin burn'd,  
What Time, the fierce Barbarian Bands  
Fell by Peleides' conquering Hands,  
And Troy (her Hector swept away)  
Became to Greece an easier Prey.

Who knows, when Phillis is your Bride,  
To what fine Folk you'll be ally'd?  
Her Parents dear, of gentle Race,  
Shall not their Son-in-law disgrace.  
She sprung from Kings, or nothing less,  
And weeps the Family's Distress.  
Think not that such a charming She,  
Can of the sordid Vulgar be;  
To shameless, prostituted Earth,  
Think not that Phillis owes her Birth,  
Who with such Firmness could disdain  
The Force and Flatteries of Gain.  
Yet, after all, believe me, Friend,  
can with Innocence commend  
Her blooming Face, her snowy Arms,  
Her taper Leg, and all her Charms;  
For, trembling on to forty Years,  
My Age forbids all jealous Fears.

ODE

of an obscure Family.

DAC.

15. *Regium genus.*] These Words must be construed in the Nominative Case, and do not depend upon *maeret*. As the Romans had subdued all the Kingdoms of the World, Horace would insinuate that Phillis might possibly be some conquered Monarch's Daughter. When Nero had resolved to marry Acte, he suborned two Consular Persons to swear that she was of a Family Royal. *Acten libertam paulum abfuit quin iusto matrimonio sibi conjungeret, submissis Consularibus viris qui regio genere ortam, pejerarent.* S U E T.

ODE IV. TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

**D**EAR *Xanthias*, 'tis a faulty Shame,  
Blush not to own a Noble Flame  
Rais'd by thy Captive's Charms;  
The fair *Briseis* once could move  
*Achilles* stubborn Soul to Love,  
And force the haughty Heroe to her Arms:  
*Tecmessa's* Charms subdu'd her Lord,  
And Conquering *Ajax* soon ador'd;  
By fair *Cassandra's* Eyes,  
When *Hector* fell, and left his *Troy*  
To weary *Greeks* an easy Prey,  
E'en midst his Triumph great *Atreides* dies.

See what a Beauteous Majesty,  
And how commanding is her Eye,  
Her Look proclaims her State;  
She Mourns, she Mourns a Royal Race,  
And Parents equal to her Face,  
And grieves to see so strange a Whirl of Fate.

Ne'er think her, Friend, of Common Blood;  
Nor sprung from the dishonest Crowd  
A Mind so bravely bold,  
So chaste as to resist the Arts  
That take the mean unguarded Hearts,  
The Force of pressing Youth, and Charms of Gold.

Her Face, her Neck, her Breast and Arms  
I praise not, taken with her Charms;  
Suspicious Thoughts remove:  
Let almost forty feeble Years  
Secure thy Mind from jealous Fears,  
And tell that *Horace* is too old for Love.

ODE

17. *Scelesta plebe.*] *Scelestus* here signifies miserable, calamitous. *Scelestio rem ego annum argento faxori nullum unquam vidi.* PLAUT. One of the Gates of Rome was called *scelerata*, or unfortunate. HEINS. DAC.

## ODE V.

**N**ONDUM subactâ ferre jugum valet  
Cervice: nondum munia comparis

Æquare, nec tauri ruentis

In Venerem tolerare pondus.

Circa virentes est animus tuæ

Campos juvenæ, nunc fluvii gravem

Solantis æstus, nunc in udo

Ludere cum vitulis salicis

Prægestientis. Tolle cupidinem

Immitis uvæ: jam tibi lividos

Distinguet Autumnus racemos

Purpureo varius colore.

Jam te sequetur (currit enim ferox

Ætas; & illi, quos tibi demserit,

Apponet annos) jam protervâ

Fronte petet Lalage maritum;

Dilecta, quantum non Pholoë fugax,

Non Chloris, albo sic humero nitens,

Ut pura nocturno renidet

Luna mari, Gnidiusve Gyges;

Quem si puellarum infereres chero,

Mirè sagaces falleret hospites

Discrimen obscurum, solutis

Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu.

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*Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,*

*Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc protervo*  
*Cruda marito.*

Who like a Filley, o'er the Field,  
With playful Spirit bounds, and fears to yield

## ODE V.

By Mr. FRANCIS.

**S**EE thy Heifer's yet unbroke  
To the Labours of the Yoke,  
Nor hath Strength enough to prove  
Equal to the Weight of Love.

Round the Fields her Fancy strays,  
O'er the Mead she sportive plays;  
Or, beneath the sultry Beam,  
Cools her in the passing Stream;  
Or, with frisking Steerlings young,  
Sports the sally Groves among.

Do not thus commit a Rape  
On the crude, unmellow'd Grape:  
Autumn soon, of various Dyes,  
Shall with kinder Warmth arise,  
Bid the livid Clusters glow,  
And a riper Purple show.

Time to Her shall count each Day,  
Which from You it takes away;  
She shall rise into her Prime,  
You decay by Length of Time.

Lalage, with forward Charms,  
Soon shall rush into your Arms;  
Pholoë, the flying Fair,

Shall not then with Her compare;  
Nor the Maid of Bosom bright,

Like the Moon's unspotted Light,  
O'er the Waves, with silver Rays,

When the floating Lustre plays:

Nor the Cnidian fair and young,

Who the Virgin Quire among,

Might deceive, in female Guise,

Stranger-Guests, though wondrous wise,

With the Difference between

Sexes hardly to be seen,

With his Hair of flowing Grace,

And his boyish, girlish Face.

## ODE V.

By Mr. HARE.

INDEED, my Friend, your little Miss  
Is quite too young for nuptial Bliss;  
A tender Thing, unfit to prove  
The yet unequal Yoke of Love.

Poor harmless Lamb, her only Joys  
Are Plays, and Play-Fellows, and Toys;  
About the Meads she wildly scours,  
Dabbles in Water, and picks Flow'rs.

Restrain thy Longing; 'twere a Crime  
To pluck green Fruit before the Time:  
'Twill soon be fill'd with better Juice,  
Be ripe and mellow,---fit for Use.

Age flies apace, and will bestow  
On her the Years it takes from you;  
Your *Lalage* will bolder prove,  
And fondly ogling court your Love.

More Youths the Charmer shall obey,  
Than *Phoebe* shy, or *Chloris* sway;  
Whose Bosom casts a purer White,  
Than *Phaëbe* on the Waves by Night;

Fairer than *Gyges*, who, 'tis said,  
Shone undistinguish'd from a Maid,  
Alike the Sex in all that's seen,  
His flowing Hair, and tender Mien.

## ODE

To Hand of gentlest Touch, or prove,  
Wild as she is, the wedded Joys of Love.

9. *Præscientis*.] The word *gestio* is properly applied to Animals that express their Desires by their Motions; *Prægestio*, is a stronger Expression of the Passions. LAMB.

10. *Jam tibi lividos distinguet Autumnus*.] It may be necessary to put these Words into their grammatical Order. *Autumnus varius jam distinguet tibi lividos racemos colore purpureo*. The various Autumn shall soon paint for You these Clusters, which are yet green and livid. Autumn is called various from the Variety of its Fruits. TORR.

18. *Albo sic humero nitens*.] Ladies in Rome of more than usual Gallantry, used to dress themselves in such a manner,

## ODE V.

THY Heifer, Friend, is hardly broke,  
Her Neck uneasy to the Yoke;

She cannot draw the Plough, nor bear  
The Weight of the obliging Steer:

In flow'ry Meads is her Delight,  
Those charm her Taste and please her Sight:

Or else she flies the burning Beams,  
To quench her Thirst in cooler Streams;

Or with the Calves thro' Pastures plays,  
And wantons all her easy Days.

Forbear, design no hasty Rape  
On such a green, untimely Grape:

Soon ruddy Autumn will produce  
Plump Clusters, ripe, and fit to use:

She now that flies, shall then pursue,  
She now that's courted doat on You:

For Age whirls on, and every Year  
It takes from Thee it adds to Her:

Soon *Lalage*, shall soon proclaim  
Her Love, nor blush to own her Flame:

Lov'd more, for she more kindly warms  
Than *Phoebe* coy, or *Chloris*' Charms;

So pure her Breast, so fair a White,  
As in a clear and smiling Night,

In quiet Floods the silver Moon,  
Or *Cretan Gyges* never shone;

Who, plac'd amongst the Maids, defies  
A skillful Stranger's prying Eyes;

So smooth his doubtful Looks appear,  
So loose, so Womanish, his Hair.

## ODE

that their Shoulders appeared. The Translation hath ventured to change the Expression, as it could not be easily understood by an English Reader.

24. *Discrimen obscurum, ambiguoque cultu*.] The three following beautiful Passages do honour to our Author, as they seem to be Imitations of this Line.



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Is quite too young for nuptial Blifs;  
A tender Thing, unfit to prove  
The yet unequal Yoke of Love.

Poor harmlefs Lamb, her only Joys  
Are Plays, and Play-Fellows, and Toys;  
About the Meads ſhe wildly ſcours,  
Dabbles in Water, and picks Flow'rs.

Reſtrain thy Longing; 'twere a Crime  
To pluck green Fruit before the Time:  
'Twill ſoon be fill'd with better Juice,  
Be ripe and mellow,---fit for Uſe.

Age flies apace, and will beſtow  
On her the Years it takes from you;  
Your *Lalage* will bolder prove,  
And fondly ogling court your Love.

More Youths the Charmer ſhall obey,  
Than *Pholoe* ſhy, or *Chloris* ſway;  
Whoſe Boſom caſts a purer White,  
Than *Phæbe* on the Waves by Night;

Fairer than *Gyges*, who, 'tis ſaid,  
Shone undiſtinguiſh'd from a Maid,  
Alike the Sex in all that's ſeen,  
His flowing Hair, and tender Mien.

## ODE

To Hand of gentleſt Touch, or prove,  
Wild as ſhe is, the wedded Joys of Love.

9. *Præſtantis*. ] The word *geſtio* is properly applied to Animals that expreſs their Deſires by their Motions; *Prægeſtire*, is a ſtronger Expreſſion of the Paſſions. LAMB.

10. *Jam tibi lividos diſtinguet Autumnus*. ] It may be neceſſary to put theſe Words into their grammatical Order. *Autumnus varius jam diſtinguet tibi lividos racemos colore purpureo*. The various Autumn ſhall ſoon paint for You theſe Cluſters, which are yet green and livid. Autumn is called various from the Variety of its Fruits. TORR.

18. *Albo ſic humero nitens*. ] Ladies in Rome of more than uſual Gallantry, uſed to dreſs themſelves in ſuch a manner,

## ODE V.

THY Heifer, Friend, is hardly broke,  
Her Neck uneaſy to the Yoke;

She cannot draw the Plough, nor bear  
The Weight of the obliging Steer:  
In flow'ry Meads is her Delight,  
Thoſe charm her Taſte and pleaſe her Sight:  
Or elſe ſhe flies the burning Beams,  
To quench her Thirſt in cooler Streams;  
Or with the Calves thro' Paſtures plays,  
And wantons all her eaſy Days.

Forbear, deſign no haſty Rape  
On ſuch a green, untimely Grape:  
Soon ruddy Autumn will produce  
Plump Cluſters, ripe, and fit to uſe:

She now that flies, ſhall then purſue,  
She now that's courted doat on You:  
For Age whirls on, and every Year  
It takes from Thee it adds to Her:

Soon *Lalage*, ſhall ſoon proclaim  
Her Love, nor bluſh to own her Flame:  
Lov'd more, for ſhe more kindly warms  
Than *Pholoe* coy, or *Chloris*' Charms;

So pure her Breſt, ſo fair a White,  
As in a clear and ſmiling Night,  
In quiet Floods the ſilver Moon,  
Or *Cretan Gyges* never ſhone;  
Who, plac'd amongſt the Maids, deſies

A ſkillful Stranger's prying Eyes;  
So ſmooth his doubtful Looks appear,  
So looſe, ſo Womanish, his Hair.

## ODE

that their Shoulders appeared. The Tranſlation hath ventured to change the Expreſſion, as it could not be eaſily underſtood by an Engliſh Reader.

24. *Discrimen obſcurum, ambiguoque cultu*. ] The three following beautiful Paſſages do honour to our Author, as they ſeem to be Imitations of this Line.

## ODE VI. Ad SEPTIMIUM.

SEPTIMI Gades aditure mecum, &  
 Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra, &  
 Barbaras Syrtis, ubi Maura semper  
     Æstuat unda;  
 Tibur, Argeo positum colono,  
 Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ;  
 Sit modus lassæ maris, & viarum,  
     Militiæque:  
 Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,  
 Dulce pellitis ovibus Galefi  
 Flumen, & regnata petam Laconi  
     Rura Phalantho.  
 Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
 Angulus ridet; ubi non Hymetto  
 Mella decedunt, viridique certat  
     Baccha Venafro:  
 Ver ubi longum, tepidasque præbet  
 Jupiter brumas; & amicus Aulon  
 Fertili Baccho, minimum Falernis  
     Invidet uvis.  
 Ille te mecum locus, & beatæ  
 Postulant arces: ibi tu calentem  
 Debita sparges lacrymâ favillam  
     Vatis amici.

## ODE

—————cujus manantia fletu  
 Ora puellares faciunt incerta capilli. JUVEN.  
 Beneath whose virgin Locks, while flowing Tears  
 Bedew his Cheek, a doubtful Face appears.  
 Talis erat cultu facies, quam dicere vere  
 Virgineam in puero, puerilem in virgine posses. OVID.  
 Of either Sex, each various Grace  
 You might behold with Joy,  
 And well might seem the lovely Face  
 Boyish in Girl, or girlish in a Boy.  
 Dum dubitat Natura marem, faceretne puellam,  
 Factus es, ô pulcher, pæne puella puer. AUSON.  
 While Nature doubtful stands  
 A Male or Female to compose,  
 Beneath her forming Hands  
 Almost a Girl, the beauteous Boy arose.

## ODE VI. To SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, who, with Me, to Cales wilt lead,  
 'Gainst fierce Cantabrians to our Yoke unbow'd;  
 And brave those barb'rous Syrts where madding boils,  
     With ceaseless Rage, the Maurian Wave.  
 O may fair Tibur, where the Argive Swarm  
 Delighted fix'd, afford a calm Retreat!  
 There may my Age from tossing Seas repose;  
     There all my Wars, my Wanderings end.  
 Or, should the partial Fates that Bliss deny,  
 By pure Galefus, where unnumber'd Flocks  
 Their precious Fleeces bathe, those Plains I'd seek  
     Which own'd the brave Phalanthus' Sway.  
 On Earth, to Me, no Spot more lovely smiles;  
 Where nor the Honey to Hymettus yields;  
 Nor fears the Berry, for it's wealthy Flood,  
 With the Vanafra to contend:  
 Where Spring enamour'd dwells, and Winter smooths,  
 So Jove commands, his angry Brow; and where  
 His Clusters Aulon, Friend to Bacchus, spreads,  
 Nor envies the Falernian Vine.  
 That blissful Seat, those Hills benign await  
 Thy latest Hour and mine; my glowing Urn  
 Shall there receive the Drops thy pious Grief  
     Shall on thy Poet-Friend bestow.

## ODE

## ODE VI.

Septimius, in his Professions of Friendship to Horace, assured him that he would run all future Hazards of his Fortune, and that nothing should ever separate them again. The Poet declares to Him, that tired of the Fatigues of War, He now only wished to pass the Remainder of his Day in Tranquillity, either at his own Seat near Tibur, or with Septimius at Tarentum.

Verf. 1. *Septimi Gades aditure mecum.* ] Septimius, according to the old Scholiast, was a Roman Knight. He attended Tiberius in his Eastern Expedition in 731, and we may believe he was well esteemed by Augustus, since he is mentioned with Regard by Him in a Letter to Horace. *Tui qualem habeam memoriam poteris ex Septimio nostro audire; nam incidit ut coram illo fieret a me mentio tui.* This Expression *Gades aditure*, is only a warm, poetical manner of saying, that no Toils or Dangers should divide their Friendship. Catullus, Ovid and Propertius have Instances of this Language; and Horace in the same Style promises to attend  
 Maccenas



## ODE VI. To SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, who with Me intend  
 For Cales, if thus the Fates ordain,  
 To bid the fierce Cantabrian bend,  
 Indignant, to the Roman Chain;  
 Or see the wandering Sands, with mad Recoil,  
 Where Mauritanian Billows ceaseless boil;  
 May Tibur, to my latest Hours,  
 Afford a kind and calm Retreat;  
 Tibur, beneath whose lofty Towers,  
 The Græcians fix'd their blissful Seat;  
 There may my Labours end, my Wandering cease,  
 There all my Toils of Warfare rest in Peace.  
 But should the partial Fates refuse  
 That purer Air to let me breathe,  
 Galefus, gentle Stream, I'll chuse,  
 Where Flocks of richest Fleeces bathe:  
 Phalanthus there his rural Sceptre sway'd,  
 Uncertain Offspring of a Spartan Maid.  
 No Spot so joyous smiles to Me,  
 Of this wide Globe's extended Shores;  
 Where nor the Labours of the Bee,  
 Yield to Hymettus' golden Stores.  
 Nor the green Berry of Venafran Soil  
 Swells with a riper Flood of fragrant Oil.  
 There Jove his kindest Gifts bestows,  
 There joys to crown the fertile Plains;  
 With genial Warmth the Winter glows,  
 And Spring with lengthen'd Honours reigns;  
 Nor Aulon, friendly to the cluster'd Vine,  
 Envy the Vintage of Falernian Wine.  
 That blissful Seat, those Hills benign,  
 Which o'er Tarentum gently rise,  
 Await thy latest Hours and mine,  
 And snatch'd from Thee when Horace dies,  
 There the deep Sigh thy Poet-Friend shall mourn,  
 And pious Tears bedew his glowing Urn.

ODE

## ODE VI. To SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS that wouldst stem the Main,  
 And go with me to distant Spain;  
 To fierce Cantabrians never broke,  
 As yet unlearn'd to bear our Yoke:  
 And Syrtes Sands, where th' Ocean roars,  
 And rowling Waves wash swarthy Moors;  
 May Tibur's Walls the Tuscan Seat  
 Afford my Age a safe Retreat,  
 Oh! there, now tir'd with Wars and Seas,  
 May I enjoy a happy Ease!  
 If Fate denies this small Desire,  
 My hasty steps shall soon retire  
 Where smooth Galefus cuts his Way;  
 Around whose Banks white Fleeces play,  
 And felt Phalantus' easy Sway:  
 Oh how those little Plains do please,  
 How fit for Happiness and Ease!  
 Where Honey fills the Combs, and strives  
 With fair Hymettus' sweetest Hives:  
 Where Olives from the fruitful Soil,  
 Not yield to the Venafran Oyl:  
 Where Springs are long, and Winters mild,  
 Nor hoary Frost deforms the Field;  
 Where Bacchus friendly Mountains spread,  
 And Almon rears his fruitful Head;  
 Where choicest Grapes in Clusters twine,  
 Nor envy the Falernian Vine.  
 These happy Seats must us receive,  
 There you and I, dear Friend, must live,  
 'Till Death's approaching Hands surprize,  
 And close thy Poet Horace Eyes;  
 Then you a little Tomb shall rear,  
 And cool my Ashes with a Pious Tear.

ODE

Mæceras, when he went with Octavius to the War against Anthony.

If the Poet had written this Ode with a real Intention of going with Septimius to Spain, and following Augustus in his

ODE VII. Ad POMPEIUM VARUM.

Sæpe mecum tempus in ultimum  
Deduste, Bruto militiæ duce,  
Quis te redonavit Quiritem,  
Dis patriis, Italoque cælo,  
Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?  
Cum quo morantem sæpe diem mero  
Fregi, coronatus nitentes  
Malobathro Syrio capillos.  
Tecum Philippos, & celerem fugam  
Sensi, relicta non bene parmula;  
Quum fracta virtus, & minaces  
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

Sed

his Expedition against the Cantabrians, why does he mention Cales, and the Syrts of Afric? This was a very indirect Road from Rome to Cantabria, which is distant from Cales the whole Length of Spain, and yet more distant from the Quick-Sands of Africa. Mr. Dacier, who appears in single Opposition to all the Commentators, says, that Horace speaks here upon the Faith of History, which informs us, that Augustus was obliged to send a Fleet against the Cantabrians, from whence the Poet very justly mentions Cales: Yet when Augustus left Rome, he did not propose going to Spain, but was recalled, from his intended Expedition against the Britons, by a Revolt of the Cantabrians. Horace therefore could not possibly suppose that he should be obliged to go in Person to subdue that People, or even to send a Fleet against them.

SAN.

7. *Sit modus lassæ maris.* ] The Poet says in general, that whether he should be obliged, by any Engagements of his future Fortune, to travel by Sea or Land, or to bear Arms again, He wishes that Tibur may be the Retreat of his old Age. He had not only served under Brutus, but attended Mæcenas to the second Congress at Brundisium, and thro' all his War in Sicily. These violent Motions were by no means agreeable to his Humour and Complexion. He was a Poet, a Philosopher, and of a Constitution too delicate to bear such Fatigues.

SAN.

10. *Pellitis ovibus.* ] The Sheep of Tarentum and Attica had a Wool so fine, that they were covered with Skins to preserve it from the Inclemency of the Weather. Pliny says, these Covertures were brought from Arabia.

CRUO.

18. *Fertili Baccho.* ] It is probable that Aulon was a little Hill, near Tarentum, famous for its Vines. It is mentioned by Martial as equally remarkable for its Wool.

*Nobilis & lanis & felix vitibus Aulon*

*Det pretiosa tibi vellera, vina mihi.*

Fam'd for its Wool, and happy in its Vines,  
Yours be its Fleeces, and be mine its Wines.

Horace says *fertili Baccho*, as Tibullus, *Bacchi cura Faler-*

ODE VII. To POMPEIUS VARUS.

Oft with me, when Brutus led the War,  
Prov'd in extremest Perils! say, what Power  
Hath to thy Gods, thy natal Air,  
And to these Arms my Friend restor'd?  
Dear Pompey, in my earliest Youth lov'd!  
With whom I oft have chas'd the lingring Day  
With Wine, while Roses crown'd our Brows,  
And Syria her rich Odours shed.  
With thee Philippi, and it's fatal Rout,  
I saw; and, ah! inglorious drop'd my Shield;  
When Valour yielded, and in Dust  
The threatening Vanquish'd bit the Ground.

Me

*nus ager.* And Propertius, *Bacche, soles Phæbo fertilis effe tuo.* TORR.

23. *Debita sparges.* ] The Poet here requires the last Office of Friendship from Septimius, that He would sprinkle his Ashes with a Tear. These Words, *CUM LACRYMIS POSUIT*, are frequently found in ancient Epitaphs, and in the Urn a little Bottle filled with Tears.

*Nos viles animæ, inhumata infletaque turba.* TORR.

*Favillam.* ] Horace more strongly to mark the Friendship of Septimius, says, that he shall perform this last pious Office, before his Ashes shall be cold; while they are yet glowing from the funeral Pile.

DAC.

ODE VII.

When a Peace was concluded in the Year 715 between Pompey and the Triumvirate, a general Amnesty was granted to all who had followed the Party of Pompey. This seemed to Varus a favourable Occasion for quitting the Profession of Arms, and returning to Rome, when probably this Ode was written. Horace was then twenty-six Years of Age.

MASSON.

Verf. 1. *Sæpe.* ] This Passage is of Importance, with regard to the Life of Horace. Brutus took with him from Athens, eight or nine Months after Cæsar's Death, a Number of young Gentlemen, who were willing to follow his Fortunes in the Cause of Liberty. The Poet then began his Warfare; He continued two Years under the Command of that great Man, and we may believe, with some Merit, since he was raised to the Tribuneship of a Legion.

3. *Quis te redonavit.* ] This is not a Mark of Interrogation proceeding from Ignorance or Uncertainty. It is a kind of Exclamation; an Expression vivid and natural, arising from the Joy which Horace feels at Sight of a Friend from whom He had been many Years separated by the Misfortunes of the Times. *Quis te redonavit, quis te casus restituit! quam felici tandem fato restitutus fuisti!*

SAN.

7. Fregi

ODE VII. To POMPEIUS VARUS.

VARUS, in earliest Youth below'd,  
In War's extremest Dangers prov'd,  
Our daring Host when Brutus led,  
And in the Cause of Freedom bled;  
To Rome and all her Guardian Pow'rs,  
What happy Chance my Friend restores,  
With whom I've cheer'd the tedious Day,  
And drank its loitring Hours away;  
Profuse of Sweets while Syria shed  
Her liquid Odours on my Head?

With Thee I saw Philippi's Plain,  
Its fatal Rout; a fearful Scene!  
And drop'd, alas! th' inglorious Shield  
Where Valour's self was forc'd to yield,  
Where soil'd in Dust the vanquish'd lay,  
And breath'd th' indignant Soul away.

But

7. *Fregi diem.* ] See the Notes on *nec partem solido demere de die*. First Ode.

*Coronatus nitentes malobathro capillos.* ] The Use of Crowns and Essences was first introduced into the Roman Entertainments by the Ladies.

10. *Parmula.* ] There is something ingenuous in the Poet's recording this Instance of his own Cowardice, which possibly might never have been known to Posterity. Archilochus, Alcæus, and Demosthenes are Examples of the same Ingenuity of Spirit. Next to true Courage, says a French Commander, nothing is more brave than a Confession of Cowardice.

SAN.

11. *Fracta virtus.* ] The Poet, by doing Justice to the Vanquish'd, pays the highest Compliment to their Conquerors; and in reality the better Troops were on the Side of Brutus and Cassius, although Fortune declared for Octavius and Anthony. Florus speaking of this Battle. — *Sed quanto efficacior est Fortuna quam virtus?*

DAC.

Virtue among the ancient Romans, usually signified Valour, as among the modern Romans it means a Knowledge of the politer Arts, Poetry, Music, Painting, and Statuary. Some Commentators would here apply the Word to the moral Character of Brutus, but perhaps the Poet dares not

ODE VII. To POMPEIUS VARUS.

DEAR Pompey, that hast often try'd,  
Whilst once we fought on Brutus side,  
How near pale Death rough Wars attends;  
What Genius now hath sent thee home,  
And who restor'd thee back to Rome,  
Pompey, the best of all my Friends?

With whom, in Mirth and Wine and Play,  
Whilst sweetest Roses crown'd my Head,  
And did their Fragrant Odours spread,  
I often broke the lingring Day:

The bloody Wars, Philippi's Field,  
Ignobly having lost my Shield,  
With thee I saw, secure from Wound,  
I saw the Flight, when th' haughty Proud  
To Cæsar's stronger Virtue bow'd,  
And basely bit the bloody Ground.

Mc

thus describe the Person, whom he was obliged to call the Murderer of Cæsar, although indeed this very Action was the highest Proof which even Brutus could give of that truly Roman Virtue, the Love of his Country. Besides, Valour may be overcome, but Virtue never can.

*Minaces.* ] After the Battle of Philippi, in which Brutus routed the Forces of Octavius, his Soldiers demanded, in a mutinous Manner, to be led against the Enemy; They complained that They should be confined within their Camp, when the Forces of Octavius, broken by their late Defeat, and oppressed by Famine, might easily be conquered. Brutus at last fatally gave way to their Temerity, and Impatience, for which the Poet gives them the Epithet *Minaces*.

12. *Turpe.* ] Mr. Sanadon divides *turpe* from *solum* to which it is usually joined as an Epithet, and by his Manner of pointing, gives it the Force of an Exclamation. *Et minaces, turpe! solum tetigere mento.*

13. *Sed*



Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer  
 Denso paventem sustulit aëre:  
 Te rursus in bellum reforescens 15  
 Unda fretis tulit æstuosis.  
 Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem;  
 Longaque fessum militiâ latus  
 Dæpone sub lauru meâ; ne  
 Parce cadis tibi destinatis. 20  
 Oblivioso levia Massico  
 Ciboria exple: funde capacibus  
 Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo  
 Deproperare apio coronas,  
 Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum 25  
 Dicit bibendi? non ego fanius  
 Bacchabor Edonis: recepto  
 Dulce mihi furere est amico.

## ODE

13. *Sed me per hostes, &c.* ] Horace here alludes to the Battles of Homer, where Heroes are frequently carried off from Danger by their guardian Gods; and as Mercury presided over Arts and Sciences, particularly over Lyric Poetry, the Poet hath here chosen him for his Protector.

CRUQ. LAMB.

15. *Te rursus.* ] The French Critics imagine that Varus, after the Battle of Philippi, embarked on board the Fleets either of Domitius or Murcus, who continued the War under the younger Pompey against Octavius and Anthony; Thus by a conjectural Piece of History, incapable of Proof, they destroy the Beauty of a Metaphor, which very naturally represents Pompey carried out by the Tide into the main Ocean of War. *Æstus marini* are used by the best Authors for the flowing and ebbing of the Sea.

17. *Dapem.* ] *Dapis* was properly a Sacrifice which was yearly offered to Jupiter, from thence called *Dapalis*. It was afterwards understood of all Kinds of Sacrifices and Festivals. DAC.

18. *Fessum longâ militiâ.* ] Five Years, in a Party always unfortunate, might well seem a tedious and fatiguing Warfare; at least such an Expression is very natural in a Poet of an indolent, unactive Complexion. SAN.

25. *Arbitrum bibendi.* ] Cicero says with a good deal of Pleasantry of Verres, *This Prætor, so severe of Manners, so diligent in his Office, who never obeyed the Laws of the Roman People, yet never violated the Laws of Drinking.*

The Romans in their Entertainments usually appointed a Person, whom they called King, with a Power to regulate the Feast, and govern the Guests. His Office was decided by the best Cast on the Dice, which was called *Venus* or *Venerius Jæus*, or *Bosilicus*. The Games of this Kind were the *Ludi talorum* and *Ludi tesserarum*, for the *Alceæ* were forbidden by Law. *Venus* was the fortunate Cast in

Me trembling, in a salutary Cloud,  
 Maia's wing'd Son thro' hostile Ranks convey'd:  
 While thee, th'inexorable Tide,  
 Reforming, to new Slaughter bore.  
 To *Jove* then let the promis'd Victim bleed;  
 And here thy Limbs, from the long Warfare tir'd,  
 Beneath my Laurel couch; nor spare  
 The Cask for this white Hour reserv'd.  
 Here from the polish'd Bowl oblivious Draughts  
 Of *Massic* drain; and from capacious Shells  
 Rich Odours show'r. The Myrtle's Bloom  
 Who with the Parsly's Verdure hastes  
 In wreaths to bind? On whom shall Beauty's Queen  
 The winy Reign bestow? For *Thracian* like  
 I'll Bacchus it; more sober Joys  
 Were mean for such a Friend restor'd.

## ODE

both Games, but with this Difference, that with the *Tali* all the Dice were to rise in different Numbers, but with the *Tesseræ* the Winner was to throw three Sixes. If we enquire why the Cast of Sixes was called *Venus*, the skilful in theological Arithmetic, says Mr. Dacier, inform us, that the World having been perfectly finished the Sixth Day, the Number Six was from thence esteemed fortunate and happy, and was even called *ἡσάριος*, or *World*.

Lipsius hath collected fifteen Laws of the Roman Entertainments, of which the following are most remarkable:

*Vinum purum putum puer insundito.*  
*A summo ad imum more majorum bibunto.*  
*Decem cyathi summa potio sunt.*  
*Musis nonum, decimum Apollini libanto.*  
*Dominam si quis habessit indicium facito.*  
*Rixa, clamor, contentio ad Thracas*  
*Ablegantur; eorum vicem carmen,*  
*Aliudve quid Musæum proferunto.*

Unmix'd be our Wine, and pure let it flow,  
 As our Fathers ordain'd, from the High to the Low.  
 Let our Bumpers, while jovial we give out the Toast  
 In gay Comotation, be ten at the most;  
 The Ninth to the Muses in Order must follow,  
 The Tenth a Libation be made to Apollo.  
 If any one harbours a Nymph in his Breast;  
 Let him name the fair Tyrant who robs him of Rest;  
 Let Quarrels, and Clamour, and vile Disputation  
 In Banishment endless be sent to the Thracian;  
 While here in their Stead, in our Good-fellow Matches  
 Carousing melodious, we sing merry Catches. D.

29. *Bacchatur*

But me, when dying with my Fear,  
Through warring Hosts, enwrap'd in Air  
Swift did the God of Wit convey;  
While Thee, wild War's tempestuous Sea  
Reforbing, hurried far from Shore,  
And to new Worlds of Slaughter bore.  
To Jove thy votive Offering pay,  
And here beneath my Laurels lay  
Thy Limbs from Toils of Warfare free,  
Nor spare the Casks reserv'd for Thee,  
But joyous fill the polish'd Bowl;  
With Wine oblivious chear thy Soul,  
And from the breathing Phials pour  
Of essenc'd Sweets a larger Show'r.  
But who the Wreath unfading weaves  
Of Parsly green and Myrtle Leaves?  
To whom shall Beauty's Queen assign  
To reign the Monarch of our Wine?  
For Thracian like I'll drink to day,  
And deeply Bacchus it away.  
Our Transports for a Friend restor'd,  
Should even to Madness snake the Board.

## ODE

27. *Bacchabor.*] The Greeks have many Examples of Verbs formed from proper Names; *Ἀγυμνισσαν* to grow black like an Egyptian; *Φωβέσσω*, and *Βαχχέω*, to be inspired by Phæbus, and Bacchus; thus the Latins have formed the Verbs *Græcari* and *Bacchari*. But if the Translating hath been too bold in imitating Beauties not natural to the English Tongue, the Fault may be corrected by reading *riot* or *revel* instead of *Bacchus*.

Me *Mercury* secur'd from Fears,  
He kindly wrap'd me up in Night,  
And sav'd me from the dangerous Fight,  
But thee the Tide bore back to Wars:

Now then restor'd to Ease and Rest,  
Pay *Jove* thy Thanks and promis'd Feast;  
Now tir'd with Wars, from Danger free,  
Beneath my cool and pleasing Shade,  
On flowry Beds supinely laid,  
Enjoy the Casks design'd for thee:

See here they stand, these Bowls employ,  
Forgetful Wine profusely pour,  
Front largest Shells rich Oyntments show'r,  
There's no extream in real Joy:

Who Parsly twines, or Myrtle Boughs  
To grace our Mirth, and shade our Brows?  
Who Crowns prepares for ev'ry Guest?  
Whom will the happy Dye design  
The just Disposer of the Wine,  
And great Controuler of the Feast?

Let Mirth and Joy and Wine attend,  
I must be Mad, I must appear  
As wild as the mad *Thracians* are;  
'Tis decent at the Welcome of a Friend.

## ODE

ODE VIII. Ad BARINEN.

ULLA si juris tibi pejerati  
 Poena, Barine, nocuisset unquam;  
 Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno  
 Turpior ungui;  
 Crederem: sed tu, simul obligasti  
 Perfidum votis caput, enitefcis  
 Pulchrior multò, juvenumque prodis  
 Publica cura.  
 Expedit matris cineres opertos  
 Fallere, & toto taciturna noctis  
 Signa cum cœlo, gelidâque Divos  
 Morte carentes.  
 Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa; rident  
 Simples Nymphæ; ferus & Cupido,  
 Semper ardentes acuens sagittas  
 Cote cruentâ.  
 Adde, quod pubes tibi crescit omnis;  
 Servitus crescit nova; nec priores  
 Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt,  
 Sæpe minati.  
 Te suis matres metuunt juvenis,  
 Te senes parci, miseræque nuper  
 Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet  
 Aura maritos.

The Gallantry of this Ode is of a very particular Kind. The Poet pays such Compliments to Barine's Beauty, that it were almost worth a Woman's Perjury to deserve them, especially when every new Instance of deceiving gives a new Charm.

Verf. 1. *Ulla si juris.* ] The Ancients believed that a Lye was always attended with some immediate Punishment, the Loss of a Tooth, a Blister on the Tongue, &c.

*Esse Deos credamne? fidem jurata fefellit,  
 Et facies illi, quæ fuit ante, manet.  
 Quam longos habuit, nondum perjura, capillos,  
 Tam longos, postquam Numina læsit, habet.*

Ovid.  
 Dac.

Can there be Gods? the perjurd Pair - one swore;  
 Yet looks as lovely, as She look'd before.  
 Long flow'd the careless Tresses of her Hair,  
 While yet She shone as innocent as fair;

ODE VIII. To BARINE.

By Mr. DUKE.

IF ever any injurd Power,  
 By which the false Barine swore,  
 False, fair Barine, on thy Head  
 Had the least Mark of Vengeance shed;  
 If but a Tooth\* or Nail of thee  
 Had suffer'd by thy Perjury,  
 I should believe thy Vows; but thou  
 Since perjurd dost more charming grow;  
 Of all our Youth the publick Care,  
 Nor half so false as thou art fair.  
 It thrives with thee to be forsworn  
 By thy dead Mother's sacred Urn,  
 By Heaven, and all the Stars that shine  
 Without, and every God within.  
 Venus hears this, and all the while  
 At thy empty Vows does smile;  
 Her Nymphs all smile, her little Son  
 Does smile, and to his Quiver run;  
 Does smile, and fall to whet his Darts,  
 To wound for thee fresh Lovers Hearts.  
 See all the Youth does thee obey,  
 Thy Train of Slaves grows every Day;  
 Nor leave thy former Subjects thee,  
 Tho' oft they threaten to be free;  
 Tho' oft with Vows false as thine are,  
 Their forsworn Mistress they forswear.  
 Thee every careful Mother fears  
 For her Son's blooming tender Years;  
 Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride,  
 In Hymen's Fetters newly ty'd,  
 Lest thou detain, by stronger Charms,  
 Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

Long flow the Tresses of the Wanton now,  
 And sport as Trophies of her broken Vow.

D.

5. *Sed tu simul obligasti.* ] They who made either Oaths, or Promises, submitted themselves tacitly to the Pains and Curses

ODE



## ODE VIII. To BARINE.

IF ever injur'd Power had shed  
 The slightest Vengeance on thy Head;  
 If but a Nail or Tooth of Thee  
 Were blacken'd by thy Perjury,  
 Again thy Falshood might deceive,  
 And I thy faithless Vow believe.  
 But when, Perfidious, you engage  
 To meet high Heaven's vindictive Rage,  
 You rise, with heighten'd Lustre fair,  
 Of all our Youth the public Care.  
 It thrives with Thee to be forsworn  
 By thy dead Mother's hallow'd Urn;  
 By Heaven and all the Stars that roll  
 In silent Circuit round the Pole;  
 By Heaven and every nightly Sign,  
 By every deathless Power divine;  
 For Venus laughs at all thy Wiles,  
 The gentle Nymphs behold with Smiles,  
 And, with the Blood of some poor Swain,  
 By thy perfidious Beauty slain,  
 Young Cupid whets his burning Darts,  
 For Thee to wound new Lovers Hearts.  
 Thy Train of Slaves grows every Day,  
 Infants are rising to thy Sway,  
 And They who swore to break thy Chain,  
 Yet haunt those impious Doors again.  
 Thee Mothers for their Striplings fear,  
 The Father trembles for his Heir,  
 And weeping stands the wretched Bride,  
 In Hymen's Fetters newly tied,  
 Left You detain, with brighter Charms,  
 Her perjurd Husband from her Arms.

## ODE

Curſes, which ought to fall upon their Heads, if They ſwore falſely, or did not perform their Promiſes. They were call'd *voti rei*, or *voto damnati*, and their Heads, in the Language of Horace, were devoted to the Vengeance of the Gods, if They did not perform their Vows. D A C.

9. *Expedi.* ] Perhaps theſe four Lines are an Explanation of Barine's Oath, and we find in Propertius almoſt the Form of it:

## ODE VIII. To BARINE.

BARINE, did Revenge o'ertake,  
 And blaſt as oft as you deceive;  
 Were but one Nail, one Tooth more black,  
 Thy Vows I would at laſt believe:

But ſtill more fair, more bright thy Face,  
 More Crowds of Lovers flock to view,  
 As each falſe Oath procur'd a Grace,  
 And tempted thee to prove untrue:

It profits thee to be forſworn  
 By all that other Mortals fear,  
 Th'eternal Gods, thy Mother's Urn,  
 By whirling Heav'n, and ev'ry Star:

The merry Nymphs approve thy Arts,  
 And Venus fair forgives thy Wiles,  
 And Cupid, ſharpning flaming Darts  
 On bloody Whetſtones, gently ſmiles:

Befides new Slaves ſtill flock to thee,  
 And happy He that takes the Chain;  
 And thoſe that threaten to be free  
 Forgive the Jilt, and ſerve again:

Thee ſtill the thrifty Father fears,  
 And Mothers for their wanton Boys;  
 New Brides, left you detain their Dears,  
 And rob them of their promis'd Joys.

## ODE

*Oſſa tibi juro per matris, & oſſa parentis;*

*Si falſo, cinis heu! ſit mihi uterque gravis.* D A C.

13. *Ridet.* ] Venus, Cupid, and the Nymphs, are not the only Deities who laugh at the Perjuries of Lovers; Jupiter himſelf is equally good-natured, and Plato gives a very whimſical Reaſon for it: The Pleaſures, ſays he, are Infants incapable of Underſtanding and Judgment, therefore not liable to Punishment for Perjury or Breach of Promiſe. From hence came the Proverb, *Apbrodiſium Juramentum*, a Lover's Oath.

16. *Cote cruentâ.* ] Anacreon ſays, when Vulcan forges the Arrows of Love, Venus dips their Points into Honey, but that Cupid afterwards tempers and hardens them with Gall. This Image of the God ſharpning his Arrows on a Whetſtone

## ODE IX. Ad VALGIUM.

NON semper imbres nubibus hispido  
Manant in agros; aut mare Caspium  
Vexant inæquales procellæ

Usque; nec Armeniis in oris,  
Amice Valgi, stat glacies iners  
Menses per omnes; aut Aquilonibus  
Querceta Gargani laborant,  
Et foliis viduantur orni.

Tu semper urges flebilibus modis  
Mysten ademptum; nec tibi Vespero  
Surgente decedunt amores,

Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.  
At non ter ævo functus amabilem  
Ploravit omnes Antiochum senex  
Annos: nec impubem parentes  
Troilon, aut Phrygiæ sorores  
Flevire semper. Desine mollium  
Tandem querelarum; & potius nova  
Canemus Augusti tropæa

Cæsaris, & rigidum Niphaten,  
Medumque flumen, gentibus additum  
Vicis, minores volvere vortices,  
Intrâque præscriptum Gelonos  
Exiguus equitare campis.

## ODE

Whetstone wet with Blood, instead of Oil or Water, hath something very pleasantly terrible.

The Translation hath endeavoured to open the Thought of Horace by carrying it a little further than He hath expressed it. Cupid wets his Whetstone with the Blood of some Unfortunate, who was slain by Barine's Cruelty, and sharpens his Arrows for the Death of some future Lovers.

## ODE IX.

To know how to comfort the Afflicted, is a Talent which few People possess, while every one is willing to make trial of his Skill. But indeed it were better, in Losses that are without Remedy, to talk to the Heart, rather than to the Understanding; for Motives of Consolation, which are most natural and obvious, are frequently more successful than the gravest Maxims of Morality, and the most curious Refinements of Reason. Such is the Method of Horace in comforting a Father, afflicted for the Death of a Son whom he tenderly loved. He does not condemn his Grief, but proposes to him to stop the Continuance, or at least to suspend its Course.

## ODE IX. To VALGIUS.

By a Friend.

THE Show'rs that beat upon the dreary Plain,  
Not always rage, but intermitting cease;  
The Storms that vex th' inconstant Caspian Main,  
Subside, and a new Calm re-smooths the Seas:  
Armenia's frozen Fields are sometimes free,  
Nor labour with perpetual Snows;  
Hush'd are the Winds that lately riv'd the Trees,  
And strip'd the verdant Honours from their Boughs.  
But you, my Valgius, with incessant Moan,  
That neither Measure knows, nor End,  
When Vesper lifts his Lamp, or from the Sun  
Makes Haste, still weep your dear departed Friend  
Not so the Pylian Sage bewail'd his Son,  
Nor wept for ever o'er the Dead;  
Nor so, when youthful Troilus was slain,  
Their unavailing Tears his Sisters shed.  
Then leave these fond Complaints, nor longer mourn;  
A nobler Subject asks thy Care,  
To sing what Laurels Cæsar's Head adorn,  
What Spoils and Trophies grace this glorious Year:  
How proud Niphates, added to our Sway,  
And Medus roll an humbler Tide;  
While haughty Gelons, taught at length t' obey,  
In narrower Bounds reluctant ride.

## ODE

It is not difficult to ascertain the Date of this Ode, for the two last Strophes shew that it was written in 734, the Year after Augustus his Armenian Expedition.

Vers. 3. *Inæquales procellæ.* ] Our latest Accounts of this Sea, describe it as extremely tempestuous and inconstant; exposed on every Side to Storms; without Harbours for Shipping; and navigable only from the End of April to the Beginning of October. Horace therefore speaks with his usual Exactness, and characterises the Caspian Sea.

4. *Armeniis in oris.* ] Armenia is surrounded with Mountains continually cover'd with Snow; the Nature of the Soil, which is impregnated with Salt, contributes to the Coldness of the Climate, nor is it uncommon to see Frost and Snow there in the Month of June.

5. *Glacies iners.* ] Mr. Sanadon frequently blames Horace for an inharmonious flowing of his Lines, and a disagreeable chiming of his Words. He quarrels with him in this Ode.

## ODE IX. To VALGIUS.

NOR everlasting Rain deforms  
 The squalid Fields; nor endless Storms  
 Inconstant vex the Caspian Main;  
 Nor on Armenia's frozen Plain,  
 The loitring Snow unmelting lies;  
 Nor loud when Northern Winds arise,  
 The labouring Forests bend the Head,  
 Nor yet their leafy Honours shed:  
 But You in ceaseless Tears complain,  
 And still pursue the weeping Strain;  
 When Venus lifts her Evening Ray,  
 Or flies the rapid Beam of Day,  
 The Death of Myfles fills your Eyes,  
 And bids the tender Passion rise,  
 Not for his Son the Grecian Sage,  
 Renown'd for thrice the mortal Age;  
 Not for their youthful Brother dead,  
 Such Sorrows Priam's Daughters shed.  
 At length these weak Complaints give o'er,  
 Indulge th' unmanly Grief no more,  
 But let us bolder sweep the String,  
 And Cæsar's new-raised Trophies sing;  
 Or sing Niphates' freezing Flood,  
 And Medus, with its Realms, subdued;  
 Whose Waves are taught, with humbler Pride,  
 Smoother to roll their less'ning Tide,  
 And Scythians who reluctant yield,  
 Nor pour their Squadrons o'er the Field.

## O D E

Ode for a Length of Consonants, *Glacies iners menses perennes*, which he would not forgive even in a Poet of these Days.

Such Remarks, very often shew a manly and spirited Carelessness in a Writer, and perhaps a cold and delicate Exactness in a Critic; But the French Tongue does not yet seem to know that a Repetition of the most disagreeable Letter may be perfectly beautiful. Instances in English are numberless. As this of Mr. Dryden;

Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

Will it be too bold to say, that Horace might have intended by this very Length of Consonants to image to us a dull, unactive, lifeless Weight of Snow; for such is the Meaning of the Word *iners*? There is in Terence a beautiful In-

## ODE IX. To VALGIUS.

NOT always Snow and Hail and Rain  
 Descend, and beat the fruitful Plain;  
 Not ruffling Storms still toss the Caspian Floods;  
 Not ev'ry Month doth lazy Frost  
 Bind up th' Armenian Coast,  
 Nor furious Storms still vex the groaning Woods:  
 Call'd forth by Spring's enlivening Breeze  
 The Leaves return to naked Trees;  
 But you, dear Friend, still mourn in weeping strains  
 Lost *Myfles*; when Noon burns the Skies,  
 When Night comes on, or when it flies,  
 No change appears, thy Love and Grief remains:

Yet Aged *Nestor* dry'd his Tears,  
 His Grief was shorter than his Years;  
 Nor did he still his dying Son bewail:  
 His Sisters, and the Trojan Train,  
 And *Priam* wept, but smil'd again,  
 Nor always mourn'd young *Troilus* hasty Fall.

Thy soft Complaints at last forbear,  
 Let Mirth succeed, and Smiles appear,  
 Let's sing, and Cæsar be our lofty Theme;  
 How rough *Niphates* Hills obey,  
 And *Tigris* bound by Cæsar's sway  
 Less furious grows, and rous a milder Stream.

The *Scythians* now, with broken Bows,  
 Confin'd to their own Frost and Snows,  
 Have cool'd the raging Fury of their Pride;  
 In narrow Bounds, with nimble Force,  
 They ride their fierce impetuous Horce,  
 And view with longing Eyes the Roman Side.

## O D E

stance of this kind, which it is impossible to read, without feeling a sort of Tedioufness in the Words. *Tædet barum quotidianarum formarum.*

9. *Urget scilicet modis Myflem.* Valgius continually pursues (such is the Force of the Verb *urgere*,) with lamentable Elegies the Death of *Myfles*; a Name, which signifies consecrated or initiated; for probably this Son of Valgius



ODE X. *Ad LICINIUM MURENAM.*

**R**ECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo; neque dum procellas  
Cautus horrefcis, nimum premendo  
Litus iniquum.  
Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleto  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aulâ.  
Sævius ventis agitur ingens  
Pinus; excelsæ graviore casu  
Decidunt turres; feriuntque summos  
Fulgura montes.  
Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus. Informes hyemes reducit  
Jupiter; idem  
Summovet: non, si malè nunc, & olim  
Sic erit: quondam citharæ tacentem  
Suscitat Musam, neque semper arcum  
Tendit Apollo.  
Rebus angustis animosus, atque  
Fortis appare: sapienter idem  
Contrahe vento nimum secundo  
Turgida vela.

ODE

gius was dedicated to some God, and this was his domestic Name.

10. *Nec tibi Vespero.*) The Critics have blamed Horace for giving one Name in common to the Star which appears first at the Setting of the Sun, and disappears last at his Rising. It was called Lucifer in the Morning, and Vesper in the Evening.

18. *Ac potius nova.*) This Expedition of Augustus was the most glorious of his whole Life. He not only made the Roman Name revered to the utmost Bounds of Asia and Africa, in imposing Conditions of Peace upon the Indians and Ethiopians: He not only confirmed the Repose of the Empire, by establishing in Greece, Sicily, and Asia Minor, a stable and uniform Government, and dividing Armenia, Cilicia, and Arabia, in Favour of Princes attached to the Interest of the Republic, but humbled the Pride of the Parthians, by obliging Phraates to restore the Roman Eagles and Prisoners, which were taken thirty Years before, and to pull down the Trophies that Orodes had erected for the

ODE X. *To LICINIUS.*

By Mr. NORRIS.

**T**IS much the better Way, believe me 'tis,  
Not far to venture on the great *Abyss*,  
Nor yet (from Storms thy Vessel to secure)  
To touch too nigh upon the dangerous Shore.  
The *Golden Mean*, as she's too nice to dwell  
Among the Ruins of a filthy Cell,  
So is her Modesty withal as great,  
To baulk the Envy of a Princely Seat.  
Th' ambitious Winds with greater Spite combine  
To shock the Grandeur of the stately Pine.  
The Height of Structure makes the Ruin large,  
And Clouds against high Hills their hottest Bolts  
discharge.  
An Even Well - pois'd Mind, an Evil State  
With Hope, a Good with Fear will moderate.  
The Summer's Pride by Winter is brought down,  
And Flow'rs again the conquering Season crown.  
Take heart, nor of the Laws of Fate complain,  
Tho' now 'tis cloudy, 'twill clear up again.  
The Bow *Apollo* does not always use,  
But with his milder Lyre sometimes awakes the Muse.

Be Life and Spirit when Fortune proves unkind,  
And summon up the Vigour of thy Mind.  
But when thou'rt driv'n by too officious Gales,  
Be wise, and gather in the swelling Sails.

ODE

Defeat of Crassus. To perpetuate the Memory of this Success, he struck a Medal with this Inscription *PRO SIGNIS RECEPTIS*.

21. *Medumque flumen.*) By the River *Medus* Horace means the Parthians, as he would distinguish the Armenians by Niphates. The first of these Rivers divided the Empires of the Romans and Parthians, and it appears by Plutarch, that Horace in calling the same *Medus* hath only given us its ancient Name. *Euphrates dictus est primum Medus.* And probably the Tigris is here called Niphates, as it rises out of a Mountain of that Name.

## ODE X. To LICINIUS.

L ICINIUS, would You live with Ease,  
Tempt not too far the boundless Seas;  
And when You hear the Tempest roar,  
Press not too near th' unequal Shore.

The Man, within the golden Mean,  
Who can his boldest Wish contain:  
Securely views the ruin'd Cell,  
Where sordid Want and Sorrow dwell,  
And in himself serenely great,  
Declines an envied Room of State.

When high in Air the Pine ascends,  
To every ruder Blast it bends:  
The Palace from its airy Height,  
Down tumbling falls with heavier Weight,  
And when from Heaven the Lightning flies,  
It blasts the Hills which proudest rise.

He who enjoys th' untroubled Breast,  
Of Virtue's awful Lore possest,  
With Hope the gloomy Hour can cheer,  
And temper Happiness with Fear.

If Jove the Winter's Horrors bring,  
Great Jove restores the genial Spring;  
Then let us not of Fate complain,  
For soon shall change the gloomy Scene.

Apollo sometimes can inspire  
The silent Muse, and wake the Lyre;  
The deathful Bow not always plies,  
Th' unerring Dart not always flies.

When Fortune, changeful Goddess, lours,  
Collect your Strength, exert your Powers;  
But, when she breathes a kinder Gale,  
Wisely contract your swelling Sail.

## ODE X.

Licinius was a young Man of an ardent, restless, and ambitious Spirit. He had ruined his Fortune in the Civil Wars, when his Brother Proculeius, with an uncommon Generosity, divided his Patrimony with him and Terentius. However this State of Dependence and Mediocrity was by no means suited to his Humour, and having engaged himself

## ODE X. To LICINIUS.

W ISE they, that, with a cautious Fear,  
Not always thro' the Ocean steer,  
Nor, whilst they think the Winds will roar,  
Do thrust too near the rocky Shore:  
To those that chuse the Golden Mean  
The Waves are smooth, the Skies serene;  
They want the baseness of the Poors retreat,  
And envy'd Houses of the Great.  
Storms often vex the lofty Oak,  
High Mountains feel the Thunder's stroke;  
And lofty Towers, when Winds prevail,  
Are ruin'd with a greater fall:  
A Breast prepar'd, in either State,  
Or fears or hopes a change of Fate;  
'Tis *Jove* the same that Winter brings  
And melts the Frost by pleasing Springs:  
Tho' Fortune now contracts her Brow,  
And frowns; yet 't will not still be so:  
*Apollo* sometimes Mirth pursues,  
His Harp awakes his sleepy Muse,  
Nor always bends his threatening Bow  
When Fortune sends a stormy Wind,  
Then show a brave and present Mind;  
And when with too indulgent Gales  
She swells too much, then furl thy Sails.

## ODE

in a Conspiracy against Augustus, he was banished and afterwards put to death, notwithstanding all the Interest of Proculeius, and Mæcenæ, who had married his Sister Terentia.

Horace who knew his Temper, lays down some general Rules for his Conduct, but without any Application which could either disoblige or injure him. The Sentiments of this Ode are entirely moral, but enlivened by different Metaphors, and animated by different Comparisons; for if Morality be not treated with Art and Spirit, it will disgust by its Dryness, or grow tedious by its Length.

Verf. 9. *Sævius*.) This Correction, which consists in a single Letter, is taken from an Edition published in the Year 1701, and Mr. Cuninghame hath proposed it in his Notes without condemning it. The Poet both in Justness of Sentiment and Expression should say, *Sævius ventis agitatur pinus*, after having said, *excelsa gravibus turris decidunt*, and *fulgura gravibus feriunt montes*.

Sævi.

S

12. *Fulgura*

## ODE XI. Ad QUINTIUM HIRPINUM.

**Q**UID bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes,  
 Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adriâ  
 Divisus objecto, remittas  
 Quærere: nec trepides in usum  
 Poscentis ævi pauca. Fugit retro  
 Levis iuventas, & decor, arida  
 Pellente lascivos amores  
 Canitie, facilémque somnum.  
 Non semper idem floribus est honor  
 Vernis; neque uno Luna rubens nitet  
 Vultu. Quid æternis minoram  
 Consiliis animum fatigas?  
 Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hâc  
 Pinu jacentes sic temere, & resâ  
 Canos odorati capillos,  
 Dum licet, Assyriâque nardo,  
 Potamus uncti? Dissipat Evius  
 Curas edaces. Quis puer ocliùs  
 Restinguet ardentis Falerni  
 Pocula prætereunte lymphâ?  
 Quis devium scortum eliciet domo  
 Lyden? eburnâ, dic age, cum lyrâ  
 Maturet, incommatam Lacœnæ  
 More comam religata nodum.

## ODE

12. *Fulgura.*) This Reading is found in almost all the ancient Manuscripts, and St. Jerom has thrice quoted this Passage and always with the Word *Fulgura*. From *Fulgur* is formed *Fulguritus*, which signifies *Thunder-struck*.

13. *Metuit secundis.*) Good Fortune, says Publius Sirus, is of a glassy Nature, bright and brittle. *Fortuna vitrea est; tunc, quum splendet, frangitur.*

15. *Informes hyemes.*) This Epithet is bold and uncommon. Winter makes the Face of Nature ugly and deformed.

19. *Suscitat Musam.*) Horace is not here speaking of any particular Muse, or of the Muses in general; he represents Apollo holding in one Hand the Instrument of his Displeasure; in the other the Symbol of his Good-humour. *Musa citharæ* is a poetical Expression for the Lyre itself, as *Musa tragœdiæ* signifies Tragedy.

21. *Animosus atque fortis.*) The Poet very justly joins these Epithets. The first marks only the Disposition of the Soul; the second means those Actions which arise from that Disposition: Or in other Words, Courage and Fortitude.

D A C.

## ODE XI. To QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

**W**Hat the *Cantabrian* fierce in Arms designs,  
 Or *Scythian* far from us by *Adria's* Main  
 Divided, cease, my Friend, t' explore;  
 Nor trembling thus extend thy Views  
 Beyond what Life's short Span requires: For Youth,  
 With ev'ry Grace, soon flies; and furrow'd Age  
 Love's golden Joys, and, from our Couch,  
 Makes haste to banish balmy Rest.  
 Not always to the Flow'rs their vernal Prime  
 Remains, nor to the silver Moon one Face:  
 Why then fatigu'st thou thus thy Mind,  
 Unequal to perpetual Care?  
 Why rather, where some lofty Plane embow'rs,  
 At Leisure laid, or here beneath this Pine,  
 While Roses round our Temples bloom,  
 And *Syria* her rich Essence sheds,  
 Do we not drink? *Bacchus* each wasting Care  
 Shall put to Flight. What Slave, with duteous Speed,  
 Shall in yon chrystal Riv'let cool  
 Our ardent Wine's *Falernian* Flame?  
 Who beauteous *Lyde* from her Home allures?  
 Go bid the Wanton, with her Iv'ry Lyre,  
 Make no Delay; but, *Spartan*-like,  
 In careless Braids her Tresses bind.

## ODE

## ODE XI.

The Design of this Ode is well supported. The Opening is serious, but the Scene grows lively by Degrees, and the two Actors at the End are seated in a rural Arbour near a River's Side calling for Wine and Music.

Vers. 1. *Cantaber, & Scythes.*] The Commentators have thrown away a great deal of Learning to fix the Date of this Ode. They first suppose that it was written when the Cantabrians and Scythians were actually in Arms against the Republic, and then labour to prove it by History, and to reconcile the different Revolts of those Nations to the same Time.

The Words of Horace do not necessarily mean that the War was yet begun; for the Word *cogitet* rather implies the Designs of these People, than their being really in Arms. The Poet only advises his Friend not to torment himself by distant and visionary Terrors either for his own, or for the public Welfare. *Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes cogitet, remittas quærere: nec trepidas in usum poscentis ævi pauca.* This Language doth not necessarily mean, that these People were actually in Arms, but that their Folly



## ODE XI. To QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

BE not anxious, Friend, to know  
 What the fierce Cantabrian Foe,  
 What intends the Scythian's Pride,  
 Far from Us whom Seas divide.  
 Tremble not with vain Desires;  
 Few the Things which Life requires.  
 Youth with rapid Swiftneſs flies,  
 Beauty's Luſtre quickly dies,  
 Wither'd Age drives far away  
 Gentle Sleep and amorous Play.  
 When in vernal Bloom they glow,  
 Flowers their gayeſt Honours ſhow;  
 Nor the Moon, with equal Grace,  
 Always liſts her ruddy Face.  
 Thus while Nature's Works decay,  
 Buſy Mortal, pr'ythee ſay,  
 Why doſt Thou fatigue thy Mind,  
 Not for endleſs Schemes deſign'd?  
 Thus beneath this lofty Shade,  
 Thus in careleſs Freedom laid,  
 While Aſſyrian Eſſence ſheds  
 Liquid Fragrance on our Heads;  
 While we may, with Roſes crown'd,  
 Let the chearful Bowl go round:  
 Bacchus can our Cares controul,  
 Cares that prey upon the Soul.  
 Who ſhall from the paſſing Stream,  
 Quench our Wine's Falernian Flame?  
 Who the vagrant Wanton bring,  
 Miſtreſs of the Lyric String,  
 With her flowing Trefſes tied,  
 Careleſs like a Spartan Bride?

## ODE

might be little depended upon, and that ſome new Revolt  
 might be ſoon expected.

We can only pronounce with Certainty, from the eighth  
 and fifteenth Lines, that the Ode was written when Horace  
 and Quintus were largely paſt their Youth. S A N.

5. *Fugit retro levis Juventas.*] This general Reflexion  
 ſerves to prove the Senſe of the Ode as it appears in the laſt

## ODE XI. To QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

WHAT fierce *Cantabrians*, what the *Scythians* dare,  
 Make, Friend, no Object of thy Care;  
 Whiſt raging Floods, and *Adria's* Tide,  
 Confine their Force, and Arms divide,  
 Secure we laugh at all the Threats of War:  
 Let no Concern, no Cares for Life approach,  
 It laſts not long, and aſks not much;  
 But ſee, our Years do ſwiftly move,  
 Our nimble Youth and Beauty fades,  
 Dry Age with Cares will crowd our Heads,  
 And leave no Room for eaſy Reſt and Love:  
 Spring Flowers not always equal Beauties wear,  
 Nor Moons with equal Beams appear,  
 As when at full they brightly ſhin'd;  
 Then why ſhould you diſturb your Mind  
 So much, too narrow for eternal Care?  
 Why, underneath a pleaſing Myrtle Shade,  
 On flow'ry Banks ſupinely laid,  
 Are we ſo ſlow to ſpend a Day;  
 And, whiſt grey Hairs are crown'd with Roſe,  
 Or od'rous Oil our Heads o'erflows,  
 Drink all our Troubles and our Cares away?  
 Brisk *Bacchus* ſoon will ſordid Cares refine,  
 And make dull Melancholly ſhine;  
 What Boy waits there, what Boy, to bring  
 Some cooler Streams from yonder Spring  
 To quench the Fury of my flaming Wine?  
 What ready Servant waits to call my Miſs,  
 And who coy *Lyde* will entice?  
 Bid *Lyde* come, we are in haſte;  
 Bid *Lyde* come, her Harp prepare,  
 Like *Spartans* looſely bind her Hair;  
 For Love may Ebb, and then her Time is paſt.

## ODE

Note. Life, for its real Happineſs, requires very little  
 more than Neceſſaries, and the Shortneſs of it breaks all  
 Schemes. The Picture of dry and withered Age, chasing  
 away

ODE XII. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

**N**OLIS longa feræ bella Numantiæ,  
 Nec durum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare,  
 Pœno purpureum sanguine, mollibus  
 Aptari citharæ modis;  
 Nec sævos Lapithas, & nimium mero  
 Hylæum; domitosque Herculeâ manu  
 Telluris juvenes, unde periculum  
 Fulgens contremuit domus  
 Saturni veteris: tuque pedestribus  
 Dices historiis prælia Caesaris,  
 Mæcenas, melius, ductaque per vias  
 Regum colla minantium.

5

10

Me

away Youth, the Loves, and Sleep is delicate and natural Imagery.

S A N.

9. *Non semper idem floribus.* ] Nothing is less durable than Flowers in Spring; nothing more changeable than the Moon; yet these are the best Images of human Life. Why then should Creatures, by Nature formed to Mortality, fatigue themselves with endless and uncertain Projects? From these grand Principles a cheerful Enjoyment of the present Hour is a Conclusion not unworthy of an Epicurean Moralist.

T O R. S A N.

18. *Quis puer.* ] The Poet's Invitation instantly passes into Action. These Vivacities are usual to Him, especially when he proposes a Party of Pleasure.

S A N.

21. *Quis devium.* ] There are almost as many different Opinions upon this Strophe, as there are different Commentators. They have enquired, with very grave and learned Curiosity, into the Meaning of almost every Word, and yet have left the Sense uncertain, although not undetermined.

Torrentius, for the Honour of Horace, asserts, from the Word *eliciet*, (which shews that some Art was necessary to the Invitation,) that Lyde was no common Prostitute. To which Remark, her being at home, adds no inconsiderable Strength.

But a Difficulty of more Moment arises in regard to Lyde's Dress. Horace desires Her to tie her Hair carelessly like the Lacedæmonian Ladies; whom Virgil describes with Hair loose and flowing in the Wind.

Mr. Dacier reconciles the two Poets by assuring us, that Virgil describes a Spartan Maid, and Horace means a Matron of Sparta; that in Greece, and particularly in Lacedæmon, the young Women had their Hair loose, and their Heads uncovered; which were Fashions forbidden to the Spartan Matrons. Plato thus accounts for the Custom; That the young Maidens of Lacedæmon were taught all the manly Exercises of hunting, wrestling, &c. but the Wives were confined to their domestic Affairs. Yet there was probably some better Reason for a Custom, which not only prevailed in Greece in general, but was received by the

ODE XII. *To MÆCENAS.**By another Hand.*

**D**IRE Hannibal, the Roman Dread,  
 Numantian Wars that rag'd so long,  
 And Seas with Punick Slaughter red,  
 Fit not the softer Lyrick Song:  
 Nor Savage Centaurs, mad with Wine;  
 Nor Earth's enormous Rebel Brood,  
 That shook with Fear the Pow'rs divine,  
 'Till by Alcides' Arms subdu'd.  
 Better, Mæcenas, thou in Prose,  
 Shalt Cæsar's glorious Battles tell,  
 With what bold Heat the Victor glows,  
 What Captive Kings his Triumphs swell.

My

Romans. Their common Women were obliged to tie their Hair, when they appeared in Public, to distinguish them from Women of Virtue.

## O D E XII.

The Subject of this Ode is almost the same with two others, *Scriberis Varto* and *Pindarum quisquis*, but the Conduct is different. There is not here any Allegory, and the Reasons, with which the Poet excuses Himself for not writing of Wars and Conquests, are more natural and more enlarged. It appears by the eleventh Verse, that the Ode was written before the Year 725, and they who are fond of guessing may naturally assign any following Year.

S A N.

Verse 1. *Feræ Numantiæ.* ] Numantia is here called *feræ* for the Fierceness of its Inhabitants, who chose to destroy themselves by Sword, and Fire, and Poison, rather than yield to the Roman People.

D A C.

2. *Durum Hannibalem.* ] Doctor Bentley, Mr. Cunningham, and Sanadon, have received this Reading, which is found in the greater Number of Copies, and in some of the first Editions. This Epithet makes an Opposition to *mollibus* which is not disagreeable, and Virgil uses the Expression *Scipiadas dures belio*.

3. *Mollibus modis.* ] The Poet does not mean, as some Commentators understand him, that grave or tragic Subjects do not agree with Lyric Poetry. This Assertion were absolutely false, and the Odes of Pindar and Horace are a Proof of the contrary. He only says, that his own Lyre has no other Sounds but what are proper for Love, and that it refuses all Subjects of Grandeur and Sublimity.

Mr. Dacier and some other Commentators believe that this Ode was written upon the Marriage of Mæcenas with Terentia. If this were true, the Poet very ill excuses himself upon Account of his Amours, for not attempting as

Ode

ODE XII. TO MÆCENAS.

NUMANTIA'S Wars through Years maintain'd,  
Or Hannibal's vindictive Ire,  
Or Seas with Punic Gore distain'd,  
Suit not the Softness of my feeble Lyre;

Nor the fierce Broils, and savage Mirth  
Of Centaurs, deep with Wine imbru'd;  
Nor the gigantic Sons of Earth,  
By Force Herculean gloriously subdu'd:

That Earth-born Race, with dire Alarms,  
Who shook the starry Spheres above,  
And impious dar'd, with horrid Arms,  
Boldly defy th' Omnipotence of Jove.

'Tis thine in stronger Prose to tell  
The mighty Power of Cæsar's War;  
How Kings beneath his Battle fell,  
And drag'd indignant his triumphal Car.

Licymnia's

Ode upon the Triumphs of Octavius, when at the same Time he presses Mæcenas to write an History of his Conquests. Terentia was at least as good an Excuse as any of the Poet's Mistresses.

5. *Nec serui Lapithas.* ] Mr. Dacier is astonished that none of the Commentators have discovered the Allegory under which Horace compares the Civil War, in which Brutus and Cassius were conquer'd by Augustus, to the War in which the Giants were subdued by Hercules, and again to the Quarrel of the Lapithæ, in which Hylæus so naturally represents Anthony in his Excesses of Wine and Luxury with Cleopatra. But, besides the Confusion of comparing these Generals first to the Lapithæ, and immediately afterwards to the Giants, the Poet always treats them with more Respect and Decency. He had served under Brutus, and he lived in too much Friendship with the Son of Anthony, who was now well esteemed by Augustus, to compare him with the drunken Hylæus.

8. *Contremuit.* ] The Construction *contremiscere periculum* is very unusual. Virgil hath an Expression of the same Kind, *sonitumque pedum, vocemque tremisco.*

9. *Tuque pedestribus.* ] It appears, by the Testimony of Servius, that Mæcenas wrote the Life of Augustus, and Pliny quotes some Passages from it. But, whether He were then engaged in the Work, or only designing it, Horace hath taken a very delicate Manner of flattering both Augustus and Mæcenas. I am only capable of singing the Wars of Numantium, of Hannibal, or the fabulous Battles of the Giants, if Love would permit me to attempt such

ODE XII. TO MÆCENAS.

THE stout Numantines lingring Fall,  
The Romans Scourge dire Hannibal,  
No more, my learned Lord, require,  
No more the rough Sicilian Flood  
Dy'd deep with Carthaginian Blood,  
To fit to the soft Measures of the Lyre:

Nor Centaurs eager to engage,  
Nor fierce Hylæus' drunken Rage,  
Nor Giants, tam'd by Hercules,  
Who dar'd to reach old Saturn's Crown,  
Who dar'd to storm his shining Throne,  
And break the Quiet of eternal Ease.

And you, my Lord, with equal Flights,  
Great Cæsar's Wars and conquering Fights  
Shall better tell in lasting Prose;  
And how in Triumph Cæsar led  
The Persian and the haughty Mede,

And scatter'd Slavery 'midst his threatening Foes.

My

Kind of Subjects; but nothing less than Mæcenas can hope to celebrate the Conquests of Augustus; as if they were superior to all the Wonders of History or Fable. We may again observe that while Horace excuses himself, upon Account of his Amours, from attempting such a Work, He must with a very bad Grace have proposed it to Mæcenas at the Time of his Engagements with Terentia.

*Pedestribus Historiis.* ] Horace uses the Expressions *Musa pedestris* and *Sermo pedestris* for a Style simple and natural, and here opposeth Poetry to History, which, if we may be allowed such an Expression, walks on Foot, and never rises above the Earth; its Style ought to be strong, yet common; its Diction chaste and flowing; modest in its Ornaments, it avoids whatever hath an Appearance of Affectation. But Poetry, and especially Lyric Poetry, soars into the Clouds; its Sentiments are noble, its Turns bold, its Expressions figurative; Nature is always seen, but Nature in her richest Dress.

12. *Minantium.* ] This Epithet which represents the Kings, whom Augustus had subdued, still preserving the Threats and Terrours of Look even in Chains, is no mean Honour to their Conqueror.

13. *Licymnia*



Me dulces dominae Musa Licymniae  
 Cantus, me voluit dicere lucidum  
 Fulgentes oculos, & bene mutuis  
 15 Fidum pectus amoribus;  
 Quam nec ferre pedem dedecuit choris,  
 Nec certare joco, nec dare brachia  
 Ludentem nitidis virginibus, sacro  
 20 Dianae celebris die.  
 Num tu, quae tenuit dives Achæmenes,  
 Aut pinguis Phrygiae Mygdonias opes,  
 Permutare velis crine Licymniae,  
 Plenas aut Arabum domos?  
 25 Dum flagrantia detorquet ad oscula  
 Cervicem, aut facili sævitia negat  
 Quae poscente magis gaudeat eripi,  
 Interdum rapere occupat.

## ODE

13. *Licymniae.* ] Deep and learned are the Disputes of the Commentators, whether we ought to read *Licina* or *Licymnia*, whether it be a real or a feigned Name, and lastly whether She was Mistress to Mæcenas or the Poet. Mr. Dacier, who declares for *Licina*, tells us that the Grecian Historians read either *Licinius*, or *Licinnius*, from whence Horace hath taken the Liberty of lengthening the second Syllable. But the Manner of the Greeks and Romans in writing and pronouncing their Words was vastly different; nor can the Grecians be sufficient Directors for measuring and writing a Language to which they were Strangers; and although They frequently spell the same Word differently, yet the Latin Poets never alter their Quantities. Besides, the two Historians, in whose Works alone we find the Name in Dispute, before the Augustan Age, always write *Licinnius*, not *Licina*. It is true it appears differently in Writers since that Time, but they cannot be of any Authority.

Whether it be a real or feigned Name, is difficult to determine; but the Scholiast Acron is surely mistaken when He says that Horace always uses uncertain, for certain Names, as, *me dulces dominae Musa Licimæ, pro Terentia*; Since it must either be an Error of the Transcribers, or Acron must contradict Himself, in saying *Licina* was an uncertain Name for Terentia, when indeed it was her adopted, Family Name. It was not unusual among the Latin Poets to disguise the Names of the Persons, whom they described, under Words of the same Syllables, and Measures, by which, and by the Character in general, They might easily be known. But Doctor Bentley sufficiently proves, that the Scholiast is mistaken in another Instance of this Kind, and at the same Time assures us, that the greatest Number and oldest Manuscripts read *Licymnia*.

The Reasoning of the Poet; the Conduct and Decencies of the Ode alone determine whether *Licymnia* was the Mistress of Horace or Mæcenas. If we suppose her Mæcenas's Mistress, the Poet's Reasoning lies thus: You alone, O

My Mistress all my Muse employs,  
*Licymnia's* Voice, her sprightly Turns,  
 The Fire that sparkles in her Eyes,  
 15 And in her faithful Bosom burns.  
 When she adorns *Diana's* Day,  
 And all the beauteous Choirs advance,  
 With sweetest Airs, divinely gay,  
 She shines distinguish'd in the Dance.  
 Not all *Arabia's* spicy Fields  
 Can with *Licymnia's* Breath compare,  
 Nor *India's* self a Treasure yields,  
 To purchase one bright flowing Hair:  
 20 When she with bending Neck complies,  
 To meet the Lover's eager Kiss,  
 With gentle Cruelty denies,  
 Or snatches first the fragrant Bliss.

## ODE

Mæcenas, are capable of writing the Victories of Augustus. You love Terentia; I love Her also. The Possession of her Beauties appears to You more valuable than all the Riches of the World; while the Muse commands me to sing those Beauties, and forsake all other Subjects.

In good Truth, if we suppose Mæcenas in love with Terentia, and ready to marry her, the Poet could, with very little Decency, lay upon him the Labour of writing the Conquests of Augustus, while he holds himself excused for his own lighter Amours; and surely it was a very careless Indiscretion to talk of his Patron's Mistress in such tender, passionate Language, that it is difficult to distinguish the Poet from the Lover.

17. *Quam nec ferre pedem.* ] *Licymnia* was perhaps a Woman of Distinction, whose Birth and Fortune might entitle Her to the Honour of dancing at *Diana's* Festival; or, if *Licymnia* were a real Name, She was perhaps a Daughter of Julius Licymnius, who was a Freedman of Julius Cæsar, and by Augustus made Governour of Gaul. In either of these Characters, She might dance at this Festival.

18. *Certare joco.* ] By the Word *certare* the Poet alludes to a Custom among the Greeks and Romans of disputing the Prize of Raillery on their Festival Days. It appears by a Passage in Aristophanes, that the Victors in these Disputes were publicly crowned by the Greeks.

*Nec dare brachia ludentem.* ] The Verb *ludere* is by the best Authors used for dancing; and the Expression *dare brachia* may in general signify the Motion and winding of their Arms, or joining their Hands in dancing round the Altar of the Goddess.

Torr. Dac. Sak.

Licymnia's Voice, Licymnia's Eye,  
Bright darting its resplendent Ray,  
Her Breast where Love and Friendship lie,  
The Muse commands me sing in softer Lay;

In Raillery the sportive Jest,  
Graceful her Step in dancing charms,  
When playful at Diana's Feast  
To the bright Virgin Choir she winds her Arms.

Say, shall the Wealth by Kings possess'd,  
Or the rich Diadems They wear,  
Or all the Treasures of the East,  
Purchase one Lock of my Licymnia's Hair?

While now her bending Neck she plies,  
Backward to meet the burning Kiss,  
Then with an easy Cruelty denies,  
Yet wishes You would snatch, not ask the Bliss.

ODE

The Commentators pass lightly over this Stanza, without considering that if their Signification of *ludentem* be just, Licymnia is twice, in the same Sentence, represented dancing. What this Play was, in which she is described giving her Arms to the Virgins at Diana's Festival, is not easy to know. The Translator acknowledges, that He does not understand the Passage, and hath therefore translated it very loosely.

23. *Permutare velis crine Licymniæ.*] Did you, Mæcenas, know like me the Beauties of Licymnia, surely You would be charmed like me, nor exchange one Lock of her Hair for all the Treasures of Kings. Such is the Language of Lovers in all Ages, who believe, that if Others could discover the same Charms which they imagine in their Mistresses, They must feel them with the same Transport. The Poets are full of such Expressions, which do not necessarily mean, as Mr. Dacier understands them, that Licymnia was the Mistress of Mæcenas.

SAN.

25. *Dum flagrantia detorquet.*] However warm this Description may appear, yet is there in it nothing indecent or immodest: and if Mr. Sanadon had thought fit to translate

My Muse bids Me employ my Verse,  
And soft *Licymnia's* Songs rehearse;  
She bids me all her Charms improve,  
Her taking Air, her shining Eyes,  
By Nature fitted to surprize;  
And Mind still faithful to thy mutual Love:

*Licymnia* fair, the Pride of *Rome*,  
How well her Charms and Arts become!  
How movingly her Beauty pleads,  
When toying she and richly drest,  
At great *Diana's* solemn Feast,  
Begins the Dance, and leads the beauteous Maids!

For what *Achæmenes* possess'd,  
And for the Wealth of all the East,  
Would you, my Lord, exchange your Fair?  
Would you, my Lord, for all the Gold  
The stult *Arabians* Houses hold,  
Exchange one Braid of sweet *Licymnia's* Hair?

Whene'er her Head she gently moves,  
To take the Earnest of her Loves,  
A balmy Kiss; or else denies  
With easy frowardness, which shows  
That she is more content to lose,  
Than he that begs to win the Prize:  
Or when she runs to snatch an eager Kiss.

ODE

the Strophe, He would have found another Argument to prove that Licymnia was the Poet's Mistress. For it must have been as indiscreet in Mæcenas to have admitted Horace to be Witness of his Passion for Terentia, as it would have been impertinent in the Poet to break in upon the Privacies of his Patron.

ODE XIII. *IN ARBORIS CASUM.*

ILLE & nefasto te posuit die,  
 Quicumque primum, & sacrilegâ manu  
 Produxit, arbor, in nepotum  
 Perniciem, opprobriumque pagi:  
 Illum & parentis crediderim sui  
 Fregisse cervicem, & penetralia  
 Sparxisse nocturno cruore  
 Hospitis: ille venena Colchica,  
 Et quicquid usquam concipitur nefas,  
 Tractavit; agro qui statuit meo  
 Te, triste lignum, te caducum  
 In domini caput immerentis.  
 Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
 Cautum est in horas: Navita Bosphorum  
 Pœnus perhorrescit, neque ultra  
 Cæca timet aliunde fata:  
 Miles sagittas, & celerem fugam  
 Parthi; catenas Parthus, & Italum  
 Robur; sed improvisa lethi  
 Vis rapuit, rapietque gentes.

Quam

It may be worth observing, that there is no Subject so trivial or inconsiderable, which Poetry cannot raise into Grandeur and Dignity. The Fall of a Tree might have alarmed a Writer of Prose, who would coldly have described his Danger; But the Terrors of a poetical Imagination have transported Horace to the very Regions of Death, where He sings the Power of Music and Poetry.

Verf. 1. *Ille & nefasto.* ] All the Commentators are agreed in acknowledging the Difficulty of this Sentence. Some endeavour to explain it; some to excuse the Poet; others would alter the Text; and one bolder Critic cuts out the whole Passage without condescending to give a Reason for it. Torrentius imagines, that Horace threw this Perplexity into the Beginning of the Ode, more strongly to express the Disorder and Confusion of the Danger from which he had escaped; while Doctor Bentley amends the Text and asserts, that it is impossible to find any Sense in the Passage according to its present Form. Mr. Sanadon, who hath found all Explanations faulty, all Justifications of the Poet insufficient, and all Corrections useless, hath not perhaps succeeded more happily than Others. Mr. Dacier forms the Sentence in this Manner: *O arbor, quicumque te posuit, & produxit, ille te & posuit nefasto die, & sacrilega manu in nepotum perniciem; te, inquam, triste lignum, te caducum in domini caput.* Here Doctor Bentley cries out,

## ODE XIII.

WHOEVER, O Tree, with sacrilegious Hand  
 In evil Hour, first rear'd and planted thee,  
 The Bane of his devoted Race,  
 And the scar'd Hamlet's Obloquy;  
 I can believe that he the aged Neck  
 Of his own Father brake; his Guest betray'd,  
 And with the midnight Slaughter stain'd  
 His Household Gods, *Medea's Arts*  
 The Wretch sure practis'd; nor is there a Crime  
 Thought can conceive but what he made his own,  
 Who rear'd thy cursed Trunk to fall  
 Upon thy guiltless Master's Head.  
 No Mortal, to the Future blind, foresees  
 What most he should avoid; the Sailor dreads  
 The stormy *Bosphorus*, and thinks  
 Fate only ambush'd in the Main:  
 The Soldier fears the *Parthian's* flying War;  
*Rome's* Chains and firm Array the *Parthian* fears;  
 But unperceiv'd Death loves t' approach,  
 And Nations are his countless Prey.

How

How would Horace curse such senseless Stuff, if He were to rise from the Dead! But wherefore do you delay to vindicate the Poet from such Barbarism of Language? Then read, according to our Edition,

ILLUM, & nefasto te posuit die  
 Quicumque primum, &c.

ILLUM parentis sui  
 Fregisse cervicem.

You here acknowledge, says the Critic, the Genius of the race. What can be more clear, more harmonious, more spirited? The Repetition of ILLUM argues Indignation, and O adds Force and Acrimony to the Sentence. Sanadon with very little less Warmth asks his Reader, Is there any thing more natural than his Construction? Is there any thing here, which requires to be explained, reformed, or excus'd? He ranges the Words in the following manner: *Quicumque ille, & posuit te primum nefasto die, & sacrilega manu produxit . . . illum crediderim, &c.*

But, if we take away the full Stops, and open the Sentence down to the twelfth Line, perhaps the Construction may not appear so perplexed. *Arbor, qui te statuit meo, ille (quicumque fuit) & nefasto te posuit die primum, & sacrilega manu produxit in nepotum perniciem; illum & parentis sui fregisse cervicem.*



ODE XIII.

ODE XIII.

W Hoever rais'd and planted Thee,  
Unlucky and pernicious Tree,  
In Hour accurs'd, with impious Hand,  
(Thou Bane and Scandal of my Land,  
That Wretch his guilty Soul had dyed  
Deep in the Blood of Parricide;  
Or plung'd his Dagger in the Breast  
Of his deep-slumb'ring, midnight Guest;  
Or temper'd every baleful Juice,  
Which Colchos' poisonous Glebes produce;  
Or, if a blacker Crime be known,  
That Crime, the Wretch had made his own,  
Who on my harmless Grounds, and me,  
Bestow'd this luckless falling Tree.

Who can his future Woes foresee?  
Who from th' impending Danger flee?  
All other Deaths the Sailor dares,  
Who yet the Tempest's Horrors fears;  
The Parthian views with deep Dismay  
The Roman Chains and firm Array;  
The Roman dreads the Parthian's Speed,  
His flying War, and backward Reed;  
While Death unheeded sweeps away  
The World, his everlasting Prey.

How

*parentis crediderim frogisse cervicem; Ille venena Calcha, &c. Nefasto die.* ] The Romans divided their Days into *Festi* and *Nefasti*. On the *Nefasti* all Kinds of Work and all Business of the Forum were forbidden, as appears by a Line in Ovid; *Ille nefastus erit, per quem tria verba silentur.* The three Words that Ovid means were the Form, with which the Prætor opened his Court: *Do, Dico, Adjuco.* By the first he declared that he administered Justice; by the second, He pronounced Judgment; and by the third, he gave Possession of the Property in Dispute. But private Superstition added to these a Number of black, ill-omen'd Days, *Dies atri*, upon which any public Calamity had happened.

CRUQ.

Horace may either mean, that the Person who planted this accurs'd Tree, had violated a religious Holiday, by working upon it; or that he had planted it upon some unfortunate Day.

*Possit.* ] Mr. Sanadon would persuade us, that Horace hath made use of three Verbs *ponere*, *producere*, and *statuere*, which lie above each other, and signify the planting, rais-

A Fatal Star did then command  
The Skies, and guide his impious Hand  
Who planted thee, to the disgrace  
Of's Farm, and ruin of his Race:  
Tis certain he his Father kill'd,  
He slew, and fed upon his Child;  
He Stabb'd his Friend before his God,  
And stain'd the Image with his Blood:  
To him *Medea's* Arts were known,  
The whole World's Sins he made his own,  
Who first disgrac'd my Field with thee,  
Thou impious Stock, thou cursed Tree,  
Thou cursed Tree, whose hasty fall  
Design'd thy Master's Funeral!  
What each should fly is seldom known,  
We unprovided are undone:  
The Waves that foam round *Thracian* Shores  
Are dreaded by the swarthy *Moors*,  
They think cold Death doth use to trace  
The Snow and frozen Hills of *Thrace*,  
Nor fear it from a warmer Place:  
The *Roman* dreads the Darts, the Force,  
And conquering Flights of *Parthian* Horse:  
The *Roman* Chains the *Parthian* fears,  
Their steady Troops, and weighty Spears:  
Yet Death when arm'd with a Disease  
From other Parts will rudely seize;  
She comes unlookt for, sweeps away  
Unthinking Nations in a Day,  
And huddles up her casie Prey.

How

ing, and transplanting this unfortunate Tree; that it was planted and raised among the Sabines, and from thence transplanted to the Country-Seat, which *Mæcenas* had given to Horace; that in its first Situation it ought to have been the Disgrace of the Village, and was fated to be the Death of some of his Descendants who planted it; but in the second, particularly threatened the Life of its Master.

This unlucky Instance of the Critic's Refinement may teach us not to be too curious in finding out Beauties even in a favourite Author; for, besides the Meanness of the Climax

Quàm pene furvæ regna Proserpinæ,  
 Et judicantem vidimus Æacum,  
 Sedesque discretas piorum, & *lib. 2. l. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.*  
 Sapphō puellis de popularibus;  
 Et te sonantem plenius aureo,  
 Alcæe, plectro, dura navis,  
 Dura fugæ mala, dura belli!  
 Utrumque sacro digna silentio  
 Mirantur umbræ dicere: sed magis  
 Pugnas, & exactos tyrannos  
 Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.  
 Quid mirum? ubi illis carminibus stupens  
 Demittit atras bellua centiceps  
 Aures, & intorti capillis  
 Eumenidium recreantur angues?  
 Quin & Prometheus, & Pelopis parens  
 Dulci laborem decipitur sono;  
 Nec curat Orion leones,  
 Aut timidos agitare lyncas.

How near was I *Proserpine's* gloomy Reign,  
 The dread Tribunal of stern *Æacus*,  
 And those blest Seats, where, to the Lyre,  
*Sappho*, in sweetest Notes, records  
 The cruel Wounds of female Calumny!  
 And, where, with bolder Hand, *Alcæus* sweeps  
 The golden Strings; the stormy Main,  
 Exile and War his loftier Themes.  
 In sacred Silence the charm'd Ghosts admire  
 Each moving Air! But yet, in thicker Crouds,  
 Of Kings depos'd and Tyrants slain,  
 The Vulgar drink the martial Song.  
 What Wonder? when Hell's hundred-headed Guard,  
 With bending Ears, attends the soothing Lay;  
 And, round the Furies Tresses wreath'd,  
 Each Serpent hears away its Rage?  
 Ev'n *Prometheus* forgets, and *Pelops'* Sire,  
 Deluded into Ease, their tort'ring Pains;  
 Nor ev'n *Orion* heeds to chase  
 His Lyon or his flying Lynx.

ODE

ODE

Climax, History hath not been sufficiently careful to inform us of the planting and transplanting this fatal Tree; nor is it probable, that the same Person should be destined to the continued Preservation of it, until it was large enough to kill the Poet with its Fall; if we extend his Curfes to three Persons, the Climax becomes very little less than Burlesque.

11. *Caducum.* ] *Caducum* is here used for *casurum*, which should fall upon its Master's Head, as if it had been planted with that Design. Thus Virgil says, *juvenis caducus for casurus*, or *moriturus*, a Youth who was fated to die. This Accident happened the first of March, as appears by the eighth Ode of the third Book. SAN.

13. *Quid quisque vitet.* ] The second Part of the Ode, which begins here, passes very naturally to the useless Precautions of Mankind to avoid Death. The third Part rises from an imaginary View of Pluto's Kingdom, and the Elysian Fields, *furvæ regna Proserpinæ*, and *discretas piorum sedes*, in which the Poet describes the Ghosts with Admiration and Transport listening to the Songs of *Sappho* and *Alcæus*. D. A. C. SAN.

25. *Querentem puellis de popularibus.* ] Madam Dacier, for the Honour of her Sex, undertakes the Defence of *Sappho* against the Calumnies with which Posterity hath treated Her. She believes that the Songs, which the Ghosts heard with so much Pleasure, were those which *Sappho* had really composed against the unreasonable Jealousies of her Country-women, and from which some Writers have treated her Memory with so much Cruelty. But the Manner in which she declares herself publicly and constantly against

her Brother *Caraxus*, who dishonoured himself by his Engagements with the Prostitute *Dorica*; and that Veneration which the Mitylenians preserved for her, even after her Death engraving her Image on their Money, may justly make us suspect that Scandal and Calumny have treated her with their usual Justice, in their Descriptions of the Licentiousness of her Manners.

Her Passion for *Phaon*, extravagant and violent as it was, may be no mean Proof of the Falseness of the monstrous Vices with which she is charged.

27. *Alcæe.* ] *Alcæus* was Cotemporary, Countryman, and Friend of *Sappho*, and is justly rewarded with the golden *Plectrum* (an Instrument with which they struck the Strings of the Lyre) for that Part of his Works in which he pursues the Tyrants of his Country. His Style was close, magnificent, and chaste; He is frequently like to Homer, but he descends into Sports and Love, although naturally formed to more exalted Subjects. Such is the Character given him by Quintilian, which confirms the Passage in Horace: *Alcæus in parte operis aureo plectro moritur donatur, qua Tyrannos insectatur. Multum etiam merita confert, in eloquendo brevis & magnificus, & diligens, plurimumque Homero similis, sed in lusus & amores descendit, moribus tamen aptior.*

*Cruquius* understands by the golden *Plectrum*, that golden Liberty, which *Alcæus* had purchased for his Countrymen by expelling their Tyrants.

*Navis.* ] The Poet uses *navis* for *navigatio*, and under-

How near was I those dreary Plains,  
Where Pluto's auburn Confort reigns ?  
Where awful sits the Judge of Hell,  
Where pious Spirits blissful dwell,  
Where Sappho, in melodious Strains,  
Of cruel Calumny complains,  
Alcæus sweeps the golden Strings,  
And Seas, and War, and Exile sings :  
Thus while they strike the various Lyre,  
The Ghosts the solemn Sounds admire ;  
But when Alcæus lifts the Strain  
To Kings expell'd, and Tyrants slain,  
In thicker Crouds the shadowy Throng  
Drink deeper down the martial Song.  
What Wonder ? when with bending Ears  
The Dog of Hell astonish'd hears :  
And, in the Furies Hair entwin'd,  
The Snakes with chearful Horrour wind,  
While charm'd by the melodious Strain  
The tortur'd Ghosts forget their Pain :  
Nor Lyon's Rage, nor Lynx's Flight,  
Orion's raptur'd Soul delight.

ODE

stands by it all Dangers of the Sea, which Alcæus had experienced.

SAN.

38. *Laborem decipitur.* ] Doctor Bentley assures us, that this Reading appears in the greater Number of Copies ; Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon have received it into the Text. *Decipitur* is used in the same Sense with *decipit*, *fallit* ; thus we find *experi mentem* in Virgil, and *pingitur alvum* in Ovid, and in Horace himself *Qui purgor bilem*, which must all be construed in an active Sense.

39. *Nec curat Orion leones.* ] Orion had loved Hunting, when he lived, and is here described pursuing the same Sports, when he died ; for the Ancients believed, that the Ghosts of the departed retained the same Passions, with

How near had I, how nearly seen  
The Kingdom of the swarthy Queen ?  
Judge *Æacus*, the story'd Grove,  
The Seat of Piety and Love :  
And *Sappho*, who, in humble Strains,  
Of her base Country-men complains,  
In sweetest Tunes proclaims her Love,  
But mourns at her Reproach above :  
*Alcæus* too, whose golden Strings  
With manlier Strokes sound greater things ;  
He tells the Dangers and the Fears  
Of Flights, of Sailing, and of Wars :  
With silent rev'rence Ghosts admire  
The wondrous fury of his Lyre :  
The vulgar Shades throng most to hear  
Of Kings depos'd, of feats of War,  
And drink them with a greedy Ear :  
No wonder this, Hell's furious Guard,  
With silent wonder, stood and heard ;  
His Ears lay down, and, whilst he play'd,  
A hollow Grin his Joy betray'd :  
No hiss was heard, the Furies Snakes  
Lay hush'd, and quiet on their Necks :  
Delight did torn *Prometheus* seize,  
The Sound deceiv'd him into ease ;  
And *Tantalus* felt soft repose,  
Unheeded now the bending Boughs  
Hang o'er his Lips, and Water flows :  
Nor did the fierce *Orion* care  
To hunt his Lyon, or his flying Bear.

ODE

which they were animated upon Earth.

T 2



ODE XIV. Ad POSTUMUM.

HEU, fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
 Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram  
 Rugis, & instanti senectæ  
 Afferet, indomitæque morti.  
 Non si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,  
 Amice, places illachrymabilem  
 Plutona tauris; qui ter amplum  
 Geryonem, Tityonque tristi  
 Compescit undâ, scilicet omnibus,  
 Quicumque terræ munere vescimur,  
 Enavigandâ, sive Reges,  
 Sive inopes erimus coloni.  
 Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,  
 Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ;  
 Frustra per autumnos nocentem  
 Corporibus metuemus Austrum.

Vifendus

In some Manuscripts this Ode appears with the Title De SUPERSTITIONE, against Superstition. Yet Horace endeavours not only to fortify Postumus against the Fears of Death, but exhorts him to enjoy the good Things of Life with Cheerfulness and Tranquility. Instead of cold Advice, and formal Arguments, all his Reflexions upon the Shortness of Life, and Certainty of Death, are taken from a Philosophy very conformable to the Sentiments of Nature, and animated with a Variety which makes it appear ever new.

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22. *Quas colis arbores.*) The Romans were passionately fond of Trees, and so curious in their Culture of them, that they often watered them, if such an Expression may be allowed, with Wine. The Cypress was sacred to Pluto and Proserpine, and various are the Reasons why it was used in Funerals: Either from a vulgar Error that it dies if it be

ODE XIV. To POSTUMUS.

By another Hand.

AH! Friend, the passing Years how fast they fly  
 Nor can the strictest Piety  
 Defer encroaching Age,  
 Or Death's restless Rage;  
 If you each Day  
 A Hecatomb of Bulls should slay,  
 The smoking Host could not subdue  
 The Tyrant to be kind to you:  
 From Geryon's Head he snatch'd the triple Crown,  
 Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbled down,  
 The Prince and Peasant of this World must be  
 Thus wasted to Eternity.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,  
 Or the rough Storms of the tempestuous Sea;  
 In vain they take such Care

To shield their Bodies from Autumnal Air:

Disimal

pruned; or because it was useful in preserving a dead Body from Corruption; or, being thrown into the Pyle, it corrected the offensive Stench of the burning Carcass. A Branch of it was placed over the Door of the House where any Person died, that the Pontiffe might not be polluted by entering into it.

LAMB.

24. *Brevem dominum.*) Some of the Commentators, knowing that *brevis* hath two Significations, with very learned Subtlety have construed *brevem Dominum*, who is confined to a small Space, as if Horace alluded to his Urn. Perhaps the Expression is not perfectly exact, but, one would think, it required some Art to mistake the Author's Meaning.

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BOOK II.

ODE XIV. To POSTUMUS.

**H**OW swiftly fly the winged Years!  
 For oh! nor Pity, nor Tears  
 Can stop the fleeting Day;  
 Deep-furrow'd Wrinkles, posting Age,  
 And Death with irresistible Rage,  
 Are Strangers to Delay.

Though every Day a Bull should bleed  
 To Pluto, bootless were the Deed,  
 The Monarch tearless reigns,  
 Where Vultur-tortur'd Tityos lies,  
 And triple Geryon's monstrous Size  
 Th' imprisoning Wave detains.

All Mortals tasting earthly Food,  
 Are doom'd to pass the joyless Flood,  
 And hear the Stygian Roar;  
 The sceptred King who rules the Earth,  
 The labouring Hind of humbler Birth,  
 Must reach the distant Shore.

The broken Surge of Adria's Main  
 Hoarse-founding we avoid in vain,  
 And Mars in Blood-stain'd Arms;  
 Fierce Auster's Blasts in vain we fear,  
 And Autumn's Life-annoying Air  
 With idle Fears alarms;

Yet

ODE XIV.

ODE XIV. To POSTUMUS.

**T**HE whirling Year, Ah Friend! the whirling  
 Year

Rouls on space;  
 And soon shall Wrinkles plough thy wither'd Face:  
 In vain you waste your Pious Breath,  
 No Prayers can stay, no Vows defer  
 The swift approach of Age, and conqu'ring Death:

No, tho' ten thousand Oxen stain'd his Shrines  
 With sacred Blood,

Shouldst thou appease th' inexorable God:

He opens, and he shuts the Grave;

Geryon's triple Soul confines,

And stubborn Gyges with the Stygian Wave:

That fatal Wave that must be pass'd by all,

The Rich, the Poor

Are doom'd alike to view the Stygian Shore;

The Knaves and Fools, the Wise and Just,

The Kings as well as Clowns must fall;

And undistinguish'd lie with meaner Dust:

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,

And live in ease;

In vain we shun the Rage of angry Seas;

The burning Fevers Autumn brings,

In vain we fly, and idly fear

The Plagues that South-winds bear on sickly  
 Wings:

For

ODE XIV. Ad POSTUMUM.

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Are doom'd to pass the joyless Flood,  
And hear the Stygian Roar;  
The sceptred King who rules the Earth,  
The labouring Hind of humbler Birth,  
Must reach the distant Shore.

The broken Surge of Adria's Main  
Hoarse-founding we avoid in vain,  
And Mars in Blood-stain'd Arms;  
Fierce Aufter's Blasts in vain we fear,  
And Autumn's Life-annoying Air  
With idle Fears alarms;

Yet

ODE XIV.

ODE XIV. To POSTUMUS.

**T**HE whirling Year, Ah Friend! the whirling  
Year

Rolls on apace;  
And soon shall Wrinkles plough thy wither'd Face:  
In vain you waste your Pious Breath,  
No Prayers can stay, no Vows defer  
The swift approach of Age, and conqu'ring Death:

No, tho' ten thousand Oxen stain'd his Shrines  
With sacred Blood,

Shouldst thou appease th' inexorable God:

He opens, and he shuts the Grave;

Geryon's triple Soul confines,

And stubborn Gyges with the Stygian Wave:

That fatal Wave that must be pass'd by all,

The Rich, the Poor

Are doom'd alike to view the Stygian Shore;

The Knaves and Fools, the Wise and Just,

The Kings as well as Clowns must fall;

And undistinguish'd lie with meaner Dust:

In vain we all retreat from dangerous War,

And live in ease;

In vain we shun the Rage of angry Seas;

The burning Fevers Autumn brings,

In vain we fly, and idly fear

The Plagues that South-winds bear on sickly  
Wings:

For

Vilendus ater flumine languido

Cocytus errans, & Danaï genus

Infame, damnatusque longi

Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

20

Linquenda tellus, & domus, & placens

Uxor: neque harum, quas colis, arborum

Te, præter invisas cupressos,

Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior

25

Servata centum clavibus, & mero

Tinget pavimentum superbus,

Pontificum potiore cœnis.

## ODE

and yet the Sense is strong, and perfect without it, since nothing can add to the Luxury or Pride of a Pontiffe's Feast. If then we read *superbus*, which was first proposed by Barthius, we shall have a new Thought added to the Stanza, and behold the very Action of Pride and Insolence, with which this extravagant Heir lavisheth away his Wine, while the Epithet, thrown to the End of the Period, keeps up the Force and Spirit of the Sense; a Manner of Writing very usual in Horace.

18. *Pontificum potiore cœnis.*) Mr. Dacier is extremely well reconciled to the French Tongue, as it is not liable to the Doubts that perplex the Reader in these Words, which may bear three different Constructions; that this Wine was of greater Price than whole Feasts of the Pontiffes; that it might be better employed in those Feasts; or thirdly, that it was more excellent than what was drunk at such Entertainments. Mr. Dacier declares for the second, which seems

Dismal Cocytus they must ferry o'er,

Whose languid Stream moves dully by the Shore;

And, in the Passage, we shall see

Of tortur'd Ghosts the various Misery.

Thy stately House, thy pleasing Wife,

And Children (Blessings dear as Life)

Must all be left, nor shalt thou have

Of all thy grafted Plants one Tree,

Unless the dismal *Cypress* follow Thee,

The short-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.

But the imprison'd *Burgundy*

Thy jolly Heir shall strait set free.

Releas'd from Lock and Key, the sparkling Wine  
Shall flow, and make the drunken *Pavement* shine.

## ODE

to him to have the Turn of a religious Sentiment, as if this Wine ought to be reserved for the Pontiffe's Festival. Mr. Sanadon hath chosen the first Construction; and this Translation takes the last, as it appears most natural and easy. The Words may indeed bear a fourth Meaning; *potiore cœnis* by an Ellipsis *potiore in cœnis* may signify the best Wine even at a Pontiffe's Feast.

Upon Admission of a new Member into their College a Feast was prepared for the Pontiffes, Augurs, and Vestal Virgins, with a most religious Luxury.

Yet all must see Cocytus flow,  
Whose gloomy Water sadly flow  
Strays through the dreary Soil;  
The guilty Maids, an ill-fam'd Train!  
And, Sisyphus, thy Labours vain,  
Consign'd to endless Toil.

Thy pleasing Consort must be left,  
And You of Villas, Lands, bereft,  
Must to the Shades descend;  
Thy Cypress only, hated Tree,  
Of all thy much-lov'd Groves, shall Thee,  
Its short-liv'd Lord attend.

Then shall thy worthier Heir discharge,  
And set th' imprison'd Casks at large,  
And dye the Floor with Wine,  
So rich and precious, not the Feasts  
Of Pontiffes' cheer their ravish'd Guests  
With Liquor so divine.

ODE

For all the *Stygian Waves* are doom'd to pass;  
We all must go

And view *Cocytus'* wandering Streams below:  
We all must see the lasting Chains  
That hold curst *Danaus* his Race,  
And *Sisyphus* condemn'd to endless Pains.

Thy Children must be left, thy Lands and House,  
Thy pleasing Wife,  
That happy Comfort and Delight of Life;  
Of all the Trees thy hands restor'd,  
None but the *Cypress'* hated Boughs  
Shall follow their short-liv'd decaying Lord.

The Wines you keep so close thy worthier Heir  
Shall soon possess,  
And waste midst wanton Luxury and Ease;  
Much nobler Wine the squandering Youth  
Shall spill, and costlier Feasts prepare,  
Than ever pleas'd a Pamper'd Abbot's Tooth.

ODE



ODE XV.

JAM pauca aratro jugera regiae  
 Moles relinquunt; undique latius  
 Extenta visentur Lucrino  
 Stagna lacu; platanusque caelebs  
 Evincet ulmos: tum violaria, &  
 Myrtus, & omnis copia narium,  
 Spargent olivetis odorem,  
 Fertilibus domino priori.  
 Tum spissa ramis laurea fervidos  
 Excludet ictus. Non ita Romuli  
 Praescriptum, & intonsi Catonis  
 Auspiciis, veterumque norma.  
 Privatus illis confus erat brevis,  
 Commune magnum: nulla decempedis  
 Metata privatis opacum  
 Porticus excipiebat Arcton:  
 Nec fortuitum spernere cespitem  
 Leges finebant, oppida publico  
 Sumtu jubentes, & Deorum  
 Tempa novo decorare saxo.

ODE

The Poet, in this Ode, opposes the Magnificence and Expence of the present Romans, in their Buildings, Plantations and Gardens, to the Simplicity and Frugality of their Ancestors, by whom the public Edifices, and Temples of the Gods, were thought the noblest Monuments of true Grandeur, as well as Piety.

The Wealth, brought into Rome by ravaging and plundering the World, was employed with a Wantonness almost incredible, in the last Excesses of Extravagance and Luxury. These Excesses vitiated the Minds, corrupted the Understanding, and broke the Resolution of a People, not less glorious for their true and manly Spirit of Liberty, than for their Conquest of the World. Thus at length they were debased to a Vileness of Slavery unknown to the Nations whom they had conquered, and infamous to all Posterity.

Verf. 6. *Copia narium.* ) Sanadon hath very well defended the Beauty of this Expression against Mr. Dacier, who thinks it too bold, although he approves of an Expression of Herodotus, who calls beautiful Women the Distempers of the Eye; and of another Greek Writer, who says, that Flowers are the Feast of the Sight. In Cicero we find *copia agri*, for the Riches of the Country; and Catullus calls a Goat, the Poison of the Nose: *crudelium nasorum interfectum*.

10. *Fervidos ictus.* ) Other Poets have said, *ictus Phæbi*,

ODE XV.

By Mr. HARE.

SEE! how the stately Piles arise,  
 How proudly spread around!  
 They scarce will leave the lab'ring Plough  
 One useful Spot of Ground.  
 Soon wider than the *Lucrine Lake*  
 Will mighty Fish-Ponds flow;  
 And barren Planes deny the Elms  
 For married Vines to grow.  
 The Myrtle, Violet, and the Rose,  
 With all the flow'ry Store,  
 Will spread their Sweets, where Olives brought  
 Their Owners Gain before.  
 T' exclude the Sun, our Laurels twine,  
 Impenetrably clos'd:  
 This *Rome's* great Founder ne'er ordain'd,  
 And *Cato* had oppos'd.  
 Our Fathers publick Wealth was great,  
 Their Stock at home was small;  
 No private Cloyster's sumptuous Length  
 Receiv'd the northern Gale.  
 The Laws forbad paternal Cots  
 Tho' humble to be scorn'd;  
 While Cities rose, and Temples shone  
 With *Parian* Stone adorn'd.

ODE

*solis, luminis;* but Lyric Poetry permits a greater Boldness. They who would read *æstus* or *ignis*, enfeeble the Language and hazard a Correction, which the Text neither authorises, nor requires.

13. *Privatus illis confus.* ) Valerius Maximus hath given us this glorious Character of the ancient Romans, that every one was earnest to increase the Wealth of his Country, not his own private Fortune; and chose rather to be poor in a rich State, than to be rich when the Commonwealth was poor. They aimed, says Cicero, at the Praises of Frugality in their domestic Affairs, and of Dignity in all

## ODE XV.

IN regal Pride our Structures rise,  
The useless Plough neglected lies;  
Ponds, broad as Lakes, our Fields o'er-spread,  
And barren Planes high wave the Head  
Above the Elm; while all around,  
Wafting their Fragrance o'er the Ground,  
Where flourish'd once the Olive Shade,  
And its rich Master's Cares repaid,  
The Violet and Myrtle greets  
The Sense, a Luxury of Sweets!  
While vainly would Apollo's Ray  
Through our thick Laurels pour the Day.

Not such were Cato's stern Decrees,  
Nor Romulus by Arts like these,  
In Wisdom form'd th' imperial Sway,  
And bid th' unwilling World obey.  
Though small each personal Estate,  
The public Revenues were great;  
Arcades were then by Law confin'd,  
Nor open'd to the Northern Wind:  
The casual Turf, where Fortune pleas'd,  
The private Dwelling humbly rais'd,  
While awful to the Powers divine  
Grateful they built the sacred Shrine,  
And high their public Structures shone,  
Enrich'd with ornamental Stone.

## ODE

that concerned the Public.

17. *Nec fortuitum cessitem.*) This Expression hath some Difficulty. The Commentators in general understand by it either an hereditary Farm, or the casual Allotment of the conquered Lands. But in this Sense, the Opposition between the Buildings of the modern and ancient Romans, which forms the Beauty of the Ode, is lost. The Translator hopes He hath expressed the natural and unforced Meaning of his Author; that the first Romans built their Houses of Earth, or Brick, nor were They curious in their Situation; while They raised the Temples and public Edifices with Stone.

18. *Oppida publico sumtu.*) In these last Lines we see the principal Design of the Poem, and Horace reflects upon Augustus all the Praises which he had given to the Laws of the ancient Romans. That Prince had not only rebuilt the public Edifices, which had decayed by Time, or been destroyed by Fire, but raised several Temples to the Gods;

## ODE XV.

OUR Squares still rise, our Fields decrease,  
And now the Ploughs must rust in ease;  
New Motes are dug, large Ponds we make  
That Rival e'en the *Lucrine Lake*:  
Round lofty Firs weak Ivy twines,  
Unmarry'd Planes profusely spread  
A useless melancholly Shade

O'er larger Fields than marry'd Elms and Vines:

Our Beds of Roses, Myrtle Bow'rs,  
And all the Luxury of Flow'rs,  
Their fruitless Shades and Smells afford;  
They now those fruitful Grounds possess  
Where Olives rose with vast Increase,  
And with great Bounty fed the former Lord:

Thick Laurels plac'd by purling Streams  
Shut out the *Mid-day's* burning Beams,  
And give us Shade to drink and play;  
Was this by *Romulus* allow'd?  
Was this the way our Fathers show'd  
To rise to Empire, and extend our Sway?

No, then each single Man's Estate  
Was small, the Publick Stock was great,  
The Publick Wealth employ'd their Care;  
No private Man profusely skill'd  
Did then his large Piazzas build,  
To take cool Breezes of the Northern Air:

The little Hut, their Father's House,  
The Laws forbid them to refuse,  
But live content in mean Abodes;  
Enjoying all their Shrines and Towns  
To build with new and costly Stones,  
To grace their Country, and to please their Gods.

## ODE

such as those to Mars the Avenger; to Apollo; to Jupiter the Thunderer.

20. *Novo saxo.*) The Ancients called any thing *new*, which was ornamental and elegant.

U

TORR.

ODE XVI. *Ad GROSAPHUM.*

OTIUM divos rogat impotenti  
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes  
 Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent  
     Sidera nautis:  
 Otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
 Otium Medi pharetrâ decori,  
 Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpurâ, ve-  
     nale, nec auro.  
 Non enim gazæ, neque consularis  
 Summovet licitor miseros tumultus  
 Mentis, & Curas laqueata circùm  
     Tecta volantes.  
 Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum  
 Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum;  
 Nec leves somnos timor, aut cupido  
     Sordidus aufert.  
 Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
 Multa? quid terris alio calentes  
 Sole mutamus? patriæ quis exul  
     Se quoque fugit?

20  
Scandit

When Horace draws the Morals of Epicurus at their Source, it must be confessed that human Wisdom never produced any System more reasonable. The Pleasure of that Philosopher, a Pleasure abused by Libertinism, and condemned by Ignorance, consisted in a Tranquility of Mind, resulting from the Practice of Virtue. From this Principle are derived all these beautiful Maxims which our Poet hath dispersed through his whole Works, and which appear particularly in this Ode, where he gives such Counsel to his Friend, as seems to be dictated by Reason itself. After having spoken of the Repose of the Body in the first six Lines, He proposeth, as an Object more worthy of our Desires, the Repose of the Soul; but the Transition is so lightly marked that it hath escaped the Commentators. SAN.

Verf. 1. *Otium*] It were impertinent to desire the Reader to mark the Beauty of this Repetition, by which the Poet would prove, that Repose and Retirement is the general Wish of Mankind even when they are engaged in their most active, most ambitious Pursuits. Yet it may be worth observing, that other Poets have made use of the same Repetitions, and spoken in the same Language. Thus Tibullus five Times repeats the Word Hope, to shew that it is the common Blessing of the Unfortunate: thus he uses the

ODE XVI. *To GROSAPHUS.*

By Mr. OTWAY.

IN Storms, when Clouds the Moon do hide,  
 And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,  
 Shew me at Sea the Boldest there,  
 Who does not wish for Quiet here.

For Quiet (Friend) the Soldier fights,  
 Bears weary Marches, sleepless Nights;  
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold;  
 Which can't be bought with Hills of Gold.

Since Wealth and Power too weak we find  
 To quell the Tumults of the Mind;  
 Or from the Monarch's Roofs of State,  
 Drive thence the Cares that round him wait:

Happy the Man with little blest  
 Of what his Father left, possess:  
 No base Desires corrupt his Head,  
 No Fears disturb him in his Bed.

What then in Life, which soon must end,  
 Can all our vain Designs intend?  
 From Shore to Shore why should we run,  
 When none his tiresome Self can shun?

For

Word Peace as often, to convince us, that it is the most desirable and valuable Enjoyment of human Life. When Ovid would shew the Power of Time, he repeats it not less than six Times; and Catullus, whom perhaps our Poet imitated, hath used *otium* as often in one Strophe.

*Impotenti.*] The Word *impatenti* appears in some excellent Manuscripts, and we are obliged to Mr. Sanadon for his very happy Alteration of a single Letter. They who read *in patenti* give to the Ægean Sea an Epithet which by no means agrees to it; for far from being open, it is divided and broken by a Number of Islands, *varius fracta confusa torris*, says Virgil, besides Rocks, and Banks of Sand. The Latins use the Word *impotens* in two opposite Senses, as *incanus*, *infractus*, &c. *Mare impotens*, is a Sea violently agitated, and Catullus calls this very Sea by the same Epithet, *Impotentia fracta*.

10. Summovet



## ODE XVI. To GROSPHUS.

## ODE XVI. To GROSPHUS.

WHEN Clouds the Moon's fair Lustre hide,  
No Stars the doubtful Helm to guide;

The Sailor, mid the raging Seas,  
Suppliant implores the Gods for Ease;  
For Ease, the warlike Sons of Thrace,  
For Ease, the Quiver-shining Race,  
A Blessing----never to be sold  
For Gems, for Purple, or for Gold.  
Nor Wealth, nor Grandeur can controul  
The sickly Tumults of the Soul,  
Or bid the Cares to stand aloof,  
Which hover round the vaulted Roof.

Happy the Man, whose frugal Board  
His Father's Plenty can afford;  
Nor Fear, nor Avarice annoys  
The gentle Slumbers He enjoys.

Why do we aim, with eager Strife,  
At Things beyond the Mark of Life?  
Creatures, alas! whose boasted Pow'r  
Is but the Blessing of an Hour!  
To Climates, cheer'd by other Suns,  
In vain the wretched Exile runs;

Consuming

10. *Summorvet.* ] One Part of the Licitor's Office, was to remove the Croud, and open a Way for the Magistrates; from whence the Poet hath taken this beautiful Image. The Licitor may oblige the People to retire, but cannot drive away the Cares and Troubles of the Soul. The Matrons and Vestal Virgins were not obliged to give way to the Magistrates, lest, under that Pretext, they might be injured or insulted by the Licitors. D A C.

14. *Splendet salinum.* ] Happy the Man who beholds with Pleasure the plain and simple Furniture which his Father left Him. Salt is by Homer called *Divins*, and by Plato Beloved by the Gods; so holy was it esteemed, that the Ancients thought an Entertainment impious and profane, if it were forgotten, as they believed that some Misfortune would happen to the Perion who slept while it was on the Table. D A C.

FOR Ease the Seaman asks the Gods,  
When toss'd in the *Egean* Floods;  
When Darknefs spreads to heighten Fears,  
And not one friendly Star appears:

For Ease the Warlike *Thracians* plead,  
The *Pirfian* and the quiver'd *Mede*;  
For Ease, too precious to be sold  
For costly Gems, or bought with Gold:

For neither Power nor Wealth controul  
The sad Disorders of the Soul,  
Nor yet remove the Cares that wait  
About the Palace of the Great.

Bless'd he with little, on whose thrifty Board  
That Salt still shines that call'd his Father Lord;  
No vexing Fears his Breast can seize,  
No sordid Lust will break his ease.

Why these extended Cares, and Strife,  
And Trouble for so short a Life?  
Why do we ply our Sails and Oars,  
And fondly visit foreign Shores?  
Can he that flies his Country find  
That he can leave himself behind?

“ For

17. *Quid brevi fortes.* ] This is happily expressed. Our Desires are the Arrows of our Hearts, which we are always aiming beyond the Mark of Life, and, as it were, shooting out of Sight. S A N.

18. *Terris.* ] Mr. Cuninghame hath given us this Alteration of the usual Reading *Terras*, and it is received by Mr. Sanadon. It is more agreeable to the Style of Horace, and renders the Phrase complete, by expressing both Terms of the Change. *Terras* must be understood.

U 2

26. *Lani*

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves  
Cura; nec turmas equitum relinquit,  
Ociore cervis, & agente nimbo  
Ociore Euro.

Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est 25  
Oderit curare, & amara leni  
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni  
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem:  
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus: 30  
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,  
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum, Siculæque circum  
Mugijunt vaccæ; tibi tollit hinnitum  
Apta quadrigis equa; te bis Afro 35  
Murice tinctæ

Vestijunt lanæ: mihi parva rura, &  
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camcenæ  
Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum  
Spernere vulgus. 40

ODE

26. *Leni temperet risu.* ] We are obliged for this Correction to Doctor Bentley; all Editions before him read *lento*, which gives a disagreeable Repetition of the same Epithet in two Lines, without adding to the Strength or Beauty of the Sentence. Some Manuscripts read *lento*, which is an Expression without Example, nor easily understood; besides *lenis* makes a pretty Opposition to *amarus*. S. A. N.  
10. *Abstulit clarum.* ] Achilles was famed for his military Glories; yet he died in Prime of Life. Tithonus was the Favourite of a Goddess, but even her Present of Im-

For baneful Care will still prevail,  
And overtake us under Sail,  
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,  
Out-run the *Roe*, out-fly the Wind.

If then thy Soul rejoice to-day,  
Drive far to-morrow's Cares away:  
In Laughter let them all be drown'd:  
No Perfect Good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fate's sudden Blow,  
Another's ling'ring Death comes slow;  
And what of Life they take from thee,  
The Gods may give to punish me.

Thy Portion is a wealthy *Stock*,  
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,  
Horses and Chariots for thy Ease,  
Rich Robes to deck and make thee please:

For me a little Cell I chuse,  
Fit for my Mind, fit for my Muse,  
Which soft Content does best adorn,  
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I scorn.

ODE

mortality became a Burthen to him; and after lingering in a miserable old Age, he was changed into a Grasshopper. Such are the Instances by which Horace would prove that Mortals never can be completely happy.

Consuming Cares incessant charge  
His Flight, and climb his armed Barge;  
Or though he mount the rapid Steed,  
Care follows with unerring Speed,  
Far fleetier than the timorous Hind,  
Far fleetier than the driving Wind.

He who can taste without Allay  
The present Pleasures of the Day,  
Should with an easy, chearful Smile  
The Bitterness of Life beguile;  
Should all of future Care detest,  
For nothing is completely blest.  
Achilles perish'd in his Prime,

Tithon was worn away by Time,  
And Fate, with lavish Hand, to Me  
May grant what it denies to Thee.

An hundred bleating Flocks are thine,  
Around Thee graze thy lowing Kine;  
Neighing thy Mares invite the Reins;  
Thy Robes the double Purple stains;  
To Me, not unindulgent Fate  
Bestow'd a rural, calm Retreat,  
With Art to tune the Roman Lyre,  
To warm the Song with Grecian Fire,  
And scorn, in conscious Virtue proud,  
The worthless Malice of the Croud.

ODE

"For baneful Care will still prevail,  
"And overtake us under Sail;  
It dogs the Horseman close behind,  
More swift than Roes, or stormy Wind,

A Man contented with his present doom  
Hates to look on for what's to come;  
With Mirth he sweetens bitter Fate;  
There is no perfect happy State:

The stout *Achilles* dy'd in haste,  
Long Age did old *Tithonus* waste;  
Those Years swift Time denies to thee  
Perhaps his Hand shall reach to me.

Round thee ten thousand Heifers low,  
Stout Oxen bend beneath thy Plow;  
In thy gilt Coach neigh gen'rous Mares,  
Thy Purple shines as bright as Stars;  
Around Thee Wealth and Plenty wait,  
With all the Luxury of Fate.

A Farm as large as my Desire,  
With some few Heats of *Lyrick* Fire,  
On me hath stubborn Fate bestow'd,  
With Pride enough to scorn the Crowd.

ODE



ODE XVII. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

CUR me querelis exanimas tuis?  
 Nec Dis amicum est, nec mihi, te prius  
 Obire, Mæcenas, mearum  
 Grande decus columenque rerum.  
 Ah! te meæ si partem animæ rapit  
 5 Maturior vis, quid moror altera,  
 Nec carus æquè, nec superstes  
 Integer? Ille dies utramque  
 Ducet ruinam: Non ego perfidum  
 10 Dixi sacramentum: ibimus, ibimus,  
 Utrumque præcedes, supremum  
 Carpere iter comites parati.  
 Me nec Chimææ spiritus igneæ,  
 Nec, si refurgat, centimanus Gyas,  
 15 Divellet unquam: sic potenti  
 Justitiæ, placitumque Parcis.

Seu

Mæcenas, as we are informed by Pliny, laboured from his Infancy under a perpetual Fever, which must necessarily have changed the natural Gaiety of his Temper, especially towards the latter End of his Life; and it is probable, that He frequently, and with some Impatience, lamented to his favourite Poet his approaching Death. Horace justly sensible to his Complains, in this Ode intreats Him to talk no more in such affecting Language; He tells him, that he is determined not to survive him, and proves it to be impossible by the Conformity of their Destinies, particularly the Accidents by which their Lives had been endangered; from whence he proposes, that They should perform their Sacrifices in Gratitude to the Gods who had preserved them.

S A N.

Verf. 6. *Maturior vis.* ) This Expression seems to mean,

ODE XVII. *To MÆCENAS.*

WHY am I kill'd with thy Complaints?  
 The Gods,  
 No more than I, Mæcenas, will consent,  
 That thou, my Glory, my Support,  
 Before Me should'st resign thy Breath.  
 5 Alas! if Fate untimely snatch thee hence  
 My better Part, why should the other stay,  
 Less dear, imperfect, and forlorn?  
 One Day shall either Funeral boast:  
 10 I've sworn,---in Heav'n th' inviolable Oath  
 Recorded stands!---That I, whene'er thou lead'st,  
 A fix'd Companion will attend,  
 Thy latest Journey to partake.  
 Nor shall Chimæra, with her fiery Breath,  
 Nor Gyas, tho' he list his hundred Hands  
 15 T' oppose, divorce me from thy Side;  
 So Justice bids, and Fate ordains.

Fu

that Mæcenas might naturally live many Years; which could not be justly said of his last Illness, as some Commentators understand it, since he was passed Sixty when he died.

S A N.

9. *Ducet.* ) This Word is used to express the Procession either of Triumphs or Funerals.

D A C.

10. *Perfidum Sacramentum.* ) Horace alludes here to an Oath of Fidelity, taken by Soldiers when they were enlisted, and although there be not a formal Oath expressed, yet it is included in

*Ille dies utramque**Ducet ruinam.*

C R U Q. D A C.

109. Part

## ODE XVII. TO MÆCENAS.

WHY will Mæcenas thus complain,  
 And kill me with th' unkindly Strain?  
 Nor can the Gods, nor I consent  
 That You, my Life's great Ornament,  
 Should sink untimely to the Tomb,  
 While I survive the fatal Doom.  
 Should You, alas! be snatch'd away,  
 Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay,  
 My Value lost, no longer whole,  
 And but possessing half my Soul?  
 One Day, believe the sacred Oath,  
 Shall lead the funeral Pomp of Both;  
 Cheerful, to Pluto's dark Abode,  
 With Thee I'll tread the dreary Road,  
 Nor sell Chimæra's Breath of Fire,  
 Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,  
 Shall ever tear my Friend from Me;  
 So Justice and the Fates decree.

Whether

## ODE XVII. TO MÆCENAS.

WHY am I kill'd with thy Complaint?  
 'Tis more than any God will grant,  
 'Tis more, my Lord, than I can bear,  
 That you on whom my hopes rely,  
 That you my great Support should dye,  
 And leave thy Melancholly *Horace* here:

Did you, my better Half, decay,  
 For what should I, the other, stay?  
 What Comfort could compose my Mind  
 When neither whole, nor yet so dear  
 I should be doom'd to linger here,  
 And feel my worser Part still left behind?

The same black Day shall seize on both,  
 It is a fixt and solemn Oath,  
 We'll go, I've sworn, we both will go;  
 Tho' you may first begin the Race,  
 I'll follow with a nimble Pace,  
 And join you e'er you reach the Waves below.

Did fierce *Chimera* dart her fire,  
 To make my frighted Soul retire,  
 Yet still I would attend your State;  
 Tho' hundred-handed *Gyas* rose,  
 In vain should all his Strength oppose,  
 For Justice bids, and 'tis approv'd by Fate.

Whatever

Seu *Libra*, seu me *Scorpius* aspicit  
Formidolosus, pars violentior

Natalis horæ, seu tyrannus

Hesperizæ Capricornus undæ:

Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo

Consentit astrum. Te Jovis impio

Tutelâ Saturno refulgens

Eripuit, volucrisque fati

Tardavit alas; cùm populus frequens

Fauustum theatris ter crepuit sonum:

Me truncus illapsus cerebro

Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum

Dextrâ levâsset, Mercurialium

Custos virorum. Reddere victimas,

Ædemque votivam memento:

Nos humilem feriemus agnam.

O D E

For whether *Libra* on my natal Hour,  
Or, with maligner Aspect, *Scorpius* shed  
His Influence, or *Capricorn*,  
The Tyrant of the Western Wave;  
In wonderful Agreement either's Star  
Conspires delighted. Thee, with Guardian Care,  
Refulgent *Jove's* benigner Ray  
From impious *Saturn's* Spite preserv'd,  
And stay'd Fate's rapid Wings; when thrice glad  
*Rome*,  
In the full Theatre, its Joy express'd:  
Me a Tree's falling Trunk had crush'd,  
When from my Head Wit's Patron-God  
Averted, with kind Hand, the deathful Stroke.  
Then, grateful, let a Hecatomb expire,  
And bid the votive Temple rise;  
For me an humble Lambkin bleeds.

O D E

19. *Pars violentior natalis horæ.*) *Pars* here signifies, what the Greeks call *μοῖρα*, that Part of the Sign which appears above the Horizon at the Moment of Birth; for every Sign is divided into several Parts which make as many Horoscopes, by the Poet called *Natales Horæ*. We find in other Places of this Author, that he was not over-credulous in the Science of judicial Astrology, and what He says here seems rather an Effect of his Compliance with the Weakness of Mæcenas.

D A C.

21. *Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo.*) To render the Lives and Fortunes of two Persons perfectly equal, and to form an exact Correspondence between them, it was necessary that they should be born at the same Instant. But, as Horace was not of the same Age with Mæcenas, He can only say, that there was a great Resemblance, a great Conformity between their Stars; and that by the most remarkable Events of their Lives, one might be apt to think They were born under the same Constellation. But as it was impossible that two different Horoscopes could have the same Effect, the Poet expresses that Impossibility by *incredibili modo*.

D A C.

Mr. Sanadon seems not unjustly to remark, that the Expression in this Line is prosaic and disagreeable.

22. *Impio Saturno refulgens.*) \*Saturn may be called im-

pious, from that Influence which He was supposed to have upon those who were born under his Constellation, by his inclining them to Vice and Wickedness; or because, when he shone direct upon the Hour of Nativity, the Child was threatened with a sudden Death. From whence perhaps arose the Fable of his devouring his Children. *Refulgens* is a Term in Astrology signifying *shining in direct Opposition*.

T O R R.

24. *Volucrisque*



Whether fair *Libra's* kinder Sign,  
Or *Scorpius* with Aspect malign,  
Beheld my Birth, (whose gloomy Power  
Rules dreadful o'er the natal Hour)  
Or *Capricorn*, with angry Rays,  
Who fiercely rules the Western Seas,  
With equal Beams our Stars unite,  
And strangely shed their mingled Light.  
Thee, *Jove's* bright Influence snatch'd away  
From baleful *Saturn's* impious Ray,  
And stop'd the rapid Wings of Fate,  
When the full Theatre, elate  
With joyful Transports, hail'd thy Name,  
And thrice uprais'd the loud Acclaim.

A Tree down-falling on my Head,  
Had surely crush'd Me to the Dead,  
When *Pan*, the Poet's Guardian, broke,  
With saving Hand, the destin'd Stroke.  
For Thee, let the rich Victim's Blood  
Pour forth to *Jove* its purple Flood;  
For Thee, the votive Temple rise;  
For Me an humble Lambkin dies.

## ODE

24. *Volucrisque sati.*) If we suppose that Horace reasons with any Regularity upon the Resemblance between his own and his Patron's Nativity, We must believe that this Danger of *Mæcenæ's* was like that of the Poet, sudden, violent, and which must have been mortal, without the Interposition of a God. *Cruquius* conjectures, that it was either some dangerous Conspiracy, or an Accident in some public Shows.

26. *Fausum.*) All the Editions read *lætum*, and the Manuscripts are divided between *lætum* and *festum*, which seems to be an Alteration of *fansum*. In this Epithet we have not only the full Meaning of *lætum*, but a new Beauty added to the Strophe. We are indebted to Mr. Cuninghame for the Correction, and Sanadon hath taken it into his Text.

28. *Nisi Faunus iſſum.*) *Faunus*, or *Pan*, is here commissioned by the Fates to protect our Poet, who in the eighth Ode of the third Book attributes his Preservation to

Whatever Star did at my Birth prevail,  
Whether my Fate was weigh'd in *Libra's* Scale,  
Or Fatal *Scorpio's* Beams did shine;  
Or *Carpricorn's* disturbing Rays  
Those Tyrants of the Western Seas,  
'Tis strange how much your Stars consent with mine:

From *Saturn's* fatal Influence  
*Jove's* milder Rays were your Defence,  
He clog'd the Wings of hasty Death;  
When thrice with an auspicious Voice  
The States of *Rome* proclaim'd their Joys,  
And with their own supply'd your fading Breath:

My Head had felt a falling Oak,  
But *Faunus* did divert the Stroke;  
*Faunus*, the Wits kind Guardian God,  
The Shrine you vow'd the Gods prepare,  
Let offer'd Bulls reward their Care:  
For me a Lamb shall shed his meaner Blood.

## ODE

*Bacchus*. But besides that his Gratitude might think that He was indebted for his Safety to these two Deities, we find by ancient Marbles, and Inscriptions, that *Faunus*, and *Bacchus*, were really the same God, who had different Names, according to the different Sacrifices which were offered to Him. In this Ode Horace proposes to sacrifice a Lamb to *Faunus*, who might naturally be thought to preside over the Country Seat where this Accident happened; and in the third Book he offers a Goat to *Bacchus*, who was in all Times the Guardian of Poets.

D A C.

30. *Vitimas.*) *Vitima*, properly speaking, means a Sacrifice of larger Beasts, such as Bulls, and *hostia* the lesser Kind, such as Sheep and Lambs. The Difference between the Sacrifices of *Mæcenæ's* and Horace may rise from the Difference between the Patron and the Poet, or the Gods to whom they are offered.

D A C. S A N.

## ODE XVIII.

NON ebur, neque aureum  
 Mea renidet in domo lacunar:  
 Non trabes Hymettias  
 Premunt columnas ultimâ recisæ  
 Africâ: neque Attali  
 Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi:  
 Nec Laconicas mihi  
 Trahunt honestæ purpuras clientæ:  
 At fides, & ingenî  
 Benigna vena est; pauperemque dives  
 Me petit: nihil supra  
 Deos laceffo, nec potentem amicum  
 Largiora flagito,  
 Satis beatus unicus Sabinis.  
 Truditur dies die,  
 Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ;  
 Tu secunda marmora  
 Locas sub ipsum funus, & sepulcri  
 Immemor struis domos;

Marisque

In some Manuscripts this Ode appears with a Title, V A-  
 R O, from whence Torrentius conjectured that it was ad-  
 dressed to Quintilius Varus. It is probable, that as Avarice  
 is the Subject of it, some of the Learned might have written,  
 at the Beginning of it, the Word A V A R O, the first Letter  
 of which being effaced by Time or Accident, there remained  
 only V A R O.

D A C.

Verf. 3. *Non trabes Hymettias.*] This Correction, which  
 is a Conjecture of the learned Mr. Gale, is approved of by  
 Doctor Bentley, and received into the Text by Mr. Cu-  
 ningham and Sanadon. These Critics remark against the  
 usual Reading *trabes Hymettias*, that Hymettian Marble was  
 in great Esteem among the Romans, but it does not appear  
 that the Wood of this Mountain was ever thought valuable.  
 Besides, Beams of Marble, is an extraordinary Expression  
 in the Language of Architecture, nor do the Latins ever  
 say, *trabes lapideæ*, or *trabes marmoreæ*. This African  
 Wood was probably the Citron Tree, of which the first  
 Table, that appeared in Rome, was bought by Cicero for  
 twelve hundred Crowns. This Wood was afterwards used  
 in Building. Horace, in the first Ode of the fourth Book,  
 promises, that Maximus shall erect a Marble Statue to Ve-  
 nus in a Citron Temple.

## ODE XVIII.

WITH Ivory, in my Abode,  
 No Cieling shines imblaz'd, or fretted Gold;  
 Nor on Hymettian Pillars rest  
 Proud Citron Beams from farthest *Afric* brought;  
 Nor into *Attalus's* Throne  
 Have I aspiring climb'd, an unknown Heir;  
 Nor to adorn Me Client Dames,  
 Of vaunted Birth, *Laconian* Purple spin:  
 Integrity, with nobler Pride,  
 I challenge mine, and no illiberal Vein  
 Of Genius, by the Great and Good  
 Carest, tho' lowly plac'd; nor more of Heav'n,  
 Or of my pow'ful Friend I ask,  
 Blest to my Wifh in my sweet *Sabine* Farm.  
 Day chafes Day, and to its Wane  
 Moon hastens after Moon; yet on the Eve  
 Of thy own Funeral thou bid'st  
 The forming Steel whole Quarries wound, and plan't  
 New Structures, mindless of thy Tomb;

Lab'ring

*Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.*

Thou in a Citron Dome shalt stand,  
 Form'd by the Sculptor's animating Hand.

5. *Neque Attali ignotus hæres.*] The old Commentators  
 and Cruquius imagine that there is a Stroke of Satire here,  
 by which the Poet would insinuate, that the Roman People  
 had fraudulently obtained the Will by which Attalus made  
 them his Heirs. But this *unknown Heir* was undoubtedly  
 Aristonicus, who, after the Death of Attalus, seized upon  
 the Throne, defeated Licinius Crassus, and being conquered  
 by Perpenna, was carried to Rome, and strangled in Prison  
 by Order of the Senate.

T O R R.

8. *Honestæ clientæ.*] This Epithet hath something of  
 Satire in it against the Pride and Insolence of Patrons, who  
 compelled their Clients, of better Condition and Birth, to  
 make Robes for them. The Expression of spinning Purple  
 implied

## ODE XVIII.

NOR here an Ivory Cornish shines,  
 Nor Columns of Hymettian Mines  
 Proudly support their Citron Beams,  
 Nor rich with Gold my Cieling flames;  
 Nor have I, like an Heir unknown,  
 Seiz'd upon Attalus his Throne;  
 Nor Dames, to happier Fortunes bred,  
 Draw down for Me the purple Thread;  
 Yet with a firm and honest Heart,  
 Unknowing or of Fraud or Art,  
 A liberal Vein of Genius blest,  
 I'm by the Rich and Great carest.  
 My Patron's Gift, my Sabine Field  
 Shall all its rural Plenty yield,  
 And happy in that rural Store,  
 Of Heav'n and Him I ask no more.  
 Day presses on the Heels of Day,  
 And Moons increase to their Decay;  
 But You, with thoughtless Pride elate,  
 Unconscious of impending Fate,  
 Command the pillar'd Dome to rise,  
 When lo! thy Tomb forgotten lies;

And

instead of Thread, which was dyed with Purple, is remarkably bold.

SAN.

10. *Dives me petit.* ] *Dives* not only signifies the Rich, but Men of Quality, such as the Poet afterwards calls *Mæcenæ*, *potentem amicum*.

DAC.

15. *Truditur dies die.* ] The Poet begins here, although the Transition and Connexion be not very strongly marked, directly to attack the Manners of his Age, and unites, in the same Subject, both their Avarice and Prodigality; for these

## ODE XVIII.

NOR Ivory, nor Indian Stuff,  
 Nor Gold adorns my gaudy Roof;  
 No Cedar Beams press costly Stone  
 From Quarries of the torrid Zone,  
 Where burning Rays the Marble mould,  
 And join the Mass with flowing Gold:  
 Nor yet have I an Heir unknown  
 E'er seiz'd on Attalus his Throne;  
 No honest Clients hang my Rooms  
 With Purple stretcht on Tyrian Looms:  
 But yet I make a fair Pretence  
 To Honesty and Innocence,  
 And Store of Wit; and these compleat,  
 And make me fought to by the Great:  
 This is my Wealth, This all my Store,  
 Content, I ask the Gods no more;  
 Nor my great Friends: O bounteous Fate,  
 How happy in my mean Estate!  
 Days push on Days with equal Pace,  
 New Moons still haste to the Decrease;  
 But you, e'en whilst the Bell doth toll,  
 And sadly warn thy flying Soul,  
 Rich Stones provide, large Piles you rear,  
 Unmindful of your Sepulcher:

Thy

two Passions, however opposite they may seem, are frequently found in the same Character. *Alieni appetens, sui profusus.*

SAN.

X 2

24. *Proximos*



Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges 20  
 Summovere litora,  
 Parum locuples continente ripâ.  
 Quid, quod usque proximos  
 Revellis agri terminos, & ultra  
 Limites clientium 25  
 Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos  
 In sinu ferens Deos  
 Et uxor, & vir, sordidosque natos.  
 Nulla certior tamen  
 Rapacis Orci sede destinata 30  
 Aula divitem manet  
 Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus  
 Pauperi recluditur,  
 Regumque pueris; nec satelles Orci  
 Callidum Promethea 35  
 Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum  
 Tantalum, atque Tantali  
 Genus coercet: hic levare functum  
 Pauperem laboribus,  
 Vocatus, atque non vocatus audit. 40

## O D E

24. *Proximos revellis agri terminos.* ] It was one of the Laws of Numa, *Qui terminum exarasset, ipsos & boves sacri funto.* If any Man drive his Plow into his Neighbour's Ground, let Him and his Oxen be accursed. The Greeks and Romans worshipped a God whom they called *Δία ὁρίων*, and *Jovem terminalem*, or *Terminum*. There was a Kind of Adoration paid by the Romans to the Stone, or Trunk of a Tree, which divided their Lands; they perfumed it with Essences, crowned it with Flowers, and made Sacrifices round it in the Month of February. Yet all these religious and sacred Rites, the covetous Man profanely and lawlessly violates.

D A C.

26. *Pellitur paternos.* ] There is not a Word in these three Lines, which doth not carry a double Sentiment of Compassion for this injured Family, and Indignation against their Patron's impious Cruelty; for if the Lands of a Neighbour were sacred, much more were those of a Client, whose Interest the Roman People esteemed more dear than that of nearest Relations.

S A N.

29. *Nulla certior tamen.* ] The Poet opposes, to the Rapine of this Invader, the total Ruin which Death shall cause, in leaving him no more than he leaves to those whom he hath plundered.

S A N.

34. *Satelles Orci.* ] Some Commentators think that *Horace* means either Charon or Cerberus by this *Guard* or *Centinel* of the invisible World; Others believe that the Description better agrees with Death, who, as *Cruquius* expresses

Lab'ring, amidst th' indignant Waves, to urge  
 Th' Encroachments of thy *Baïan* Shore;  
 But meanly rich, within the Limits fix'd  
 By Nature's prudent Law. Nay more,  
 Each sacred Landmark, by high Hand remov'd,  
 Into thy neighb'ring Client's Grounds  
 Thy Avarice leaps; while, by thy Guilt expell'd,  
 The helpless Wife and Husband bear,  
 On their distracted Breasts, their Household-Gods,  
 And Infant Race, a sordid Train.  
 Yet for this wealthy Lord no Mansion waits,  
 More certain than the Seat decreed,  
 To Crimes like his, in Hell's rapacious Court.  
 What means this endless Thirst of more?  
 Since equal Earth, with Bosom open'd wide,  
 Alike the Beggar entertains,  
 And Monarch's haughty Son, in Purple born:  
 Nor would the gloomy Power, that guards  
 The Grave, be brib'd by Heaps of shining Gold,  
 To waft *Prometheus* back to Day.  
 Proud *Tantalus* his lasting Chains confine,  
 And *Tantalus's* impious Race:  
 Yet still to ease the Poor worn out with Toil,  
 And land him on the happy Shore,  
 Invok'd, or not invok'd, he kindly hears.

## O D E

it, is the Terror of the Living, and who fights for the Grave.

36. *Auro captus.* ] The Poet by Allusion to some Fable of *Prometheus*, no longer known, insinuates to this avaricious Lord, how useless the Wealth, which he hath purchased by Violence and Rapine, shall prove after Death; for Death to the Poor is the Beginning of their Repose; to the Rich an End of their Pleasures.

S A N.

And though the Waves indignant roar,  
Forward you urge the Baian Shore,  
While Earth's too narrow Bounds in vain  
Thy guilty Progress would restrain.

What can this impious Avarice stay?  
Their sacred Landmarks torn away,  
You plunge into your Neighbour's Grounds,  
And overleap your Client's Bounds.  
Helpless the Wife and Husband flee,  
And in their Arms, expell'd by Thee,  
Their household Gods, ador'd in vain,  
Their Infants too, a fordid Train.  
Yet destin'd by unerring Fate,  
Shall Hell's rapacious Courts await  
This wealthy Lord -----

Then whither tend thy wide Domains?  
For Earth impartial entertains  
Her various Sons, and in her Breast  
Monarchs and Beggars equal rest.

Nor Gold could bribe, nor Art deceive  
The gloomy Power who guards the Grave,  
Backward to tread the shadowy Way,  
And waft Prometheus into Day.  
Yet He who Tantalus detains,  
With all his haughty Race, in Chains,  
Invok'd, or not, to endless Rest,  
Receives the Wretch with Toil oppress'd.

ODE

Thy Moles, and thy incroaching Mounds  
Remove the Floods to straighter Bounds,  
For greedy you would seem but poor  
Confin'd by Nature's narrow Shore:  
Nay more, you leap the Sacred Bounds,  
And seize your meaner Client's Grounds;  
No Fence too high, no Ditch too deep  
For wealthy Injury to leap:  
Expell'd by greedy Avarice,  
The Wife with her dear Husband flies,  
With all her Gods, (too weak Defence  
For poor and injur'd Innocence,  
They suffer in the common Harms)  
And fordid Infants in her Arms:  
Yet after all this Toil and Heat,  
This Fraud and Treachery to be great,  
The last Retreat the Rich must have,  
The last and surest, is the Grave:  
What would'st thou more? to Swains and Lords  
An equal Room just Earth affords,  
Nor does she take a Prince's Bones  
With greater Reverence than a Clown's:  
Ne'er surly *Charon* brib'd with Gold,  
Brings back the Cunning or the Bold;  
Nor will he waft *Prometheus* o'er,  
And land him on the living Shore:  
Proud *Tantalus* and all his Line,  
Tho' Kings, his lasting Chains confine;  
And whether we his Aid implore  
Or not, he's ready still to ease the Poor,  
Free Him from Want, and place Him on the  
happy Shore.

ODE

ODE XIX. *IN BACCHUM.*

**B**ACCHUM in remotis carmina rupibus  
Vidi docentem, (credite, posteri)

Nymphasque discentes, & aures  
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

Evæ! recenti mens trepidat metu,  
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turbidum  
Lætatur. Evæ! parce, Liber,  
Parce, gravi metuende thyrsō.

Fas pervicaces sit mihi Thyadas,  
Vinique fontem, lactis & uberes  
Cantare rivos, atque truncis  
Lapsa cavis iterare mella:

Fas & beatæ conjugis additum  
Stellis honorem, testaque Penthei  
Disjecta non leni ruinâ,  
Thracis & exitium Lycurgi.

This Ode probably was written for some Festival of Bacchus, and the Poet, with a kind of Bacchanalian Enthusiasm, hath impressed the Marks of his Divinity upon all Parts of this vast Universe. Earth and Sea, Hell and Heaven have felt the Effects of his Power.

SAN.  
Mr. Sanadon calls this Ode a Dithyrambic, which is essentially a Drinking Song, or Hymn in Honour of Bacchus. There are, says this Critic, two Kinds of Dithyrambics, the *Regular*, formed of a certain Number of Strophes, in which the same Verses constantly return in the same Order; and the *Irregular*, which are composed of Verses of different Forms, without any Distinction and Order of Strophes. The Word Dithyrambic, according to Bochart, is formed from a Syriac Word, signifying a *Person twice born*, in Allusion to the Birth of Bacchus, from whence the Latins call him *bimater*.

Verf. 1. *Remotis rupibus.*] This Beginning is truly sublime; It is a Picture capable of alarming and filling the Imagination by a natural Mixture of the rural and Majestic. The Scene is happily chosen, for the Mysteries of Gods ought to be performed in Places distant from the Commerce of profane Mortals.

SAN.  
7. *Parce.*] The Poet imagines that he beholds the God raising his Ivy Spear to strike Him for daring to reveal his awful Mysteries without his Permission, and he begs Pardon for his Temerity, and calms his Anger by the most artful Praises. The Ode is divided into three Parts; the first includes the Benefits, which the God hath bestowed upon Human Kind; the second shews some Instances of his Ven-

ODE XIX. *TO BACCHUS.*

By Mr. FRANCIS.

**I** Saw th' immortal God of Wine,  
Loud-pouring forth with Voice divine  
Harmonious Numbers; while around  
5 With Ears erect the Satyrs stood,  
With every Goddess of the Wood,  
Listening th' instructive, solemn Sound.

A sacred Horror heaves my Breast:  
While with th' inspiring Power posselt,  
10 Tumultuous Joys my Soul have warm'd;  
Dreadful who shak'st the Ivy-spear,  
Thy Votary, thus prostrate, hear,  
And be thy Rage, thy Rage disarm'd.

Give Me to sing, by Thee inspir'd,  
15 Thy Priestesses to Madness fir'd:  
While Springs of Wine shall pour along,  
And melting from the hollow Tree,  
The golden Treasures of the Bee,  
With Streams of Milk shall fill the Song.

Fair Ariadne's Crown shall rise,  
And add new Glories to the Skies;  
To listening Nations will I tell,  
How impious Pentheus' Palace burn'd,  
With hideous Ruin overturn'd,  
And how the mad Lycurgus fell.

geance; and the third describes his Exploits. BENT. SAN.  
9. *Sit mihi Thyadas.*] This conjectural Reading of Doctor Bentley seems necessary to maintain the Regularity of the Ode, and the Reasoning of the Poet; who from the sixth Line addresses himself to Bacchus to the End of the Poem. *Fas est* would therefore make a disagreeable Interruption; nor is it the Language either of Adoration or Fear. Besides, it does not appear natural, that the very Moment in which the Poet asks Pardon of the God for his Impudence, he should dare to affront Him again by his Presumption. Decency obliges him not to continue his Subject, until he hath asked Leave.



## ODE XIX. To BACCHUS.

By Mr. HARE.

B *Bacchus* on yonder Rocks retir'd  
I saw with heav'nly Rage inspir'd  
Teaching his Songs; about him stood  
The tutor'd People of the Wood.

The *Nymphs* adorn'd the sacred Place,  
(Believe the Poet, future Race)  
The shaggy *Satyrs* throng'd around,  
And prick'd their Ears to drink the Sound.

*Evoë!* what Terrors shock my Soul!  
What sudden Tumults in me roll!  
With swelling *Bacchus* all possest  
What boist'rous Raptures rend my Breast!

*Evoë!* I faint; --- O *Liber* spare, ---  
Thy mighty Force I cannot bear:  
Oh! spare to shake thy dreadful Rod;  
Oh! spare thy Bard, impetuous God.

The *Thyads'* Rage is now my Theme,  
The Springs of Wine, the milky Stream,  
And Honey from the hollow Tree,  
The Wonders, *Bacchus*, wrought by thee!

With these 'tis giv'n me to declare  
Your Spouse's Crown, that flames a Star;  
The dismal Scenes of Horror tell,  
How *Pentheus* and *Lycurgus* fell.

You

## ODE XIX. To BACCHUS.

B ORN out by an unusual Rage  
I saw (believe it future Age)  
Where *Bacchus* taught the *Nymphs* a Song,  
In distant Vales; from every Wood  
With prick'd-up Ears the *Satyrs* stood,  
And smiling *Fauns* compos'd a list'ning Throng.

*Evoë!* new Fear disturbs my Soul,  
With troubled Joy my Passions roul,  
Whilst full of the impetuous God:  
*Evoë!* spare, mighty *Liber*, spare,  
Urge not the violent Rage too far;  
Spare, *Liber*, dreadful with thy angry Rod.

Now boldly I can speak thy Praise,  
Rehearse the stubborn *Thyades*,  
Too fierce to bear the easy Yoke;  
Thy Streams of Wine, thy milky Spring,  
And, in repeated Numbers, sing  
Distilling Honey from the melting Oak:

Thy happy Bride's refulgent Hairs,  
That grace the Skies with brighter Stars;  
What Fate the impious *Theban* strook,  
How Aunt and Mother strangely tore  
The trampling Wolf, and rooting Boar;  
And fierce *Lycurgus* falling by his Hook:

Indus

Tu flectis amnes, tu mare barbarum,  
 Tu, separatis uvidus in jugis,  
     Nodo coërces viperino  
     Bistonidum finè fraude crines. 20  
 Tu, cùm parentis regna per arduum  
 Cohors Gigantum scanderet impia,  
     Rhœtum retorristi leonis  
     Unguibus, horribilique malâ:  
 Quamquam, choreis aptior & jocis 25  
 Ludoque dictus, non sat idoneus.  
     Pugnæ ferebaris; sed idem  
     Pacis eras mediusque belli.  
 Te vidit infons Cerberus aureo  
 Cornu decorum, leniter atterens 30  
     Caudam, & recedentis trilingui  
     Ore pedes tetigitque crura.

## ODE

17. *Tu flectis amnes.*] This Apostrophe was absolutely necessary to enliven the Narration of the last eight historical Lines, which must have grown languishing and tedious if longer continued.

D A C.

29. *Aureo cornu decorum.*] Various are the Opinions why Bacchus is thus pictured with Horns; whether they were imagined a Mark of Power and Divinity; whether they rose from the Custom of drinking out of Horns, or from his first having ploughed with Bullocks. Mr. Dacier thinks it plain, that the Character of this God is drawn from the History of Moses; and his Notes on the Ode are a continual Parallel between the sacred and profane Story. Thus the Picture of Bacchus, teaching the Nymphs and Satyrs, is manifestly taken from Moses, who delivered his Laws on Mount Sinai; thus when Bacchus is said to subdue Rivers, and particularly the Indian Ocean, we are to acknowledge the Passage of Moses through the Red Sea; thus the Bacchanalians and Bacchus himself are crowned with Serpents, from the Serpent in the Wilderness; and thus the golden Horn of this God, is taken from the Horns, *cornuta facies*, of Moses.

This last Remark might convince the Critic how weak is the Parallel in general, since the Word which hath been translated *Horns*, and from which Moses hath been monstrosously painted with Horns, in the Original signifies, that Brightness, or Splendour, which shone around his Head when he descended from the Mountain. But indeed, these Parallels between the Fables of Heathenism and the Truth of the Sacred Writings, whether they be formed from some Likeness of Names, or some Resemblance of Characters, are often indulged in a Wantonness of Imagination, or a Vanity

Indus and Ganges own thy Sway,  
 And farthest Seas thy Power obey;  
     Wild o'er the pathless Mountain's Height,  
 Her Head with horrid Snakes enroll'd,  
 Which harmless writhe their angry Fold,  
     Thy raptur'd Priestess speeds her Flight.

When rising fierce in impious Arms,  
 The Giant-Race with dire Alarms  
     Assail'd the sacred Realms of Light:  
 With Lion-Wrath, and dreadful Paw,  
 With Blood-befear'd and foaming Jaw  
     You put their horrid Chief to flight.

For Dancing form'd, for Love and Wit,  
 You seem'd for War's rude Toils unfit,  
     And polish'd to each softer Grace:  
 But dreadful when in Arms You shone,  
 You made the fatal Art your own,  
     In War excelling as in Peace.

Thus when with horned Glories bright,  
 You darted round the bending Light,  
     Far-beaming through the Gloom of Hell:  
 Fell Cerberus, with Fear amaz'd,  
 Forgot his Rage, and fawning gaz'd;  
     And at thy Feet adoring fell.

ODE

of an odd Kind of Learning. Idolatry had overspread the Face of the Earth from Abraham to Moses, that is, for four hundred Years, the Hebrews alone excepted, when the Fables of Heathenism could not possibly be taken from the Books of Moses, since that Lawgiver was not yet in Being. Cadmus and Danaus transported a Phœnician Colony into Greece before the Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt; and surely the Gods which they carried with them could not have been Symbols of Moses. Lastly, as the Jews were a People separated by their Laws from all other Nations, and always despised or hated in Proportion as they were known, it is little probable that the Greeks and Romans should take from them the solemnest Mysteries of their Religion. One fatal Consequence may rise from these Kind of Allusions, as Mr. Sanadon well observes upon another Ode, in which Mr. Dacier again discovers Moses under the Character of Mercury: An Unbeliever may reverse the Reasoning, and say, that our Mysteries have been imagined

You rule the Floods and barb'rous Main,  
 You flush'd on distant Mountains reign;  
 In Knots of harmless Vipers there  
 You bind the madding *Thracians'* Hair.

When once the impious Giants strove  
 To storm the lofty Realms of *Jove*,  
 With Lion's Paws you backward drew  
*Rhaesus*, with Teeth tremendous flew.

The Ign'rant thought you only fit  
 For Dance, and Play, and jocund Wit;  
 But you, as well as peaceful Charms,  
 Enjoy'd the War, and shone in Arms.

*Cerberus* ador'd you as you pass'd  
 With golden Horns divinely grac'd;  
 And when you left th' infernal Seat,  
 He fawning lick'd your sacred Feet.

## ODE

upon the Superstitions of the Heathens, since we have many Ceremonies which they used. Thus from the Absurdity of the fabulous System, He may conclude the Falshood of the Cariltian Religion.

*Indus* and *Ganges* own thy sway,  
 And thee the barb'rous Seas obey;  
 You flush'd o'er craggy Mountains lead,  
 O'er Hills and Dales, o'er Springs and Lakes,  
 The *Thracian* Rout, whilst harmless Snakes  
 In innocent folds twine round each drunken Head.

When impious Giants climb'd on high,  
 And dar'd to storm thy Father's Sky;  
 Thy single Hand secur'd his Crown:  
 You, with a Lyon's dreadful Jaws  
 And frightful Nails, retriev'd the Cause,  
 Bold *Rhetus* quell'd, and sav'd the falling Throne.

Tho' much more us'd to soft delight,  
 Unfit, unable for a Fight  
 You once were thought, and doom'd to ease:  
 Yet, when your Heat and Virtue rose,  
 What fury seiz'd your haughty Foes?  
 How equally inclin'd to Wars and Peace?

When beauteous with your gawdy Horn  
 You did from Hell's black Shades return,  
 Thee *Cerberus* saw, and show'd the Way;  
 He wag'd his tail, grew wond'rous kind,  
 He lick'd thy feet, he fawn'd and whin'd;  
 Nor did one Grin an impious Rage betray.

## ODE

## Y



ODE XX. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

**N**ON usitatâ, nec tenui ferar  
 Pennâ, biformis per liquidum æthera  
 Vates; neque in terris morabor  
 Longiûs; invidiâque major  
 Urbes relinquam. Non ego pauperum  
 Sanguis parentum, non ego, quem vocas,  
 Dilecte, Mæcenas, obibo,  
 Nec Stigeâ cohibebor undâ.  
 Jam jam residunt cruribus asperæ  
 Pelles; & album mutor in alitem  
 Superna; nascunturque leves  
 Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.  
 Jam Dædaleo ocior Icaro,  
 Visam gementis litora Bospori,  
 Syrtisque Gætulas, canorus  
 Ales, Hyperboreosque campos.  
 Me Colchus, & qui dissimulat metum  
 Marsæ cohortis; Dacus, & ultimi  
 Noscent Geloni; me peritus  
 Disceat Iber, Rhodanique potor.  
 Absint inani funere nœniæ,  
 Luctusque turpes, & querimonix:  
 Compescere clamorem, ac sepulchri  
 Mitte supervacuos honores.

## ODE

Some modern Critics are much offended with the Ancients for boasting so frequently of having rendered Themselves immortal by their Writings. It is acknowledged, that the Manner of praising ourselves requires great Art and Delicacy; nor would it perhaps succeed with modern Poets. But why should They not be allowed to render the same Justice to Themselves, as they do to others? And as it is a Little-ness in the Mind, not to know itself, so it is a reputable Courage to show a Consciousness of those Excellencies which we are sure we possess. Longinus thinks it necessary, that They who would rise to the Sublime in Writing, should be filled with a noble Pride, and believe Themselves really capable of great Things. For when a Poet represents to himself the Judgment which Posterity will form of his Works, and, in the Moments of composing, apprehends that his Performance may not be able to survive him, The Productions of a Soul whose Views are so short and confined, as that it cannot promise itself the Applause and Esteem of succeeding Ages, must necessarily prove abortive and imperfect. To say more in Vindication of this and the last Ode of the

ODE XX. *To MÆCENAS.*

By Mr. FRANCIS.

**W**ITH strong unwonted Wing I rise,  
 And bolder cut the yielding Skies;  
 Far above Envy will I soar,  
 And tread this worthless Earth no more.  
 For know, ye Rivals of my Fame,  
 Though lowly born, a vulgar Name,  
 I will not condescend to die,  
 Nor in the Stygian Waters lie,  
 A rougher Skin now clothes my Thighs,  
 Into a Swan's fair Form I rise,  
 And feel the feather'd Plumage shed  
 It's Down, and o'er my Shoulders spread.  
 Swift as with Dædalian Wing,  
 Harmonious Bird, I'll soaring sing,  
 And in my Flight, the foamy Shores,  
 Where Bosphorus tremendous roars;  
 And Regions bound by Northern Cold,  
 And Lybia's burning Sands behold.  
 Then to the learned Sons of Spain,  
 To him, who ploughs the Scythian Main,  
 To him, who with dissembled Fears,  
 Awful the Roman Arms reverts,  
 To him, who drinks the rapid Rhone,  
 Shall Horace, deathless Bard, be known.  
 My Friends, the funeral Honours spare,  
 The plaintive Song, and tender Tear;  
 Nor let the Voice of Grief profane,  
 With base Laments, the solemn Scene;  
 Nor o'er your Poet's empty Urn,  
 With useless, idle Sorrows mourn.

## ODE

next Book would be really injurious to Horace. Dac.  
 Vers. 1. *Non usitatâ.* ] A Poet without Wings, is a Poet without Genius. This unusual Flight of Horace alludes to his Imitation of the Grecian Lyric Writers, and the next Line represents him in the Beginning of his *Metamorphosis*, half Man and half Bird.

6. *Quem vocas.* ] *Ut vocant, quem ita vocant,* An Expression in which *rivales* or *inimici* must be understood. They who read *quem vocas*, find it difficult to prove any reasonable Meaning in the Words. To suppose an Invitation from Mæcenas is ridiculous, and Mr. Dacier's Construction, *Quem vocas dilectum, quem compellas dilecti nomen,* does very little Honour to the Poet's Reasoning. *I am your Favourite, however I shall never die; as if the*

## ODE XX.

By Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

I'M rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!  
 I Prepar'd, a tow'ring Swan, to soar  
 Aloft; See, see the Down arise,  
 And clothe my Back, and plume my Thighs!  
 My Wings shoot forth; now will I try  
 New Tracks, and boldly mount the Sky;  
 Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's Spite,  
 Shall stop my Course, or damp my Flight.  
 Shall I, obscure or difesteem'd,  
 Of Vulgar Rank henceforth be deem'd?  
 Or vainly toil my Name to save  
 From dark Oblivion and the Grave?  
 No--- He can never wholly die,  
 Secure of Immortality,  
 Whom *Britain's Cowper* enodescends  
 To own, and numbers with his Friends.  
 'Tis done---- I scorn mean Honours now;  
 No common Wreaths shall bind my Brow.  
 Whether the Muse vouchsafe t'inspire  
 My Breast with the Cœlestial Fire;  
 Whether my Verse be fill'd with Flame,  
 Or I deserve a Poet's Name,  
 Let Fame be silent; only tell  
 That gen'rous *Cowper* loves me well.  
 Thro' *Britain's* Realms I shall be known  
 By *Cowper's* Merit, not my own.  
 And when the Tomb my Dust shall hide,  
 Stripp'd of a Mortal's little Pride,  
 Vain Pomp be spar'd, and ev'ry Tear;  
 Let but some Stone this Sculpture bear:  
*Here lies his Clay, to Earth consign'd,*  
*To whom great COWPER once was Kind.*

ODE

Favour of *Mæcenas* were an Hindrance to his Immortality. There is yet a third Manner of construing the Passage, *Dilecte Mæcenas, non ego obibo, quem vocas sanguis pauperum parentum.* This Construction does not indeed sepearate the Words *dilecte Mæcenas*, which cannot naturally be divided, but nothing can be more foreign to the Character of *Mæcenas*, than to reproach those, whom he honoured with his Friendship, with Baseness of Extraction; a Remark which *Horace* makes more than once. The Correction is therefore necessary, since the usual Reading cannot possibly be supported.

BENT.

## ODE XX. To MÆCENAS.

NO weak, no common Wing shall bear  
 My rising Body thro' the Air;  
 Now chang'd I upward go;  
 I'll grovel here no Earth no more,  
 More high than Envy's self can soar  
 I leave Mortality and things below:  
 Not me, not me, the meanly born,  
 Whom the proud Fools and haughty Scorn,  
 Not me shall Death controul:  
 Not I, whom you I know not what,  
*Mæcenas*, call, will yield to Fate:  
 Nor shall the *Stygian Waves* confine my Soul:  
 Rough Skin o'er both my Legs is spread,  
 And shining Feathers crown my Head;  
 Above I'm turn'd a Swan:  
 O'er both my Hands light Plumes do spring,  
 My Arm is chang'd into a Wing,  
 And now I move with greater Speed than Man:  
 On stronger, and on swifter Wing,  
 Than *Icarus* fled, I rise and sing;  
 A sounding Bird I soar:  
 I'll see the distant Northern Pole  
 I'll see the Southern Billows roul,  
 And spread my Wings o'er *Bosphorus* groaning Shore.  
 My Songs shall to the *Colchian Ears*,  
 And *German* that conceals his Fears  
 Of *Roman Troops*, be known:  
 The *Moors*, and in my numerous Verse  
 The *Scythians* skill'd, shall Songs rehearse:  
 The *Spaniard* too, and he that drinks the *Rhone*.  
 Mourn not, no friendly drops must fall,  
 No sighs attend my Funeral,  
 Those common Deaths may crave:  
 Let no disgraceful Grief appear,  
 Nor damp my Glory with a Tear:  
 And spare the useless Honours of a Grave.

ODE

*Quem vocas, Dilecte, Mæcenas.* ] For an Answer to the Remark (extracted from Doctor Bentley by Mr. Francis) we shall refer the Reader to Mr. Hughes' beautiful Turn of this Passage, in his Imitation of the Ode. Any farther Vindication of the usual Reading were unnecessary.

Q. HORATII FLACCI  
CARMINUM  
LIBER TERTIUS.

## ODE I.

R EGUM timendorum in proprios greges;  
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis,  
Clari giganteo triumpho,  
Cuncta supercilio moventis.

Est, ut viro vir latius ordinet  
Arbusta fulcis; hic generosior  
Descendat in campum petitor;  
Moribus hic, meliorque famâ  
Contendat; illi turba clientium  
Sit major; æquâ lege Neceffitas  
Sortitur insignes, & imos;  
Omne capax movet urna nomen.  
Districtus ensis cui super impiâ  
Cervice pendet, non Siculæ dapes  
Dulcem elaborabunt saporem;  
Non avium, citharæque cantus  
Somnum reducent. Somnus agrestium  
Lenis virorum non humiles domos  
Fastidit, umbrosamque ripam,  
Non Zephyris agitata Tempe.

Desiderantem

Horace in this and the next Book shews forth all his poetical Abilities; and Poetry itself appears in its native, original Character, employed in celebrating the Power of the Gods, and the Praises of Men; in supporting the sacred Truths of Religion, and encouraging the Practice of moral Virtue. In this Ode the Poet asserts the Sovereignty of Jupiter, and descending from him, upon whom they all depend, through all the various Degrees of Life, He teaches us that true Happiness can only be found in a contented and frugal Enjoyment of the Blessings which we possess.

The Reader may find in the Notes on the Carmen Seculare, for what Reasons, and upon what Authority, the Strophe is displaced, which appears in all Editions, except Mr. Sanadon's, at the Beginning of this Ode.

Verf. 1. *In proprios greges.* ] Mr. Dacier very well remarks, that Kings are properly Shepherds, and the People

THE THIRD BOOK  
OF THE  
ODES  
OF

H O R A C E.

*Translated by Mr. BROMWICH.*

## ODE I.

5 O 'Er his own Flock each awful Monarch reigns,  
O'er Kings themselves the Majesty of Jove,  
All-glorious from gigantic Strife,  
Who nodding shakes the Universe.  
10 'Tis so, that Man than Man may farther range  
His order'd Vines; one, proud of noble Birth,  
In Mars's Field may court the Crowd;  
While this with Probity contends,  
And better Fame; perhaps another boasts  
15 More num'rous Clients; Fate, with equal Law,  
Distinguishes nor High, nor Low;  
Her spacious Urn shakes ev'ry Name.  
Where the drawn Sword hangs o'er an impious Brow,  
Sicilian Banquets toil in vain to please  
The tortur'd Taste, nor the sweet Chant  
Of Birds, nor warbling Lyre can woo  
Soft Sleep's Return; soft Sleep, which nor disdains  
The humble Cottage of the rural Hind,  
Nor the cool Fountain's shadowy Brink,  
Nor Tempe where mild Zephyrs sport.

Who

their Flocks, but, however just this Idea may be, it seems not very happily suited with the Grandeur of the Sentiments and Expressions, which raise the Beginning of this Ode. The Word *greges* hath something too low for the Pomp of the Strophe, and by being placed next to *reges*, forms a Sameness of Sound, which is disagreeable to the Ear. S. A. S. 5. *Est ut.* ] Horace here descends to the Conditions of Life



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THE THIRD  
B O O K.

---

*By the Rev. Mr. PHILIP FRANCIS.*

---

ODE I.

**M**ONARCHS on Earth their Power extend,  
Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,  
And own the sovereign God,  
With glorious Triumph who subdued  
The Titan Race, gigantic Brood!  
And shakes all Nature with his Nod.

When rival Candidates contend,  
And to the Field of Mars descend  
To urge th' ambitious Claim,  
Some of illustrious Birth are proud,  
Some of their Clients' vassal Croud,  
And some of Virtue's Fame.

Others the rural Labours love,  
And joy to plant the spreading Grove;  
The furrow'd Glebe to turn;  
Yet with impartial Hand shall Fate,  
Both of the Lowly and the Great,  
Shake the capacious Urn.

Behold the Wretch, with conscious Dread,  
In pointed Vengeance o'er his Head  
Who views th' impending Sword;  
Nor Dainties force his pall'd Desire,  
Nor Chaunt of Birds, nor vocal Lyre  
To Him can Sleep afford;

Heart-foothing Sleep, which not disdains  
The rural Cot, and humble Swains,  
And shady River fair;  
Or Tempe's ever-blooming Spring,  
Where Zephyrs wave the balmy Wing,  
And fan the buxom Air.

Who

---

THE THIRD  
B O O K.

---

*By Mr. CREECH.*

---

ODE I.

**T**HE awful Kings o'er Nations sway,  
Their Subjects tremble and obey;  
The Kings themselves are rul'd by *Jove*,  
Who broke the Giants Pride, and won  
Eternal Safety to his Throne,  
And by his pow'rful Nod doth all things move.

One Man doth larger Fields possess,  
One stands more fair for Offices,  
The drudging Darling of the Crowd;  
Whilst One his Manners, or his Friends,  
Or his obsequious Train commends,  
And One in Fame is greater, or in Blood:

Yet equal Death doth strike at all,  
The haughty Great, and humble Small,  
She strikes with an impartial Hand;  
She shakes the vast capacious Urn,  
And each Man's Lot must take its turn;  
Thro' ev'ry Glas she presses equal Sand.

Whilst Swords hung o'er proud *Damocles*,  
Not all the Tyrant's Sweets could please;  
Not Musicks Aires could calm his Breast:  
The black remembrance of his Faults,  
Still crowding back upon his Thoughts,  
Disturb'd and robb'd his troubled Soul of Rest.

But humble Quiet ne'er flies o'er  
The lowly Cottage of the Poor:  
The pleasing Shade and purling Streams  
She loves to haunt, she loves the Plains,  
And cheers the Plough-man loos'd from Pains  
With still Security, and easy Dreams.

He

Defiderantem quod satis est, neque  
 Tumultuosum sollicitat mare,  
 Nec sævus Arcturi cadentis  
 Impetus, aut Orientis Hædi;  
 Non verberatæ grandine vineæ,  
 Fundusque mendax, arbore nunc aquas  
 Culpante, nunc torrentia agros  
 Sidera, nunc hyemes iniquas.  
 Contracta pisces æquora sentiunt,  
 Jactis in altum molibus: huc frequens  
 Cæmenta demittit redemptor  
 Cum famulis, dominusque terræ  
 Fastidiosus: sed Timor & Minæ  
 Scandunt eodem quò dominus: neque  
 Decedit æratâ triremi, &  
 Post equitem sedet atra Curra.  
 Quòd si dolentem nec Phrygius lapis,  
 Nec purpurarum sidere clarior  
 Delenit usus, nec Falerna  
 Vitis, Achæmeniumque castum:  
 Cur invidendis postibus, & novo  
 Sublime ritu moliar atrium?  
 Cur valle permutem Sabinâ  
 Divitias operosiores?

25

30

35

40

Who to the Needful bounds his golden With,  
 Nor stormy Seas disturb his halcyon Mind,  
 Nor fierce *Arcturus*' setting Rage,  
 Nor Threatnings of the rising *Kid*:  
 Nor Vineyards torn by Hail, nor Lands which mock  
 His Hope; his Plants accusing now the Rains,  
 And now the Dog-star's fiery Beam,  
 And now injurious Winter's Blast.  
 The very Fish, by our proud Structures, find  
 Their Oceans lessen'd; which still backward roll,  
 Invaded by new hostile Bands,  
 Projectors, and the num'rous Slaves  
 Of Land-sick Lords: But Fear and Terror climb  
 Wherever Pride ascends; no Galley's Speed  
 Could e'er out-strip attending Care;  
 Behind the Horseman close it rides.  
 Since then nor *Phrygian* Marble can assuage  
 Or Grief or Pain; nor purple Robes more bright  
 Than Morn, nor the *Falernian* Vine,  
 Nor *Achæmenia*'s precious Balm:  
 With envy'd Porticoes, why should I plan,  
 In modern Style, th' aspiring Dome to raise?  
 Or why my humble *Sabine* Vale,  
 For never-easy Grandeur change?

## ODE

ODE

Life, which are most exalted next to that of Kings. Among the Romans there was nothing above their first Magistracies; and the Poet makes a short and just Enumeration of the Qualities, which ought to be considered in the Candidates. Virtue alone should decide in all Elections, but Riches, Popularity, and Birth, in all Ages and Countries, too frequently corrupt the Suffrages.

*Est ut* is an Ellipsis, in which we must understand *negotium*. *Est negotium ut; ita se res habet ut; evenit, quotidie accidit*; and the Manner of speaking is perfectly pure and poetical.

SAN. DAC.

7. *Descendat in campum*.] The Field of Mars, where the popular Assemblies were held for Elections, was in the lowest Ground of Rome, from whence the Poet uses the Word *descendat*.

CRUQ.

13. *Impiâ cervicē*.] The Commentators understand these Words of Damocles, yet as he is charged with no other Crime than that of praising the Happiness of Dionysius; they seem more justly to be applied to the Tyrant Himself, whom Horace considers in the same Danger to which Damocles was exposed, and under whose Person He describes the dangerous and wretched Situation of all Tyrants, amidst

their Pomp and Appearances of Happiness.

DAC.

15. *Dulcem elaborabunt saporem*.] Mr. Sanadon fancies that Horace intended by the Carelessness and Indolence of Cadence in this Line, to represent that insipid Pleasure which these Voluptuaries enjoy in their Entertainments, while *elaborabunt* strongly expresses the Toil and Anxiety of their Cooks.

22. *Tumultuosum mare*.] *Tumultus* properly signifies Sedition or Civil War, from whence the Poet metaphorically calls the Sea tumultuous, or mutinous.

DAC.

30. *Jactis in altum molibus*.] *Moles* are the massy Piles or Stones, which these numerous Undertakers, *frequens redemptor*, throw into the Sea for a Foundation. The Poet in the next Line calls them *cæmenta*.

TOTT.

35. *Triremi*.] Was a Vessel, which had on each Side three Men to each Oar, whatever might be the Number of Oars. Mr. Dacier declares for the Opinion, that the Rowers were placed above each other, and many of the Learned have tried to prove, by mathematical Computations, that such a Form is not absolutely impossible. But whatever Efforts they have made, or in whatever manner they have disposed

Who Nature's frugal Dictates hears,  
He nor the raging Ocean fears,  
Nor Stars of Power malign,  
Whether in gloomy Storms they rise,  
Or swift descending through the Skies  
With angry Lustre shine:

Whether his Vines be smit with Hail,  
Whether his promis'd Harvests fail,  
Perfidious to his Toil;  
Whether his drooping Trees complain  
Of angry Winter, chilling Rain,  
Or Stars that burn the Soil.

Not such the haughty Lord, who lays  
His deep Foundations in the Seas,  
And scorns Earth's narrow Bound;  
The Fish affrighted feel their Waves  
Contracted by his numerous Slaves,  
Even in the vast Profound.

High though his Structures rise in Air,  
Black Threats of Conscience and Despair  
This haughty Lord shall find;  
Vertake his armed Galley's Speed;  
And when he mounts the flying Steed,  
Sits gloomy Care behind.

Purple, which the Morn outshines,  
Or Marble from the Phrygian Mines,  
Though labour'd high with Art,  
Essence, breathing Sweets divine,  
Or flowing Bowls of generous Wine,  
Ill sooth an anxious Heart,

In Columns, rais'd in modern Style,  
Why should I plan the lofty Pile  
To rise with envied State?  
Why, for a vain, superfluous Store,  
Which would encumber me the more,  
Resign my Sabine Seat.

He that desires but what's enough  
Against the Force of Fate is Proof;  
Unstain'd he lives, and pure from Sin:  
Let violent Tempests break the Woods,  
And angry Whirlwinds toss the Floods;  
He still hath Quiet, and a Calm within.

Let Hail his rip'ning Olives Beat,  
Or let them shrink with too much Heat,  
His barren Field deceive his Hopes;  
Or let his naked Trees complain  
Of too much Drought, or too much Rain;  
Or Frost untimely nip his rising Crops.

Now still our stately Squares encrease,  
The Fish will find their Ocean less;  
The Moles thrown in extend the Shore;  
The Lord, grown weary of the Land,  
Now builds upon the Ocean's Sand,  
And scorns the Bounds that Nature fixt before.

But Fear, and Melancholly Cares attend,  
And where the Master climbs, ascend;  
They soon o'ertake his flying Mind:  
Born on by the same nimble Gales,  
They press the Poop where-e'er he fails,  
And when he rides black Care sits close behind.

Well then, since neither Gold, nor Gain,  
Can Quiet bring, or Fears restrain;  
Since Purple, bright as shining Stars,  
Can ne'er dispel our cloudy Cares;  
Since all the Spices of the East  
Can never calm our troubled Breast,  
Why should I madly Toyl to raise  
On envy'd Pillars Palaces?  
Why spend my Time, and waste my Health?  
Why should I strive to change my Field,  
And those Delights my Farm can yield,  
For larger Lands, and more disturbing Wealth?

ODE

ODE

disposed the Benches of these Rowers, whether in perpen-  
dicular or oblique Ranks, they can never demonstrate a  
practical Possibility, which may be constant, uniform, and

easy; and without which the whole System is a vain and  
useless Speculation.

SAN.



ODE II. *Ad Amicos.*

ANGUSTAM, amici, pauperiem pati  
Robustus acri militiâ puer  
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces  
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ;

Vitamque sub dio & trepidis agat  
In rebus: illum ex mœnibus hosticis  
Matrona bellantis Tyranni  
Prospiciens, & adulta virgo,

Suspiret, Eheu! ne rudis agminum  
Sponsus lacessat regius asperum  
Tactu leonem, quem cruenta  
Per medias rapit ira cædes.

Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori.  
Mors & fugacem persequitur virum;  
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ  
Poplitibus, timidove tergo.

Virtus

The Design of Horace in this Ode is to recommend Fortitude in bearing the Distresses of War; Virtue in the Pursuit of the Honours of Peace; and Silence in preserving the Mysteries of Religion. Thus the Ode is composed of three Parts, regularly and naturally connected. We may believe, by the third Line, that it was written before the Conquest of Parthia, but in what particular Year is uncertain.

D A C.

Verf. 1. *Angustam pauperiem.*) The Poet is not contented with saying, that Youth should be taught to suffer Want, but strengthens it with an Epithet, *severe Want*. Such was the Discipline of the Romans by which they subdued the World; but We follow other Maxims, for Luxury and good Cheer dwell in the Camps of our Soldiery.

D A C.

6. *Ilum ex mœnibus hosticis.*) This Description is perfectly beautiful, and finely imagined to animate a young Warrior to bear the Fatigues of his Profession; nor could his rising Valour appear in a nobler Theatre. It is probable, that the Tyrant here mentioned, was the Parthian King, whose Daughter was betrothed to some Prince of that Country; and the Image seems to have been taken from the Passage of Homer, where Helen and the Trojan Dames appear upon the Walls, and view the Grecian Camp.

D A C. S A N.

17. *Virtus.*) Horace begins here the second Part of the Ode, with the Praises of political or moral Virtue, which is ever independant of a capricious, inconstant People, and by

## ODE II.

SHarp Want the vig'rous Youth should learn to  
bear,

Prime Lesson in War's arduous School! to rein  
The fiery Courser; and to awe  
Fierce *Parthians* with his madding Spear;

Should still in open *Jove* and Perils pass  
His watchful Hours: the Heroe then beheld  
From hostile Walls, some Tyrant's Queen,  
Or blooming Princess thus shall sigh,

Oh! that my royal Spouse, yet new to Arms,  
May not provoke that Lyon of the Field,  
Whom Thirst of Blood thus hurries on,  
Thro' Heaps of Carnage, uncontrol'd!

'Tis sweet, 'tis lovely, in our Country's Cause,  
T' expire! Death overtakes the Coward's Flight;  
And with dishonest Wounds deforms  
The tim'rous Back, and feeble Knee.

Virtue

its own Strength rises to Places of greatest Eminence. *La-  
eris, si recte feceris*, was a Maxim among the Children of  
Rome in one of their Plays.

D A C.

18. *Incontaminatis.*) This Reading appears in several Manuscripts. The Copyists, or perhaps the old Grammarians, surprized to find this Word at the Beginning of an Alcaic Verse, retrenched a Syllable which they thought too much, and wrote *intaminatis*. Yet they might have spared themselves so rash an Alteration, if they had considered,

D A C.

Book III.

ODE II.

OUR Youth robust should learn to bear  
Sharp Want, to rein the warlike Steed,  
To hurl the well-directed Spear  
With pointed Force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Thus form'd in War's tumultuous Trade,  
Through Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,  
Some Tyrant's Queen, or blooming Maid,  
Shall from her Walls, the martial Youth behold,

Deep-fighting left her royal Spouse,  
Untaught the deathful Sword to wield,  
That Lion, in his Wrath, should rouse,  
Whom Thirst of Blood drives headlong o'er the  
Field.

What Joys, what Glories round Him wait,  
Who bravely for his Country dies;  
While, with dishonest Wounds, shall Fate  
Relentless stab the Coward as he flies.

With

ODE II. 177

ODE II.

LET vig'rous Boys be train'd to bear  
The streights of Poverty in War;  
Be hardly bred, improve their Force,  
And bravely gall the Parthian Horse;  
And let the Persians tremble at his Spear:

And let him live and lie abroad,  
'Midst Dangers, Slaughters, Fears, and Blood;  
Be tost with all the Storms of Fate,  
And harden'd up to prop the State;  
His Country save, and rise into a God:

Him from their Walls, when fierce in War,  
Let Tyrants Mothers view, and fear;  
And let their Brides despairing sigh,  
Ah may not my unskilful Spouse  
That furious Lion madly rouse,  
How fierce he drives, and how our Armies fly!

He nobly Bleeds, he bravely Dies,  
That falls his Country's Sacrifice;  
The flying Youth swift Fate o'ertakes,  
It strikes them thro' the trembling Backs,  
And runs too fast for nimble Cowardice.

Z

Virtue

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ, in-  
contaminatis fulget honoribus;

Nec sumit, aut ponit-secures

Arbitrio popularis auræ.

20

Virtus, recludens immeritis mori

Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ;

Cœtusque vulgares, & udam

Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Est & fideli tuta silentio

25

Mercēs: Vetabo, quî Cereris sacrum

Vulgârit arcana, sub iisdem

Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum

Solvat phaselum. Sæpè Diespiter

Neglectus incesto addidit integrum:

30

Rarò antecedentem scelestum

Deferuit pede pcena claudò.

## ODE

that the first Syllable of *incontaminatis* must make an Elision with the last of the preceding Verse, which is not without Example, even in Horace; and that in the Place of a Word, which is pure Latin, they have introduced one, which even contradicts the Sense of this Passage. *Intaminatus* is only to be found in the Glossary of Cyrillus, where it signifies, *distained, polluted*, which is directly contrary to the Poet's Thought.

CUN. SAN.

22. *Negatâ tentat iter viâ.*) Virtue opens a Way to Heaven for those who deserve Immortality, which to others is inaccessible. Mr. Dacier understands it of a Passage through the Air, which Nature hath denied to Man, *Pennis non homini datis*; and the Certainty with which he gives his Opinion, is at least a Reason for mentioning it.

24. *Udam spernit humum.*) Horace calls the Earth, *humid* or *moist*, to shew how Mankind, as it were, sink into it by their Follies and their Passions, from whence They can only hope to rise by some extraordinary Efforts of Virtue. He seems to have had in View a Passage in Plato's *Phædon*, where Socrates says, that this Earth, into which we are plunged, is but a Sediment of that where the Blest inhabit.

D A C.

Virtue, which no Repulse inglorious knows,  
Or fears, with stainless Honour shines, nor takes  
The Fates, or resigns, as veers  
Th' uncertain Gale of vulgar Breath:

To those blest Few who merit not to die,  
Heaven's Portal she unbars, then points the Path  
By Heroes try'd, bids them aspire,  
And lose the Mortal in the God.

On faithful Silence too a sure Reward  
Still waits: I'd guard, how he whose impious Lips  
Should *Ceres'* hallow'd Rites disclose,  
Or lodg'd beneath one Roof, or launch'd

With Me the fragile Bark: For angry *Jove*  
The Guiltless with the Guilty oft involves;  
And Vengeance with sure Step, tho' slow,  
O'ertakes the trembling Villain's Speed.

## ODE

The Translator despairing of being able to make this Epithet intelligible to an English Reader, hath altered the Expression to preserve the Sense.

25. *Est & fideli tuta silentio mercēs.*) Since the Poet here says, that Silence also shall be rewarded, He ought necessarily to have mentioned some Recompence for the other Virtues, which he has recommended to us. We find therefore that the Glory of dying for our Country, is the Reward of Valour; and Immortality the Recompence of political or moral Virtue. Thus we may believe, that there is a Connexion in all the Odes of this Poet, although perhaps not easily marked.

D A C.

26. *Cereris sacrum.*) He who discovered the Mysteries of Ceres was driven out from the Society of Human Kind, and detested as a Wretch unworthy of the common Offices of Humanity. It was thought dangerous to converse with Him, lest Jupiter in his Anger should confound the Innocent with the Guilty; and the Greeks not only punished with Death the Persons who revealed these Mysteries, but even those who listened to them.

D A C.



With stainless Lustre Virtue shines,  
A base Repulse nor knows, nor fears;  
Asserts her Honours, nor declines,  
As the light Air of Clouds uncertain veers;

To him who not deserves to die,  
She shews the Paths which Heroes trod,  
Then bids him boldly tempt the Sky,  
Spurn off his mortal Clay, and rise a God.

He who can Friendship's Secrets tell,  
Or Ceres' hallow'd Rites reveal,  
The Wretch with Me shall never dwell,  
With Me shall never hoist the doubtful Sail.

When Jove in Anger strikes the Blow,  
Oft, with the Bad, the Righteous bleed:  
Yet with sure Steps, though lame and slow,  
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling Villain's Speed.

ODE

Virtue, unlearn'd to bear the base  
And shameful Baffle of Disgrace,  
Nor takes nor quits the tott'ring Throne,  
As fickle Crowds shall smile or frown;  
Nor from their wav'ring Breath receives the Place:

True Virtue, that unbars the Sky  
To those that are too brave to Die,  
Thro' wondrous Ways doth upward go,  
Scorns the base Earth and Crowd below;  
And with a soaring Wing still mounts on high.

And just Rewards the Gods decree  
For fair, obedient Piety;  
Not He that scorns or scoffs his God,  
Or blabs his Mysteries abroad,  
Shall live in the same House, or sail with me:

Oft Jove doth heedless Thunder throw,  
And mix the Good and Bad below:  
But lame Revenge still stalks behind,  
Do's slowly dodge the guilty Mind,  
And only stays to take the surer Blow.

Z 2

ODE

## ODE III.

JUSTUM, ac tenacem propositi virum,  
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,  
 Non vultus instantis tyranni  
 Mente quatit solidâ; neque Auster,  
 Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,  
 Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:  
 Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
 Impavidum serient ruinæ.  
 Hâc arte Pollux, hâc vagus Hercules  
 Enifus, arces attigit igneas:  
 Quos inter Augustus recumbens  
 Purpureo bibit ore nectar.  
 Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ  
 Vexere tigres, indocili jugum  
 Collo trahentes: hâc Quirinus  
 Martis equis Acheronta fugit;  
 Gratum elocutâ consiliantibus  
 Junone divis: Ilion, Ilion  
 Fatalis inæstusque judex  
 Et mulier peregrina vertit  
 In pulverem, ex quo destituit Deos  
 Mercede pactâ Laomedon, mihi  
 Castæque damnatum Minervæ,  
 Cum populo & duce fraudulento.

Jam

The Boldness of Designing, and Singularity of Invention; the Sublimity of Poetry, and Artifice of Conduct; the Force of Expression, and Richness of Figures; the Choice of Sentiments, and Sweetness of Numbers, in this Poem, have compelled the Critics to agree, that it is one of the noblest Odes of Horace. Sanadon says, that without Contradiction it deserves the first Place in his Works, and the peculiar Character of it is, that it rises above all Expression. Yet we are obliged to Tanquil Faber alone, for a Knowledge of the Subject of it, without which its Art is lost; its Beauties appear wild and confused; its Conduct is broken and irregular. From whence it is difficult, in Mr. Dacier's Opinion, to say whether the Poet deserves greater Glory for having written this Ode, or the Critic for having discovered the Beauties of it.

Julius Cæsar, according to Suetonius, had formed a Design of transporting the Seat of Empire to Troy, or Alexandria, after having exhausted Italy of its Treasures and In-

## ODE III.

THE Man that's just, and firm to his Resolve,  
 No Faction's lawless Threat, from Virtue's Base,  
 No Tyrant that frowns Death can shake  
 His steady Mind; nor the black South,  
 5 That boist'rous Chief o'er *Adria's* restless Wave;  
 Nor the Almighty Arm of thund'ring *Jove*:  
 Should World crush World, the general Wreck  
 Would overwhelm him unappall'd.  
 Thus *Pollux* to Heaven's radiant Palace rose,  
 10 And, his great Toils absolv'd, *Alcmena's* Son:  
 'Twixt whom reclin'd *Augustus* stains  
 With nect'rous Draughts his purple Lips.  
 Thee *Bacchus*, thus approv'd, thy Tygers bore  
 With Necks indocil thy bright Car: this way  
 15 *Quirinus*, with the fiery Steeds  
 Of *Mars*, escap'd dull *Acheron*:  
 When, grateful to th' assembled Gods, thus spake  
 Imperial *Juno*; *Ilion*, *Ilion*, Thee  
 A fated Umpire, partial, lewd,  
 20 And a proud foreign Dame have laid  
 In Dust; what Time *Laomedon* deceiv'd  
 Th' Immortals of their vow'd Reward, condemn'd  
 To mine and chast *Minerva's* Ire,  
 The People with their fraudulent King.

habitants. This was strongly reported a little before the Dictator was put to death; and as Augustus seemed willing to enter into all the Schemes of his Predecessor, and as Troy was usually esteemed the Seat of the Julian Family, the Romans were apprehensive that he had resolved to carry this Project into execution. It is certain that both Julius Cæsar and Augustus, on many Occasions, shewed a very remarkable Inclination in favour of Troy: The first ordered it to be rebuilt; the second settled a Colony there; and they both granted it considerable Privileges. Thus the Report concerning the Dictator's Intention, might naturally make the People attentive to the Actions of his Successor, and their Apprehensions might have engaged the Poet to write this Ode, in which he boldly attempts to dissuade Augustus from his Design, by representing Juno, in a full assembly of the Gods, threatening the Romans with her Resentment, if they should dare to rebuild the Walls of a City, which had been always an Object of her Displeasure and Revenge.

## ODE III.

THE Man, in conscious Virtue bold,  
Who dares his secret Purpose hold,  
Unshaken hears the Croud's tumultuous Cries,  
And the stern Tyrant's Brow, in Act to rage, defies.

Tempestuous Tyrants of the Seas,  
Let the rough Winds their Horrors raise;  
Let Jove's dread Arm with Thunders rend the  
Spheres,  
Beneath the Crush of Worlds, undaunted he appears.

Thus to the flamy Towers above,  
The vagrant Hero, Son of Jove,  
Upsoar'd with Strength his own, where Cæsar lies,  
And quaffs, with glowing Lips, the Bowl's immortal  
Joys,

Fierce and indocile to the Yoke  
His Tygers thus Lyæus broke;  
Thus from the gloomy Regions of the Dead,  
On his paternal Steeds Rome's mighty Founder fled;

When Heaven's great Queen, with Words benign,  
Address'd th' assembled Powers divine;  
Troy, hated Troy, an Umpire lewd, unjust,  
And a proud foreign Dame have sunk thee to the Dust;

To me, and Wisdom's Queen decreed  
With all thy guilty Race to bleed,  
What Time thy haughty Monarch's perjur'd Sire  
Mock'd the defrauded Gods, and robb'd them of  
their Hire.

The

It is not possible to determine with Certainty, but we may reasonably conjecture, that this Piece was composed when Augustus was in Syria, and consequently not far from Troy, where his Presence might have encouraged the Scheme and made it more easy of Execution.

Verf. 1. *Justum ac tenacem*.] The very first Words, which open the Ode with this magnificent Character of Justice and Constancy of Resolution, directly tend, although in a distant manner, to dissuade Augustus from his intended Purpose. The Change of the imperial Seat must have been made in violation of both these Virtues, nor was he commanded by the Threats of the People, or the Power of

## ODE III.

HE, who by Principle is sway'd,  
In Truth and Justice still the same,  
Is neither of the Croud afraid,  
Tho' civil Broils the State inflame;  
Nor to a haughty Tyrant's Frown will stoop,  
Nor to a raging Storm, when all the Winds are up:

Should Nature with Convulsions shake,  
Struck with the fiery Bolts of Jove;  
The final Doom, and dreadful Crack,  
Cannot his constant Courage move:  
By Arts like these, Alcides fam'd in Wars  
Was to the Gods advanc'd, and Pollux to the Stars.

With these Augustus, Heavenly Guest,  
Sits down, and puts the Nectar round:  
These Arts brought Bacchus to the Feast,  
By Tygers drawn, with Godhead crown'd;  
These rais'd Quirinus to the Blest Abodes;  
When Juno smiling thus bespoke th' assembled Gods.

A foreign Dame and foolish Boy,  
Who by false Judgement urg'd my Hate,  
Conspir'd to ruin wretched Troy,  
And hasten'd its untimely Fate;  
E'er since the Founder of that perjur'd House  
Deny'd the Gods their due, and broke his solemn  
Vows.

I

the Gods.

5. *Adria*.] The Adriatic is here used for the Ocean in general, since that Sea is not exposed to the South Wind, but to the East South East.

8. *Ferient*.] Mr. Dacier, in his first Edition of Horace, imagined this Word too weak and feeble to express the Ruins of a falling World; but afterwards he changed his Opinion, and believed that the Poet might have used it, better to express the Fearlessness and unalterable Tranquility of the just Man. Sanadon agrees with him in this Criticism, and thinks that we may more reasonably blame the Verb *illabatur*, which shews rather a smooth and imperceptible Motion, than a rapid and violent Fall. But the Weakness of this Word is supported by the Strength of the whole Strophe, and even the Length of it disposes the Imagination, and.

S A N.

D A C.



Jam nec Lacænæ splendet adulteræ  
 Famofus hospes; nec Priami domus  
 Perjura pugnaces Achivos  
 Hecforeis opibus refringit;  
 Noſtrisq; ductum ſeditionibus  
 Bellum reſedit: protinus & graves  
 Iras, & inviſum nepotem,  
 Troïca quem peperit ſacerdos,  
 Marti redonabo: illum ego lucidas  
 Inire ſedes, ducere nectaris  
 Succos, & adſcribi quietis  
 Ordinibus patiar Deorum.  
 Dum longus inter ſæviat Ilion  
 Romamq; pontus, qualibet exules  
 In partè regnanto beati:  
 Dum Priami Paridiſque buſto  
 Inſultet armentum, & catulos feræ  
 Celent inultæ, ſtet Capitolium  
 Fulgens, triumphatiſque poſſit  
 Roma ferox dare jura Medis.  
 Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas  
 Extendat oras; quà medius liquor  
 Secernit Europen ab Afro,  
 Quà tumidus rigat arva Nilus:

Aurum

and gives it Time to figure to itſelf this Cruſh of Worlds.

10. *Eniſus*.] This Reading appears in ſeveral Manuſcripts, and all the late Commentators have received it. *Inniſus* ſignifies a Perſon who ſuſtains a great Weight, and hath need of ſomewhat to ſupport him; but *eniſus* is properly applied to thoſe who endeavour to riſe by their own Strength.

S. A. N.

11. *Quos inter Auguſtus*] Divine Honours were decreed to Auguſtus in the Year 725, and the Poet here appoints him a Seat in Heaven among the Heroes, who were deified for their Reſolution and Conſtancy, to ſhew that his Statue was placed in Rome with thoſe of Pollux, Hercules, and Bacchus. The Romans painted the Faces of theſe Statues with Vermilion, from whence Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace hath taken this Expreſſion, *purpureo ore*. Others underſtand the Rays of Light, with which the Gods are repreſented; yet more naturally it ſeems to mean a Glowing or Brightneſs, without regard to any particular Colour, for the Word *purpureus* is often thus uſed by the beſt Authors: As Virgil, *purpureum mare*.

17. *Gratum elocutâ*.] The Deſign of the Ode opens itſelf in this Strophe. Whether Romulus was killed in Battle, or in the Senate-Houſe, is uncertain; but he is here

25 But ſince, to dazzle *Sparta's* faithleſs Bride,  
 Not now the gay Adulterer glittering ſhines;  
 Nor *Priam's* perjur'd Houſe repels,  
 With *Hector's* Arm, my valiant Greeks;  
 The War, by our celeftial Feuds prolong'd,  
 30 Subſides in Peace: My treaſur'd Wrath reſign'd,  
 I will not then to *Mars* reſuſe  
 His Offspring, which the Prieſteſſes bore  
 Of *Troy's* invidious Race: the ſtarry Seats  
 Let him aſſume, and from nectareous Bowls  
 34 Drain Immortality, enroll'd  
 Among the ever-vacant Gods.  
 While a wide Ocean between *Ilion* roars  
 And diſtant *Rome*, in Parts where'er they pleaſe,  
 Still let the happy Exiles reign:  
 40 O'er *Priam's* and o'er *Paris' Tomb*  
 While ſylvan Herds inſult, and ſavage Beaſts  
 Unpunish'd whelp their Young, reſplendent ſtand  
 The *Capitol*, and let fierce *Rome*  
 Triumphant give the *Median Law*.  
 45 The Terrours of her Name let her extend  
 To fartheſt Shores; where the Mid Stream divideth  
*Europe* from *Africa*, or where  
*Nile's* ſwelling Waves enrich the Fields:

By

ſuppoſed to be carried to Heaven by his Father Mars, and the Fable, in Mr. Dacier's Opinion, ſeems to be taken from the Story of Elias. An Aſſembly of the Gods is called to receive this Founder of the Roman Empire, when Juno riſes in oppoſition to his Apotheoſis, in Apprehenſion that his Deſcendants might dare to reſtore the City of Troy to its ancient Splendour. Her two firſt Words are a Re- petition of the Name of Troy, and a noble Inſtance of a ſpirited Indignation, while ſhe diſdains to mention either Paris or Helen. One is a foreign Woman; the other a lewd and fatal Judge; in Alluſion to his giving the Prize of Beauty to Venus. The Trojans are a perfidious, perjured Race, condemned to the Vengeance of the Gods, from the very time in which Laomedon broke Faith with Apollo and Neptune, who raiſed the Walls of Troy. The Fable probably aroſe from his taking the Treasures out of the Temples of thoſe Gods with a Promise of reſtoring them; a Promise which he ſacrilegioſly violated.

23. *Damnatum*.] *Damnatus* was a Term of the Roman Law, which adjudged an inſolvent Debtor to his Creditors; in which Senſe, it is here uſed to expreſs the Condemnation

The gaudy Guest, of impious Fame,  
No more enjoys th' adulterous Dame;  
Hector no more his faithless Brothers leads,  
To break the Grecian Force; no more the Victor  
bleeds.

Since the long War now sinks to Peace,  
And all our heavenly Factions cease;  
Instant to Mars my Vengeance I resign,  
With this detested Son, base-born of Trojan Line.

Here, with encircling Glories bright,  
Free let him tread the Paths of Light,  
And rank'd among the tranquil Powers divine,  
Drink deep the nectar'd Bowl, and quaff celestial  
Wine.

While loud, between the Trojan Shores,  
And Rome, a Length of Ocean roars,  
Unenvied let th' illustrious Exiles reign,  
Where Fate directs their Course, and spreads their  
wide Domain.

On Priam's and th' Adulterer's Urn,  
While Herds the Dust insulting spurn,  
Let the proud Capitol in Glory stand,  
And Rome, to triumph'd Medes, imperial Laws  
command:

Let the victorious Voice of Fame  
Wide spread the Terrours of her Name,  
Where Seas the Continents of Earth divide,  
And Nilus bathes the Plain with his prolific Tide.

Let

the Trojans to the Repentment of Juno and Minerva.

D A C.

31. *Invisum nepotem.* ] Romulus was the Grandson of  
Juno by her Son Mars, and detested by the Goddess be-  
cause a Trojan Priestess was his Mother. *Nepos* in the  
sense of pure Latinity always signified a Grandson, and  
Cicero first used it for a Nephew. S A N.

37. *Dum longus inter serviat.* ] Juno is not contented  
with saying, that a Length of Ocean shall roll between Troy  
and Rome, but shall be ever enraged with Storms to hin-  
der all Commerce between the two Nations: However it  
is remarkable that all her Threats are confined to the Tro-  
jans, nor ever fall on their Descendants. D A C. S A N.

I to *Minerva* join'd my Pow'r,  
To crush that vile detested Race;  
Old *Priam's* Palace is no more,  
And *Helen's* fair bewitching Face;  
My Greeks are sated with their *Phrygian* blood,  
Tho *Hector's* Sword so long their conqu'ring Arms  
withstood.

Here all our mutual Quarrels cease;  
At length the Ten years Toil is done;  
Great *Mars* my Anger shall appease,  
And I accept his warlike Son:  
Here let him with immortal Beings sit,  
With *Nectar* crown the Bowl, and grace the  
Realms of Light.

Whilst he enjoys eternal Ease,  
And *Troy's* demolish'd Tow'rs  
Are parted by the middle Seas  
From fair *Italia's* Shores,  
His exil'd Sons new Empires shall adorn,  
So long as Flocks and Herds insult old *Priam's* Urn.

There let the Cattle graze and breed,  
Whilst *Rome* her lofty Tow'rs shall crown  
With Trophies from the vanquish'd *Mede*,  
And give new Laws to Realms unknown;  
Extend her Terrors and her Glory far,  
And thro' the subject World her warlike Eagles bear.  
Where

38. *Qualibet exules regnanto.* ] The Queen of the Gods,  
in sign of Reconciliation, begins to foretell the Romans the  
most glorious Ages of their Empire, in repeating the Con-  
ditions expressed in the former Verses, as if all their Glory  
depended absolutely upon these Conditions. This Turn  
hath something so truly sublime, that perhaps the marvel-  
lous of Poetry cannot rise higher. *Regnanto* is the Style of  
Laws, and shews the Authority of the Speaker. S A N.

49. *Aurum irrepertum.* ] Juno here praises, in a Manner  
perfectly noble, the Virtue of the ancient Romans, who  
were more truly great by their Contempt of Riches, than  
by their Conquest of the World. Gold, by Pliny's Ac-  
count, was not coined in Rome until the Year 647, sixty  
two Years after their first silver Money, from which Time  
the Republic grew weaker in Proportion as Avarice banished  
the ancient Severity of Manners. *Aurum irrepertum*, in the  
Opinion

Aurum irrepertum, & sic melius fitum

Quum terra celat, spernere fortior,

Quàm cogere humanos in usus,

Omne sacrum rapiente dextrâ.

Quicumque mundi terminus obstitit,

Hunc tangat armis; visere gestiens

Quâ parte debacchientur ignes,

Quâ nebulæ, pluviiue rores.

Sed bellicosis fata Quiritibus

Hâc lege dico, ne nimium pii,

Rebusque fidentes, avitæ

Tecta velint reparare Trojæ.

Trojæ renascens alite lugubri

Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,

Ducante victrices catervas

Conjuge me Jovis & sorore.

Ter si refurgat murus æneus,

Auctore Phœbo, ter pereat meis

Excisus Argivis; ter uxor

Capta virum puerosque ploret.

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ:

Quò, Musa, tendis? define pervicax

Referre sermones Deorum, &

Magna modis tenuare parvis.

## ODE

Opinion of Dacier and Sanadon, signifies Gold, which was not originally by Nature intended for the Use of Man, but by the sacrilegious Hand of Avarice compelled into his Service. DAC. SAN.

54. *Hunc tangat armis.* ] This Verb happily shews the Facility with which the Romans conquered the World, and justifies the Criticism upon the Word *ferient*. DAC.

55. *Quâ parte debacchientur.* ] It is not in the Power of Language to find a Word more strongly expressive of the raging Heat of the Torrid Zone, and excessive Coldness of the Northern Zones, both which the Ancients believed to be inhabitable. DAC.

58. *Hâc lege.* ] This is the third time, in two and twenty Lines, that Juno mentions these Conditions, and the Repetition was necessary to shew the real Design of the Poem, without which it might perhaps appear vicious. Yet the Poet hath varied it with great Art, and the last always adds Strength to the former. SAN.

*Ne nimium pii.* ] The two principal Motives which made the Romans apprehensive that Augustus intended to make Troy the Capital of the World, were his Piety and the

By Glory led, not Thirst of sordid Gold,  
50 Which her Disdain shall to its Miny Bed,  
Still leave; ne'er thence to be compell'd  
By Her, with sacrilegious Hand.  
Whate'er Extream of Earth resists her Sway,  
There march her Arms, ambitious to behold  
55 Where scorching Fires their Revels keep;  
Or where the Clouds and stormy Rains.  
But to the warlike Romans I pronounce  
Their Fate with this Restraint, They ne'er presume  
By Piety or Pow'r betray'd,  
60 To build again their Parent Troy.  
For Troy rebuilt its Fortune shall renew,  
It's luckless Omens, and exampled Fall;  
While I Jove's Sister and his Wife,  
To Conquest lead th' embattled Foe:  
65 Thrice should her Walls of Brass, by Phæbus built,  
Exulting rise, sack'd by my Greeks they thrice  
Should perish; thrice the captiv'd Dame  
Her Husband and her Children mourn.  
But Themes like this suit not the sportive Lyre:  
70 Where soar'st thou Muse? Presumptuous, cease  
t' attempt  
The Language of the Gods, nor wrong  
It's Majesty in thy weak Strains.

## ODE

Confidence of his Power. He was descended from the Trojans by Æneas, and the natural Tendernefs for his Ancestors, joined to the flattering Idea of such an ancient Origin, seem'd to call him to Troy. The present Conjunction gave him an opportunity of executing this Change with the greatest Ease. His Power was rais'd to its highest pitch, and confirmed by almost a continual Peace of nine Years, in which he had twice shut the Temple of Janus; and he had now entered the East with two numerous Armies, one of which he commanded in Person, the other was marching towards Asia minor under the Conduct of Tiberius. SAN.

69. *Non hæc jocosæ.* ] Horace could not push the Subject further, without displeasing Augustus: for it is dangerous to let the Great perceive that we have discovered what they are willing to conceal. He therefore stops short, and ends with a kind of artificial Vanity which is always pardonable in a Poet. DAC. SAN.



BOOK III.

Let her the golden Mine despise;  
For deep in Earth it better lies  
Than when to human Use, from Nature's Store,  
By Hands profane compell'd, flames forth the sacred  
Ore.

Let her triumphant Arms extend  
Where Nature's utmost Limits end;  
Or where the Sun down pours his madding Beams,  
Or where the Clouds are dark, and Rain perpetual  
streams.

Thus let the warlike Romans reign,  
So Juno and the Fates ordain,  
But on these Terms alone, no more to dare  
Through Piety or Pride their parent Troy repair;

For Troy rebuilt, ill-omen'd State!  
Shall feel the same avenging Fate;  
Again my Grecians shall victorious prove,  
By me led on to War, the Sister-Wife of Jove.

Thrice should Apollo raise her Wall,  
Thrice should her brazen Bulwarks fall,  
Thrice should her Matrons feel the Victor's Chain,  
Deplore their slaughter'd Sons, deplore their Husbands  
slain.

But whither would the Muse aspire?  
Such Themes nor suit the sportive Lyre,  
Nor should the Wanton, thus in feeble Strain,  
The Councils of the Gods, immortal Themes, profane.

ODE

ODE III.

185

Where the Globe's better half divides,  
There let them unmolested reign,  
Far as the *Middle Ocean* glides,  
But still from Sacrilege abstain;  
And leave to its first harmless Parent Earth  
The bright bewitching Oar, nor give the Idol birth.

Where Nature's utmost Limits end,  
Let Fame display their high Renown,  
And to each Clime their Arms extend,  
The frozen Isles, and torrid Zone:  
Whilst *Troy* in deep eternal Ruins lies,  
Let *Rome's* auspicious State on her Foundations rise.

'Tis on these Terms that Empire stands:  
Should their ambitious forward Race,  
With superstitious wicked Hands,  
Rebuild that most detested Place,  
Once more it should be sack'd, its Children bleed;  
Whilst I, the Wife of *Jove*, my conqu'ring *Grecians*  
lead.

Should *Phæbus*, with a brazen Wall,  
Three times her haughty Tow'rs surround,  
*Troy* should three times unpity'd fall  
By *Grecian* Arms, and kiss the Ground;  
Three times the Matrons should lament the Slain,  
And thrice her captive Sons endure the Victor's Chain.

Stay, Muse! For whither would you fly?  
'Tis not for your less lofty Wing  
To reach *Jove's* firm Decrees, too high  
For you, an humble Maid, to sing:  
Do not the Speeches of the Gods debase,  
Nor sink the mighty Theme with low unequal Lays.

ODE

A a

ODE IV. *Ad CALLIOPE.*

**D** Escende cælo, & dic age tibiâ,  
Regina longum Calliope melos;

Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ,  
Seu fidibus, cytharâve Phœbi.

Auditis? an me Iudit amabilis

Infania? audire, & videor pios

Errare per lucos, amœnæ

Quos & aquæ subeunt & auræ.

Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo

Altriciis extra limen Apuliæ,

Ludo fatigatumque somno,

Fronde novâ puerum palumbes

Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus,

Quicumque celsæ nidum Acherontia,

Saltusque Bantinos, & arvom

Pingue tenent humilis Ferenti;

Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis

Dormirem & urfis; ut premerer sacrâ

Lauroque, collatâque myrto,

Non finè Dis animosus infans.

20  
Vester

This Ode is wholly consecrated to Piety. The ten first Strophes shew the Happiness of those who live in a constant Submission to the Gods, and the ten last propose the rigorous Chastisements of those who violate that Submission. Some modern Critics, who have found so much Wandering in this Author, are surprized that they do not see one irregular Strophe in a Poem of this Length; while the Poet hath animated the whole with so much Art and Judgment, as to add Strength to the Reader's Attention in proportion as he advances.

Two Places in the Ode will direct us very nearly to fix the Date of it. Horace mentions the Fall of a Tree by which he was in danger of being killed; an Accident that happened in 733. He adds, in the thirty-ninth Verse, that Augustus, fatigued with Conquest, reposed himself in the Cave of the Muses; but from 733 there is not any Year to which this may be justly applied until 744, when Augustus, having ended the Wars of the Roman Empire, shut the Temple of Janus the third and last Time.

Verf. 1. *Descende cælo.*] Horace rather goes to search for his Muse in Heaven, than on Parnassus, because it is a Subject of Piety for which he invokes her Assistance. He must celebrate the Praises of Augustus and Jupiter, and the Queen of the Muses can alone inspire him upon such a Theme. Calliope is here called Queen of the Muses, because she was their eldest Sister; from whence the particu-

ODE IV. *To CALLIOPE.*

By Mr. FRANCIS.

**D** Escend from Heav'n, and in a lengthen'd Strain,  
Queen of melodious Sounds, the Song maintain,  
Or on the Voice high-rai'd, the breathing Flute,  
The Lyre of golden Tone, or sweet Phœbean Lute.

Hark! the celestial Voice I raptur'd hear!

Or does a sweet Enthusiasm charm mine Ear?

Through hallow'd Groves I stray, where Streams  
beneath

From lucid Fountains flow, and Zephyrs balmy  
breathe.

Fatigu'd with Sleep, and youthful Toil of Play,

When on a Mountain's Brow, reclin'd I lay,

Near to my natal Soil, around my Head

The fabled woodland Doves a verdant Covering spread

Matter, be sure, of Wonder most profound

To all the gazing Habitants around,

Who dwell on Acherontia's airy Glades,

Amid the Bantian Woods, or low Ferentum's Meads

By Snakes of Poison black, and Beasts of Prey,

That thus, in dewy Sleep, unharm'd I lay

Beneath the sacred Bays, and Myrtle pil'd,

Not without guardian Gods, an animated Child.

Yea

larly presided over heroic Poetry, and was always an attendant of Kings,

2. *Longum melos.*] This is the longest Ode in Horace. Mr. Sanadon thinks, that a Poet at the Beginning of a Poem is little anxious for the Length of it; and therefore *longum melos* must be understood of a Poem, which shall live to Posterity. *Quod & hunc in annum vivat & placeat.*

5. *Auditis.*] The Poet has no sooner performed his invocation, but he fancies himself in the Muses hallow'd Groves; his Imagination is filled with rural Images: Woods, Mountains, Rivulets, Zephyrs; He hears the song which he demanded, and imagines that all the World hear it as well as He. If Poetry be a Folly, it is confessedly the most pleasing of all Follies, and infinitely more eligible than the cold, phlegmatic Wisdom of Philosophy.

9. *Me fabulosæ.*] Horace endeavours to persuade his

## ODE IV. To CALLIOPE.

By MR. JABEZ HUGHES.

DESCEND from Heav'n, *Calliope* Divine,  
 Descend, and gracefully ordain  
 Of solemn Length some flowing Strain,  
 Thou sweetest of the tuneful Nine;  
 Whether the clear melodious Voice,  
 Or animated Lyre be thy harmonious Choice  
 Hark! hear ye not the Muse? or am I caught  
 With the gay Error of th' ecstatic Thought?  
 Methinks I hear the Muse, and see her stray  
 Along the sacred Groves delightful Way,  
 Where murmur'ing Waters roll, and living Breezes  
 play.

Me ev'n a Boy this Omen crown'd;  
 When roaming from *Apulia's* Bound,  
 My native Soil, and tir'd with Play,  
 On *Vultur's* Hill in careless Sleep I lay,  
 Soft Doves, the Birds of *Venus'* pleasing Pow'r,  
 With verdant Leaves officious strew'd me o'er.  
 The People too, residing nigh,  
 They who in *Acherontia* dwell,  
 Plac'd like a shelter'd Nest on high,  
 And *Bantia* hold, whose Woods excel,  
 Or where *Ferentum's* humbler Meadows lye,  
 Astonish'd saw me slumb'ring there,  
 Safe from the Viper and the Bear,  
 Wrap'd with the Laurel's lively Green,  
 And sprightly Myrtle mix'd between,  
 Protected by the Gods, an Infant void of Fear.

If

Friends by the Miracles which the Muses performed in his Favour when he was a Boy, that all this agreeable Prospect is real. He begins therefore to number the Benefits for which he was indebted to them, and thus insensibly proceeds to speak of the Pardon which he had received by their Means. He proposes himself as the first Example of their Protection, from whence he rises to their Affection and Care of Augustus.

D. A. C.

10. *Apulia*.] All the Syllables in *Apulia* are short. The

## ODE IV. To CALLIOPE.

DESCEND, my Muse, compose a long,  
 A pleasing, and a grateful Song,  
 Or to the Pipe or sounding Flute,  
 Or gently move *Apollo's* Lute.  
 D'ye hear? or Airy Frenzy does it cheat  
 My Mind, well pleas'd with the Deceit?  
 I seem to hear, I seem to move,  
 And wander thro' the happy Grove,  
 Where smooth Springs flow, and where the murmur-  
 ing Breeze  
 Does wanton thro' the waving Trees.  
 In lofty *Vultur's* rising Grounds,  
 Without my Nurse *Apulia's* Bounds,  
 When young, and tir'd with Sport and Play,  
 And bound with pleasing Sleep I lay,  
 Doves cover'd me with Myrtle Boughs,  
 And with soft Murmurs sweeten'd my Repose:  
 A Wonder this, and strange to all  
 That liv'd in fat *Ferenti's* Vale;  
 High *Acherontia*, *Bantine* Groves  
 Admir'd the kindness of the Doves:  
 'Twas strange that I, 'midst thorny Brakes,  
 Secure from Bears and creeping Snakes,  
 Should lie so long; that Doves should spread  
 The sacred Laurel round my Head,  
 And I a Child be safe i'th' Woods,  
 The Care and Darling of the Gods.

Yours

Poet, therefore, in such a Number, having a Right to lengthen one, determined upon the second. When it was necessary to make the first Syllable long, the Letter P was doubled, as in the Verse preceding.

S. A. N.

11. *Fatigatumque somno*.] The Translation has been, perhaps, too bold in following the Original in an Expression, which requires some Explanation to make it intelligible. *Fatigued with Sleep*, must mean *with an Inclination to sleep*. Horace hath taken it from Homer, and we find another Instance of it in Tibullus,

*Illa meos somno lassos patefecit ocellos.*



Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos  
 Tollor Sabinos; seu mihi frigidum  
 Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,  
 Seu liquidæ placuere Baia.  
 Vestris amicum fontibus & choris,  
 Non me Philippiis versa acies retro,  
 Devota non extinxit arbos,  
 Nec Sicula Palinurus unda.  
 Utcunque mecum vos eritis, libens  
 Infanientem navita Bosporum  
 Tentabo, & arentes arenas  
 Litoris Assyrii viator:  
 Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,  
 Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum:  
 Visam pharetratos Gelonos,  
 Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.  
 Vos Cæsarem altum, militiâ simul  
 Fessas cohortes reddidit oppidis,  
 Finire quærentem labores,  
 Pierio recreatis antro.

25

30

35

40

Vcs

14. *Celsæ nidum Acherontia.*) Horace calls Acherontia a Nest, because it was situated upon Rocks, on the Frontiers of Lucania. Cicero says of Ulysses, so powerful is the Love of our Country, that this wisest of the Greeks preferred his Ithaca, fixed, like a Nest, upon Rocks, to the Enjoyment of Immortality.

Dac.

21. *Vester, Camœnæ.*) After a Beginning full of Fire, and Enthusiasm, the Poet instantly grows calm, and recounts a little Adventure of his Childhood. He then raises himself with a Rapidity of Flight, and transports us with him to the Sabine Hills, to Præneste, to Tibur, and Baia. To this Flight succeeds a proper Repose; we are conducted into the Cave of the Muses, where we find Augustus surrounded by the Goddesses, and hear the wise Lessons given to that Prince. But immediately a Scene of less Tranquillity demands our Attention. The Earth is overturned by the Rebellion of the Giants; the Heavens are in Flames, and the Gods appear in Arms for the Defence of Jupiter.

Sanc.

26. *Non me Philippiis.*) The Poet here collects three Facts, to shew that the Gods particularly watched over his Preservation. He fled from the Battle of Philippi in 712; He avoided the Fall of a Tree, 734; and He was preserved from Shipwreck, probably, in the Year 716, when he went aboard the Fleet with Mæcenat, to pass over into Sicily against Pompey. He never mentions any Danger of Shipwreck to which he had been exposed in his Return from Philippi, as Acron and some Commentators have imagined, who suppose him wandering, with a tedious and uncertain Voyage, through the Sicilian Seas, instead of going directly to Brundisium. Besides, such a Voyage must have

Yours, I am ever yours; harmonious Nine,  
 Whether I joy in Tibur's Vale supine;  
 Whether I climb the Sabine Mountain's Height,  
 Or in Præneste's Groves, or Baian Streams delight.

Nor Tree devoted, nor tempestuous Main,  
 Nor flying Hosts, that swept Philippi's Plain  
 In fearful Rout, your filial Bard destroy'd,  
 While in your Springs divine, and choral Sports he  
 joy'd.

When by the Muse's faithful Guidance led,  
 Or Lybia's thirsty Sands I'll fearless tread,  
 Or climb the vent'rous Bark, and launch from  
 Shore,

Though Bosporus arous'd with madding Horrors  
 roar.

Nor Britons, of inhospitable Strain,  
 Nor quiver'd Scythians, nor the Caspian Main,  
 Nor he who joyous quaffs the gory Bowl,  
 Streaming with Horfes' Blood, shall shake my  
 dauntless Soul.

When Cæsar, by your forming Arts inspir'd,  
 Cheerful disbands his Troops, of Conquest tir'd,  
 And yields to willing Peace his laurel'd Spoils,  
 In the Pierian Cave you charm the Hero's Toils;  
 Gracious

been as dangerous as tedious; those Seas being covered with the Fleets of Pompey and Domitius, to whom he was at that time an Enemy, by his accepting an Amnesty from Octavius.

Sanc.

32. *Litoris Assyrii.*) Assyria, properly speaking, is an inland Country, and far distant from the Sea; it is therefore by the Poet used for Syria, which extends itself along the Shore as far as Babylon. Such Liberties are usual to the Poets.

Dac.

33. *Hospitibus feros.*) Upon the Authority of the Scholiast Acron, the Commentators believe that the Britons sacrificed Strangers to the Gods; and Torrentius tells us, that in his Time they were rather malevolent than cruel to Foreigners; but that such a Disposition must be expected in a People separated from the whole World.

Mr. Baxter very dexterously applies these human Sacrifices to the Irish, of whom the Character he tells us is better to be understood, and gives this excellent Reason for his Decision; that St. Jerome saw two Irishmen devouring a

human

If to the *Sabines* rugged Fields I go,  
Or cold *Præneste*, chill with Snow,  
Or climb the *Tibur's* hilly Height,  
Or seek in *Baia* soft Delight,  
Still I am yours, O charming Nine!  
And worship still your Band Divine.

Devoted to your Choir and sacred Streams,  
Unhurt I pass'd thro' dire Extreame;  
Not ev'n the routed Troops that fled  
Dispers'd from sad *Philippi's* fatal Plain,  
Nor that detested Tree, whose Fall  
Threaten'd its Lord's endanger'd Head,  
Nor *Palinurus* on *Sicilia's* Main,  
Touch'd my safe Life, shielded by You from all.

By You attended, I defy  
The *Bosphorus's* stormy Sea,  
Or thro' *Affyria* take my Way,  
Where scorching Sands and lonely Desarts lye;  
Visit th' inhospitable *Britons* Shore,  
Or them who quaff the Horses Gore,  
Or the *Gelonian* Race, who bear  
The furnish'd Quiver to the War,  
Or *Scythia's* River pass, and any Danger dare.

When *Cæsar* from their Martial Toil  
His weary'd Legions breaths awhile,  
Closing the Labours of the Field,  
In your *Pierian* Cave your tuneful Train  
Th' Imperial Victor entertain,  
And cheer with Joys the Muses only yield.

Mild

human Carcass in Gaul. *Hoc de Hibernis magis intelligendum. Sanctus Hieronymus scribit se duos Scotos (b. e. Hibernos) in Gallia vidisse humano cadavere vescentes.*

Such national Reflexions of Cruelty, Stupidity and Vice, are usually as weak as they are unjust. In the present Instance, it were more honourable to human Nature to deny the Fact of human Sacrifices in general, than to throw the Reproach and Infamy of them upon Nations, whom perhaps we hate, only because we have injured and oppressed them.

36. *Scythicum amnem.*) The Commentators here understand the Tanais, but the Poet seems rather to speak of the

Yours, Muses, yours, I live your Care  
On *Sabine* Hills, or cold *Præneste's* Air;  
Or whether watry *Baia* please,  
Or wanton *Tibur* lulls me into ease;  
Because your Springs, your Sport, and Grove  
Are all the Objects of my Love.  
When *Brutus* lost *Philippi's* Field,  
I safely fled, and scorn'd my Shield,  
'Twas Sin to guard or to defend,  
By mortal Arms, the Muses Friend:  
By you, the proud *Sicilian* Rock  
I brav'd, and scap'd the cursed Oak:  
Whilst you my feeble Ship shall guide,  
I'll singly stem the proudest Tide;  
I'll travel thro' the farthest East,  
Where never mortal Foot hath prest;  
*Britain's* inhospitable Flood,  
Or *Thracians* drunk with Horses Blood,  
On *Scythian* Sands I'll boldly tread,  
And stoutly see the quiver'd *Mede*.  
When *Cæsar*, great as all our Hopes,  
In Towns hath hid his weary Troops,  
You cheer his Soul, you soften Cares,  
And ease the harsh fatigue of Wars:

You

*Caspian* Sea, which is also called *Scythicus sinus*. The Latins, in Imitation of the Greeks, make use of the Word *Amnis* instead of *Mare*.

D A C.

37. *Vos Cæsarem.*) Horace opens here the real Design of the Ode. After having thanked the Muses for their Care of his Preservation, and declared his entire Confidence in them, He shews that their Counsels inspired Augustus with the Lenity by which he pardoned his Enemies, while that Prince appears the second Instance of their protecting Power.

D A C.

*Altum.*) Mr. Dacier and Sanadon, in opposition to all the Commentators, agree that this Epithet is here used for *Alumnus*, that it refers to *Almæ* in the forty-second Line, and that they are both derived from the Verb *alere*. Mr. Dacier thinks it must have been more glorious, and more pleasing to Augustus, to be called, as it were, the Child of the Muses, than to have been honoured with any Title of meer human Greatness; and although he acknowledges that Virgil has given this Epithet to *Sarpedon* and *Apollo*, yet he affirms, that it is neither awful nor majestic enough to express

express

Vos lene consilium & datis, & dato  
Gaudetis almæ. Scimus ut impios  
Titanas, immanemque turmam  
Fulmine sustulerit caduco,

Qui terram inertem, qui mare temperat  
Ventosum, & umbras, regnaque tristia;  
Divosque, mortalesque turbas  
Imperio regit unus æquo.

Magnum illa terrorem intulerat Jovi,  
Fidens juvenus horrida brachiis,

Fratresque tendentes opaco  
Pelion imposuisse Olympo.

Sed quid Thyphceus & validus Mimas,  
Aut quid minaci Porphyryion statu,

Quid Rhœtus, evulsisque truncis  
Enceladus jaculator audax,

Contra sonantem Palladis Ægida  
Possent ruentes? hinc avidus stetit

Vulcanus, hinc matrona Juno, &

Nunquam humeris positurus arcum,

express *excelsus, or nobilis*. He would not willingly say  
*altus Ledoix*.

38. *Festas cohortes reddidit oppidis*.) It is a noble Encomium of Augustus, that he was fatigued with Conquest, which he was always willing to end by an honourable Peace. Piso having happily terminated the Thracian War in 743, Augustus returned to Rome in the Beginning of the Year following, with Tiberius and Drusus, who had reduced the Germans, the Dacians, and other Nations bordering upon the Danube. The Empire being thus at Peace, Augustus executed a Decree of the Senate, to shut the Temple of Janus. This naturally supposes the disbanding of his Armies, of which Horace speaks.

SAN.

*Reddidit*.) This Reading appears in a large Number of excellent Manuscripts; *melior omnino lectio est, quam neque pauciores neque deteriores codices exhibent*. Tacitus expresses himself in the same manner; *Prætorie cohortes Penatibus suis redduntur* . . . . *Reddita civitatibus Gallorum auxilia*. *Abdidit* might be better applied to Cowards, who not daring to appear in the Field, shut themselves up in their Cities. An Expression thus ambiguous is vicious, and unworthy of Horace.

BENT. SAN.

40. *Pierio recreatis antro*.) This Cave, consecrated to the Muses, poetically represents to us the Study of the Sciences, which polish and refine the Understanding. Augustus had so great a Passion for Letters, that he always proposed some Questions of Erudition to the Learned whom he invited to his Table. Suetonius hath preserved a Fragment of a Letter which he wrote to Tiberius. *Vale, jucundissime*

Gracious from you the lenient Counsels flow,  
Which bid the Hero spare his prostrate Foe;  
For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal Sway  
The ponderous Mass of Earth, and stormy Seas obey;

O'er Gods and Mortals, o'er the dreary Plains,  
And shadowy Ghosts, supremely just he reigns;  
But, dreadful in his Wrath, to Hell pursu'd,  
With falling Thunders dire, the fierce Titanian Brood

Whose horrid Youth, elate with impious Pride,  
Unnumber'd on their sinewy Force relied;  
Mountain on Mountain pil'd they rais'd in Air,  
And shook the Throne of Jove, and bad the  
Thunderer fear.

But what could Mimas, strong in Fight,  
Or fierce Porphyryion, of enormous Might,  
Or vast Enceladus fierce - darting far  
The Trunks of Trees uptorn, dire Archer of the War,

To sage Minerva's clashing Shield oppose,  
Although, with headlong Rage inspir'd, they rose  
While Vulcan here, in Flames devour'd his War,  
There Matron Juno stood, and there the God of Days

WAS

*Tiberi, & rem feliciter gere, ipse xai raic Mous* *farewell*, my dear Tiberius, and may you be ever successful in fighting for Me, and for the Muses.

DAC.

41. *Vos lene consilium*.) It is rare, says Mr. Dacier, to find a cruel or vindictive Temper among the Lovers of the Muses. Education softens the Heart, and inspires the Sentiments of Moderation and Lenity. Augustus had given many Proofs of such a Temper. He pardoned Quintus Gallus, convicted of having attempted his Life. He three Days opposed the Edict of Proscription, and protected many of his Enemies from the Fury of his Collegues. He received Messala into his Friendship, made him Lieutenant to Agrippa in the War of Sicily, and afterwards Consul. He not only honoured Julius Antonius, the Son of the Emperor, with the Prætorship and Consulship, but married him to Marcella, one of the Daughters of his Sister Octavia. It was worthy, says Velleius Paterculus, both of the Fortune and Clemency of Cæsar, that not one of all those who took up Arms against him, were ever put to Death by him, or by his Command.

SAN.

42. *Scimus ut impios*.) There is not perhaps a more remarkable Instance than this, of the Want of Command which is peculiar to Lyric Poetry.



Mild Counsels still, serene and bright,  
You give, and in the gracious Gift delight.

The *Titans* impious Race, we know,  
And all the bold enormous Band,  
He did with Thunders overthrow,  
Who o'er the steadfast Earth and stormy Main,  
O'er Cities, and the Realms below,  
And Gods and mortal Men, with wide Command,  
Does single hold his righteous Reign.

The horrid Crew, confiding in their Might,  
Struck *Jove* himself with strange Affright,  
When on *Olympus'* lofty Shade  
The daring Brethren *Pelion* laid.

But what can *Typhon's* Rage supply?  
Or *Mimas'* Strength? or huge *Porphyrus*, high  
In Stature threat'ning like a Tow'r?  
What *Rhæcus*? or *Enceladus's* Pow'r,  
Whose single Arm cou'd tear and wield  
Unrooted Trees across the warring Field,  
When *Pallas* lifts her dreaded Shield?

Here *Vulcan* stood, and *Juno* there,  
And He, whose Shoulders ever bear  
The Quiver and unerring Bow,

And

You, Kind, instruct him how to live,  
Give good Advice, and joy to give:  
We know, we know how mighty *Jove*  
(Whose guiding Nod rules all above,  
Who governs, with an equal Hand,  
The raging Sea, and quiet Land;  
Whose easy and almighty Sway  
The Gods, and Ghosts, and all obey;) )  
With Thunder strook bold *Titans* down,  
And beat their fury from his Throne;  
We know how impious Giants fell  
From climbing Heav'n to deepest Hell:  
That horrid Troop, those impious Bands,  
Relying on their num'rous Hands,  
Whilst they on Mountains climb'd on high,  
Spread no small Terror thro' the Sky;  
And shady *Pelion*, rais'd above  
The high *Olympus*, frighted *Jove*:  
But how could brawny *Mimas* rise,  
How large *Porphyrion's* frightful size  
Against the Thunder of the Skies?  
How bold *Typhæus* aim a Stroke,  
How impious *Encel* dart his Oak?  
Too weak their Force, and soon repell'd  
By Virgin *Pallas* sounding Shield:  
Here *Vulcan* fought, a greedy God,  
On that side Matron *Juno* stood;  
And *Phæbus* there, a dreadful Foe,  
Still arm'd with an unerring Bow:

Who

Deity, to whom Earth and Sea, Heaven and Hell, Gods  
and Men are subject.

D A C.

It were to be wished, that Mr. Dacier could as well defend the Poet in his Description of this sovereign Deity, whom he represents so deeply terrified by the Giants, and needing the Assistance of the other Gods to support his Omnipotence. How very different is the Image of the supreme Being in Milton's *Battle of the Angels*?

War seem'd a civil Game  
To this Uproar; horrid Confusion heap'd  
Upon Confusion rose; and now all Heaven

Had

It might have appeared too bold to have regularly and openly equalled Augustus to the Sovereign of Gods in the highest Act of his Power; the Poet therefore only directs the Reader, or rather obliges him to make the Comparison, and to acknowledge that the Clemency of Cæsar does not proceed from his Weakness to punish. The Commentators disagree in explaining the Passage, and, in general, seem very little sensible of the Spirit and Beauty of the Translation.

46. *Et umbras.*) Dr. Bentley, with no unhappy Conjecture, reads *umbras* instead of *urbes*, which is included in *Mortalisque turbas*.

48. *Imperio regit unus æquo.*) The Heathen Theology taught that there were three Gods equal in Dignity, who had each their Domain, over which they reigned with sovereign Authority; that this Division was determined by Lot; that the great Empire of the Seas was given to Neptune; the Dominion of all the infernal World to Pluto, and the vast Extent of Heaven and Earth to Jupiter. But Horace refutes this absurd Divinity, and acknowledges one supreme

Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit  
 Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet  
 Dumeta, natalemque sylvam,  
 Delius & Patareus Apollo.  
 Vis consili expers mole ruit suâ :  
 Vim temperatam Dî quoque provehunt  
 In majus : idem odere vires  
 Omne nefas animo moventes.  
 Testis mearum centimanus Gyas  
 Sententiarum notus, & integræ  
 Tentator Orion Dianæ,  
 Virgineâ domitus sagittâ.  
 Injecta monstribus Terra dolet suis ;  
 Mœretque partus fulmine luridum  
 Missos ad Orcum ; nec peredit  
 Impositam celer ignis Ætnam ;  
 Incontinentis nec Tityi jecur  
 Relinquit alca, nequitæ additus  
 Custos : amatorem trecentæ  
 Pirithoum cohibent catenæ.

Had gone to wreck, with Ruin overspread,  
 Had not th' Almighty Father, where he sits  
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
 Consulting on the Sum of Things, foreseen  
 This Tumult, and permitted all, advis'd.

60. *Nunquam humeris positurus arcum.* ) Mr. Dacier thinks it a fine Manner of calling Apollo immortal, to say that, *He shall never lay aside his Quiver*; and Mr. Sanadon translates it, *God of the shining Quiver*. This Translation hath chosen another Method of explaining the Expression, which seems more truly to construe the Sentence, and represents the God in a beautiful Opposition of Character between his Terroures in War, and his Diversions in Peace.

65. *Vis consili expers* ] This moral Strophe is happily introduced after the bold, animated Description of the last Lines. It recalls the Reader to the general Design of the Ode, which he might have lost sight of in so long a Poem.

S A N.

67. *Odere vires.* ) *Vires* is here used for *homines viribus præstantes*; a manner of Expression too hardy for a Translation. In the ninth Ode of the fourth Book we shall find another Instance of this kind; *Est animus tibi, Consul non unius anni*, which Torrentius, Mr. Dacier, and Mr. Le Fevre, condemn as too bold, even for Lyric Poetry. Dr. Bentley, for the Honour of Horace, *cujus Honos nobis est vardi*, has amassed a number of Quotations, in which the Mind is represented as a Person. *Animus Rex, Carnifex,*

Who ne'er had laid aside the deathful Bow,  
 Till he victorious quell'd th' aspiring Foe;  
 Who the pure Dew of fair Castalia loves,  
 There bathes his flowing Hair, and haunts his  
 natal Groves.

Ill-counsel'd Force, by its own native Weight,  
 To Ruin headlong falls; with happier Fate  
 While the good Gods upraise the just Design,  
 But bold, unhallow'd Schemes pursue with Wrath  
 divine.

This Truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,  
 And warm Orion, who with impious Love  
 Tempting the Goddesses of the sylvan Scene,  
 Was by her Virgin Darts, gigantic Victim, slain

On her own Monsters thrown, with hideous  
 Weight,  
 Fond Mother Earth deplores her Offspring's Fate,  
 By Thunders dire to livid Orcus doom'd,  
 Nor Fire can force its Way thro' Ætna unconsum'd

Such are the Pains to lawless Lust decreed;  
 On Tityos' growing Liver Vulturs feed  
 With Rage ungorg'd, while Pluto stern detain  
 His amorous Rival bound in thrice an hundred Chains

O D

*Proscriptor, Speculator, Censor, Reſtor, Dominus, &c.* See Mr. Dacier did not disapprove of the first of these Expressions, he ought not to have condemned the second.

78. *Nequitæ additus custos.* ) *Nequitia* may signify Impudence or Immodesty.

*Tandem nequitæ pone modum tuæ.*

At length put an End to this infamous Life.

The Poet uses *additus* for *adfixus*, and *custos* for *tortor*.

*Additus Tityo custos propter nequitiam.*

79. *Amatorem trecentæ Pirithoum.* ) The Word *Amorem* forms the whole Beauty of this Strophe, and contains the whole Story of Pirithous.

And in *Castalia's* Streams, that clearly flow,  
 Washes his Length of loosely-waving Hair;  
 Who holds the *Lycian* Groves, his natal Soil,  
 And thence receives his double Style,  
*Delian Apollo* call'd, and *Patarean* too.

But Strength, devoid of Prudence, falls to Ground  
 Self-baffled, while, approving Right,  
 The Gods enlarge well-govern'd Might,  
 And justly hate, and still confound  
 Pernicious Pow'rs that with perverted Mind  
 All Mischief studious brood, to Villany resign'd.

Huge *Gyas* with his hundred Hands  
 A Witness of this Sentence stands,  
 And bold *Orion*, who presum'd to try  
*Diana's* spotless Chastity,  
 When from her Virgin Bow, the Dart  
 Pierc'd the rude Ravisher's aspiring Heart.

And burthen'd Earth beneath the Load  
 Of her own vanquish'd Monsters sighs,  
 And weeps to see her slaughter'd Brood  
 Driv'n down, with Light'ning, to the Realms of  
 Death;

Perpetual Flames from angry *Ætna* rise,  
 Cast on the Giant crush'd beneath;  
 Nor does the rav'nous Vulture spare  
 Lewd *Tityus'* Liver, plac'd for ever there  
 Th' Avenger of his Crime, unsated and severe;  
 Nor can *Piritheus* e'er remove

As huge three hundred Chains for his unlawful Love.

ODE

Who loves to haunt the *Lycian* Woods,  
 And in the pure *Castalian* Floods  
 Wash his loose Locks; who Songs inspires,  
 And fills his Priests with pleasing Fires,  
 On *Patara* and *Delos* Fame  
 Bestows, and takes from both a Name.

Rash Force by its own weight must fall,  
 But pious Strength will still prevail;  
 For such the Gods assist, and bless,  
 But hate a mighty Wickedness.  
 Proud *Gyges* proves this fatal Truth,  
 And hot *Orion's* lawless Youth,  
 E'en Virgin *Pallas* scarce could scape  
 The lustful fury of a Rape;  
 'Till her Bow reach'd him, whilst he strove,  
 With fiercer Darts than those of Love:  
 The Earth, on her own Monster thrown,  
 Now mourns the ruin of her Son,  
 She grieves that her proud Children fell,  
 By Thunder strook, to deepest Hell:  
 Nor do hot *Ætna's* Flames decay,  
 Yet cannot eat the Load away:  
 Hot *Tytius* Liver Vultures tear,  
 They watch as soon as Parts appear,  
 And seize them straight; the Doom was just,  
 He's punish'd in the Seat of Lust;  
 Wrath waits on Sin, three hundred Chains  
*Piritheus* bind in endless Pains.

B b

ODE



## ODE V. AUGUSTI LAUDES.

COELO tonantem credidimus Jovem  
 Regnare: præsens Divus habebitur  
 Augustus, adjectis Britannis  
 Imperio, gravibusque Persis.  
 Milesne Crassi conjuge barbarâ  
 Turpis maritus vixit? & hostium  
 (Proh Patria, inversique mores!)  
 Consenuit fœderorum in armis,  
 Sub rege Medo, Marfus, & Appulus,  
 Ancilliorum, nominis & togæ  
 Oblitus, æternæque Vestæ,  
 Incolumi Jovē, & urbe Româ?  
 Hoc caverat mens provida Reguli  
 Dissidentis conditionibus  
 Fœdis, & exemplo trahenti  
 Perniciem veniens in ævum,  
 Si non periret immiserabilis  
 Captiva pubes. Signa ego Punicis  
 Affixa delubris, & arma  
 Militibus sinè cæde, dixit,  
 Derepta

When our Poet speaks in such pompous Terms of the Reduction of Britain and Parthia, it is by no means the Language of Flattery. To disarm his Enemies without attacking them, is to be more an Hero, than the Conqueror who spreads Carnage and Desolation round him. These two Victories of Augustus are joined together by the Poet, for their Resemblance in kind, although there were six or seven Years between them. But he only mentions the Conquest of Britain, and dwells particularly upon the Reduction of Parthia, for the Joy that it occasioned through the whole Roman People, who now saw themselves revenged for the shameful Defeat of Crassus, the Dishonour of which had continued three and thirty Years.

Augustus returned to Rome from his Eastern Expedition in October 735, when probably this Ode was written. SAN.

Verf. 1. *Coelo tonantem.*] The Beauty of this Comparison consists in raising the Character of Augustus without lessening that of Jupiter. When the Poet says *credidimus* in speaking of Jupiter, and *habebitur* in speaking of Augustus, his Expression is perfectly exact. The first was an ancient Deity, the other shall be worshipped as a God by future Ages. Mr. Sanadon thinks that *præsens* does not signify *present* or *visible*, but *favourable* or *propitious*, and that it is not put in Opposition to *coelo*, but *tonantem*. We find *præ-sentes Divos* in Virgil, and *præsentia Numina* in Horace.

*Habebitur*] The great Difficulty of this Passage consists

## ODE V. The PRAISES of AUGUSTUS.

JOVE's Thunder speaks the Heavens his just  
 Domain:  
 Augustus then be hail'd Earth's present God!  
 Since Britain added to his Sway,  
 And stubborn Parthia owns his Power.  
 Could Crassus' Soldier his lost Fame survive,  
 In barb'rous Spousals yok'd? Oh sad Reverse  
 Of Manners! could Appulian Youths,  
 Beneath a foreign Tyrant's Frown,  
 Grow old in Service of their Father-Foes;  
 Forget the sacred Shields, their Habit, Name,  
 And Vesta's never-dying Fire,  
 Yet Jove and Rome unshaken stand?  
 Here Wisdom's Guard sage Regulus had plac'd,  
 When he dissuaded the inglorious Terms,  
 And President which might involve  
 In Ruin each succeeding Age;  
 Unless the captiv'd Youth unpity'd dy'd.  
 These Eyes, said he, have seen your Banners fix'd  
 In Punic Fanes, and Trophies rais'd  
 Of Arms resign'd without a Wound:

I've

in the Time; *habebitur*; for it is certain that the Romans had paid divine Honours to Augustus before his Voyage to Britain. Whence is it then that Horace says, He shall be worshipped as a God after having subdued the Parthians and Britons?

Augustus would not permit any Temples to be raised to Him in Rome, nor even in the Provinces, but upon Condition that Rome should share in that Honour with him. *In nulla provincia nisi communi suo Romæque nomine templa recipit.* SUTTON. This is confirmed by an ancient Medal struck by the Cities of Asia. On one Side is the Head of Augustus; on the other a Temple with this Inscription upon the Frontispiece; ROMÆ & AVG. Horace therefore seems to allude to this Modesty of the Emperor, as if he had said; Augustus will not yet allow us to acknowledge Him a God in Rome, but, since he hath added the Parthians and Britons to his Empire, it shall be no longer in his Power to hinder us. His Divinity shall be universally confessed; Temples shall be raised to Him in Rome as in the Provinces.

ODE V. *The PRAISES of AUGUSTUS.*

**D**READ Jove in Thunder speaks his just  
Domain;  
On Earth, a present God, shall Cæsar reign,  
Since World-divided Britain owns his Sway,  
And Parthia's haughty Sons his high Behests obey.

O Name of Country, once how sacred deem'd!  
O sad Reverse of Manners, once esteem'd!  
While Rome her ancient Majesty maintain'd,  
And in his Capitol while Jove imperial reign'd:

Could they, to foreign Spousals meanly yield,  
Whom Crassus led with Honour to the Field?  
Have they, to their Barbarian Lords allied,  
Grown old in hostile Arms beneath a Tyrant's Pride,  
Barely forgetful of the Roman Name,  
The Heaven-descended Shields, the Vestal Flame,  
Which wakes eternal, and the peaceful Gown,  
Those Emblems which the Fates, with boundless  
Empire crown?

When Regulus refus'd the Terms of Peace  
Inglorious, He foresaw the deep Disgrace,  
Whose foul Example should in Ruin end,  
And even to latest Times our baffled Arms attend,  
Except the Captive Youth, in servile Chains,  
Should fall unpitied. In the Punic Fanes  
Have I not seen, the Patriot-Captain cried,  
The Roman Ensigns fix'd in monumental Pride?

I

ODE V. *The PRAISES of AUGUSTUS.*

**H**IS Thund'ring proves that mighty Jove,  
With wondrous Force, rules all above;  
And now as mighty Actions show  
That Cæsar is a God below;  
O'er British Shores our Empire's spread,  
Our Arms have reacht the haughty Medæ.  
Could Crassus Soldiers lead their Lives,  
So meanly yoked to barb'rous Wives?  
Could they grow old (degenerate Race,  
Inverted Souls, and Rome's Disgrace!)  
In Hostile Arms, the Medæ obey,  
And fight for a Barbarian's Pay?  
Forget their Rites, their Name, and Blood,  
Whilst Jove was safe, and Rome yet stood?  
Wife Regulus did this prevent,  
He scorn'd base Terms that Carthage sent,  
Nor would he e'er, by his Advice,  
Tempt future Age to Cowardice:  
He knew that Virtue's Crowns would fade,  
Unless the Captive Youth were made  
Unpity'd Preys to barb'rous Foes,  
And bore the Slavery they chose.  
I saw, said He, our Eagles shine,  
And barely fill a Punick Shrine,  
With hanging wings our Fears upbraid,  
By which they were so soon betray'd:  
I saw how coward Armies stood,  
And yield without a drop of blood;

I

fus, and the Cowardice of the Romans in these vivid Colours, that He may raise the Glory of Augustus, who, by subduing the Parthians, had effaced that Ignominy, which so many Years had covered the Roman Name. D A C.

6. *Conjuge barbarâ turpis maritus.*] It was a double Infamy to a Roman Soldier to marry a foreign Woman, and by such an Alliance to confound the Blood of Rome with that of her Enemies. *Sequiturque, nefas! Egyptia Conjux Virg.* We may remark here that the Phrase is uncommon, *Turpis conjuge barbarâ for maritus barbaræ conjugis.* Cum is to be understood. S A N.

B b 2

7-

and the Roman People shall soon pay those Divine Honours in public, which they now render to him in private. D A C.

3. *Adjecit Britannis.*] We have already spoken of the Expedition of Augustus against the Parthians, in the ninth Ode of the second Book, and Strabo informs us, that the Princes of Britain gained his Friendship by their Ambassadors, and by their Submissions. They carried their Presents into the Capitol, and made the Roman People Masters of their whole Island. Thus, although the Romans never triumphed for the Conquest of Britain, yet Augustus was considered as having subdued it.

5. *Milesne Crassi.*] The Poet paints the Defeat of Cras-

Derepta vidi: vidi ego civium  
 Retorta tergo brachia libero,  
 Portasque non claufas, & arva  
 Marte coli populata nostro.  
 Auro repensus fcilicet acrior  
 Miles redibit? flagitio additis  
 Damnum: Neque amiffos colores  
 Lana refert medicata fuco;  
 Nec vera virtus, cum femel occidit,  
 Curat reponi deterioribus.  
 Si pugnat extricata densis  
 Cerva plagis, erit ille fortis,  
 Qui perfidis fe credidit hoftibus;  
 Et Marte Pœnos proteret altero,  
 Qui lora reftriâis lacertis  
 Sensit iners, timuitque mortem.  
 Hic, unde vitam fumeret infcius,  
 Pacem duello mifcuit. O pudor!  
 O magna Carthago, probroſis  
 Aldior Italiæ ruinis!

25

30

35

40

Fertur

I've ſeen the Hands of Roman Citizens  
 Pinion'd behind their liberal Backs, and Gates  
 Not ſhut, and Fields with Culture cloath'd,  
 Which late our conqu'ring Troops laid waſte.  
 No doubt, the Soldier, ranſom'd by your Gold,  
 Much braver will return! To Shame you add  
 A certain Loſs; the ſpotleſs Fleece,  
 Once ſtain'd, it's Luſtre ne'er renews:  
 Nor baniſh'd Virtue, by Diſhonour's Aid,  
 Will deign to be reſtor'd. When from thick Tangle  
 Releas'd, the tim'rous Hind ſhall turn  
 Fierce on the Hunter, he'll grow brave,  
 Who once has yielded to perfidious Foes;  
 Then, in another Field, he'll put to Flight  
 The *Punic* Bands, who tamely bore  
 The proffer'd Chain, and fear'd to die;  
 Who fought for Peace, ev'n in the Act of War,  
 Not Safety from his Sword: O foul Diſgrace!  
 O glorious *Carthage*, to this Height  
 On *Rome's* opprobrious Ruins rais'd!

The

7. *Patria.* ] A late Commentator hath taken this Reading from an ancient Manuſcript, and the Expreſſion is more ſtrong as well as more natural than *Curia*. The Soldiers of Craſſus, by yielding to the Parthians, had ſtifled in their Hearts the Love of their Country, that moſt powerful Paſſion in a truly Roman Soul.

S A N.

8. *Conſenuit ſocerorum in armis.* ] Since it cannot be proved by any Author, that the Soldiers of Craſſus ever carried Arms in the Parthian Troops, according to the common Reading, *armis*, Heinfius, and Faber propoſe a conjectural Correction, *Arvis*, which has been received by Doctör Bentley, Mr. Cuninghām, and Sanadon. We know indeed that the Ancients uſually employed their Priſoners, taken in War, in tending their Flocks or cultivating their Lands,

— occidere noli;

*Serviet utiliter: ſine paſcat durus aretque.* H O R. Epift.

Kill not the Slave, who may ſome Profit yield,  
 Robuſt to guard your Flock, or plow your Field.

Yet this negative Authority is not ſufficient to alter the Text, in oppoſition to all the Manuſcripts, merely becauſe Hiſtorians do not inform us, that theſe Priſoners fought in the Parthian Armies. Perhaps it were equally difficult to prove their Alliance with their Conquerors, and if we do not contradict the Poet in this Faâ, it ſeems more reaſonable that they ſhould be the Soldiers, than continue the Slaves of their Fathers-in-law. Nor is it eaſy to account for the Reproach of living *ſub rege Medo*, under the Ty-

ranny of a Median King, if they were the Slaves of private Perſons.

10. *Anciliorum, nominis, & togæ.* ] The Poet aggravates the Cowardice of the Romans by this very ſtrong Reſtoration, that they had forgotten the ſacred Bucklers, the Roman Habit and Name, and Veſta's eternal Fire; as if they had renounced that divine Protection and univerſal Empire which was promiſed to them by theſe ſacred Pledges.

13. *Hæc caverat mens.* ] It is probable that ſome Perſon jealous of the Glory of Auguſtus, had made an ill-natured Oppoſition between his Character and that of Regulus, whoſe Advice the Priſoners had been abandoned, in promiſement of their Cowardice. Horace on the contrary ſhews that this Prince entered perfectly into the Sentiments of the ancient Roman. After having conſtantly reſuſed for ſo many Years to redeem the Priſoners and Enſigns by Treaty or Exchange, the Glory of his Arms and the Terror of his Name had alone recovered the Honour of Rome in ſubduing her Enemies, and reſtoring her Citizens.

17. *Si non periret immiſcrabilis.* ] An Exchange of Priſoners might be of dangerous Example to Poſterity. The Soldiery might rather chuſe to preſerve their Lives by yielding themſelves Priſoners, than hazard the Loſs of them by fighting.



I saw our Arms resign'd without a Wound;  
The freeborn Sons of Rome in Fetters bound;  
The Gates of Carthage open, and the Plain,  
Late by our War laid waste, with Culture cloath'd  
again.

Ransom'd, perhaps, with nobler Sense of Fame  
The Soldier may return.---You purchase Shame  
With added Ruin. To the Fleece no more  
Its rich Vermillion lost the Fucus can restore,

Nor Virtue shall its fair Complexion gain,  
Or clear, by vicious Arts, th' infected Stain.  
If from the Toils escap'd the Hind shall turn  
Fierce on her Hunters, He the prostrate Foe may spurn

In second Fight, who felt the Fetters bind  
His Arms enslav'd; who tamely hath resign'd  
His captive Sword; who bravely might have died,  
Yet on a faithless Foe, with abject Soul, relied;

Who for his Safety mix'd poor Terms of Peace  
Even with the Act of War; O foul Disgrace!  
O Carthage, now with rival Glories great,  
And on the Ruins rais'd of Rome's dejected State.  
The

We might believe that Horace hath used an Iambic Measure in the third Foot of this Line, as is common with the Grecian Poets, but as the Latins did not allow themselves all the Liberties of the Greek Poetry, it seems more probable, that the last Syllable of *periret* is made long, as it is a Cæsura; nor is this the only Instance of this Licence, in the Alcaic Verse, which we find in Horace.

S A N.

18. *Signa ego Punicis.* ] This Change of the Speakers is boldly spirited, and yet the Transition is easy. Cicero tells us, that Regulus refused to speak in the Senate, because he considered himself as degraded from the Dignity of that House. *Sententiam in Senatu dicere recusavit.* He refused to take his Rank among the Senators, or to deliver his Opinion in Right of that Rank; but he might have given his Advice to the Senate, and then expected their Determination.

D A C.

20. *Sine cade.* ] Regulus could not blame the Soldiers for being made Prisoners, since he was himself in the same Condition; but he reproaches them for having lost their Liberty without attempting to defend themselves.

T O R R.

21. *Civium tergo brachia libero.* ] It was customary to bind a Prisoner's Arms behind him, of which we find several Instances in Homer and Virgil. The Beauty of this Passage

I saw when they their Arms resign'd,  
Their slavish hands drawn back behind;  
I saw our Free-men bound led home,  
Bound conquer'd Citizens of Rome!  
Their Gates unbar'd, they plough'd the Soil  
Which Roman Troops did lately spoil:  
Redeem'd perhaps, more free from fear,  
More fierce they shall return to War,  
More bold, more careful of their Fame;  
You add new losses to your shame:  
Wool once infected with a stain  
Ne'er takes it's native White again:  
And when true Virtue falls, it lies,  
Prest down, and never cares to rise:  
If trembling Does, when freed from Snates,  
Will fight, then He'll forget his Fears;  
Then He'll be stout, who basely chose  
To trust the Treachery of his Foes:  
He, he, no doubt, will brave appear,  
And beat them in another War,  
Whose Arms could tamely bear the Cords  
And Whips of domineering Lords,  
Who sold his precious Liberty  
For meaner Life, and fear'd to die:  
Resolv'd for Life, he did not know  
To which he should his Safety owe,  
His Roman Courage or his Fear,  
And mixt dishonest Peace and War;  
Oh shame! Great Carthage! rais'd more high  
On the Disgrace of Italy!

His

consists in the severe and violent Sarcasm of the Words *libertergo* and *civium*, as if they were the free-born Citizens of Rome, even in the Moment when they suffered themselves to be bound.

24. *Et arva Marte coli populata nostro.* ) At once to raise the Courage and Indignation of the Romans, Regulus tells them, that the Carthaginians were so persuaded of their Weakness, that, although the War was not finished, they lived as if in perfect Peace, and even cultivated those Lands which he himself had laid waste.

D A C.

27.

Fertur pudicæ conjugis osculum,  
 Parvosque natos, ut capitis minor,  
 A se removisse, & virilem  
 Torvus humi posuisse vultum;  
 Donec labantes consilio Patres  
 Firmaret auctor nunquam aliàs dato,  
 Interque mœrentes amicos  
 Egregius properaret exul.  
 Atqui sciebat quæ sibi barbarus  
 Tortor pararet: non aliter tamen.  
 Dimovet obstantes propinquos,  
 Et populum reditus morantem,  
 Quàm si clientum longa negotia,  
 Dijudicatâ lite, relinqueret,  
 Tendens Venafranos in agros,  
 Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum.

Thus having spoke, his Consort's chaste Embrace,  
 And Infant Sons, as one to free-born Ties  
 Lost, he repell'd; and sternly fix'd  
 His manly Visage on the Ground:  
 'Till o'er th' admiring Senate's wavering Voice  
 His unexampled Counsel had prevail'd;  
 Then pleas'd, amidst his weeping Friends,  
 A splendid Exile hastned forth.  
 For though he knew what Tortures were prepar'd  
 By barb'rous Rage, yet as serene he pass'd  
 His Kindred which obstruct his Way,  
 And Crouds opposing his Return,  
 As if his Clients' tedious Business o'er,  
 And ev'ry Suit dispatch'd, he, from long Toils,  
 Or to *Vanafrane* Fields retir'd,  
 Or fair *Tarentum's* lov'd Recess.

## ODE

## ODE

27. *Neque amissos colores.* ] This Passage is really difficult; no wonder therefore that it has been variously explained. It may be necessary to understand the Terms. *Medicamentum* signifies a Colour, (as *φάρμακον* among the Greeks) from whence the Verb *medicare* to stain. *Fucus* was a sort of Sea-weed, with which the Ancients imitated Purple, although the Word was afterwards used for all Kinds of Colours. The Poet therefore says, that Virtue, which hath once lost its native Lustre, shall never be restored, *reponi*, by vicious Actions, *deterioribus*; as Wool never can regain by a baser Dye, *fucus*, its faded Purple. Thus the Sentiment is regularly pursued; the Comparison well supported, and the Terms explained.

30. *Reponi deterioribus.* ] These are Terms taken from dying, or painting. As Wool never recovers the Colour it has lost, so the Brightness of Valour can never be restored, which Cowardice hath once discoloured. Virtue refuses to take the Place again, of which it was dispossessed by Vice.

DAC. SAN.

33. *Perfidis se credit hostibus.* ] *Credit* is opposed to *perfidis*. One marks the Confidence of the Roman Soldiers; the other the Perfidy of the Carthaginians. The same Figure of Opposition is happily employed in the following Lines between *mortem* and *vitam*, *pacem* and *duello*. This last Expression is remarkable. *Miscere pacem duello* is to make Terms of Peace and Composition, even in the Action of War, and Sword in Hand.

37. *Hic, unde vitam sumeret.* ] It were a severe Invec-tive to tell a Soldier, that he knew no other way of preserv-ing his Life, than by asking Quarter of his Enemy, even when he was armed to repulse or conquer. Doctor Bent-ley assures us that ten Copies read *aptius*, instead of *infcus*; and as the Poet, in Purity of Style, could not write *Hic* after *erit ille fortis*, the Doctor corrects the whole Passage thus: *Hinc unde vitam sumeret aptius*. The Correction, although received by Mr. Sanadon, seems to be unnecessary, and the Alteration of *hinc* is without Authority.

42. *Capitis minor.* ] The Construction is *minor dimi-nute, vel ratione capitis*, and *caput* signifies the whole Sum and Condition of Life. Regulus, by being made a Prisoner, not only lost his Liberty, but his Rights of a Roman Citizen. He was besides obliged by Oath to go back to Carthage, from which he well knew, that he should never return, and consequently never have it in his Power to recover those two Advantages. For these Reasons, he neither considered him-self as a Senator, nor a Citizen; he refused the Embraces of his Wife and Children, to whom he was become a Stranger by his Slavery. He thought it, says the ancient Scholast, unworthy of a Roman Matron to kiss a Slave. The Name of this virtuous Wife was *Martia*.

44. *Torvus humi.* ] Although Regulus, considering him-self as a Slave, would not raise his Eyes from the Earth, yet he shewed an intrepid Fierceness in his Look, which spoke the free-born Spirit of an ancient Roman. DAC.

56. *Lacedæmonium Tarentum.* ] This City was founded by a Spartan Colony, and had once been very powerful in her Fleets and Armies. Her own Prosperity destroyed her. Strabo marks two Causes of her Ruin; that she had more Festivals than Days in the Year; and that she intrusted the Command of her Armies to foreign Generals. At length she lost her Liberty entirely during the War of Hannibal, when being reduced to a Roman Colony, she enjoyed a Repose which she had never known before, and became happier than she had ever been in her most flourishing State. DAC.

The Hero spoke; and from his wedded Dame,  
 And Infant-Children turn'd, oppress'd with Shame  
 Of his fallen State; their fond Embrace repell'd,  
 And sternly on the Earth his manly Visage held,  
 'Till, by his unexampled Counsel sway'd,  
 Their firm Decree the wavering Senate made;  
 Then, while his Friends the Tears of Sorrow shed,  
 Swift through the weeping Throng the glorious  
 Exile sped.

Nor did he not the cruel Tortures know  
 Vengeful prepar'd by a Barbarian Foe;  
 Yet, with a Countenance serenely gay,  
 He turn'd aside the Clouds who fondly press'd his Stay,

As if, his Clients reconcil'd in Peace,  
 The tedious Business of the Law should cease,  
 Cheerful he hasted to some calm Retreat,  
 To taste the pure Delights, which bless the rural Seat.

O D E

His Wife's chaste Kiss, his prattling Boys,  
 The former Partners of his Joys,  
 Now grown a Slave, thrown down by Fate,  
 And lessen'd from his former State,  
 He shun'd with manly Modesty  
 On Earth he cast his stubborn Eye,  
 Whilst thus, by strange Advice, he sought,  
 And fix'd the wav'ring Senate's Vote;  
 Then thro' his weeping Friends he ran  
 In haste, a glorious banish'd Man:  
 What Cords and Wheels, what Racks and Chains,  
 What lingering Tortures for his Pains  
 The Barbarous Hangmen made, he knew;  
 And heightning Fame told more than true:  
 Yet he his Wife and Boys remov'd,  
 His hindring Friends, and all he lov'd,  
 And thro' the Crowd he made his way,  
 That wept, and beg'd a longer Stay;  
 As free, as if when Term was done,  
 And Suits at end, he left the Town,  
 Or did from Business and from Cares retreat  
 To the cool Pleasures of a Country-Seat.

O D E



## ODE VI. Ad ROMANOS.

## ODE VI. To the ROMANS.

By Lord ROSCOMMON.

**D**eliſta majorum immeritus lues,  
Romane; donec templa refeceris,  
Ædeſque labentes Deorum, &  
Fœda nigro ſimulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quòd geris, imperas:  
Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.

Dì multa neglecti dederunt  
Hesperia: mala lætuofa.

Jam bis Monæſes, & Pacori manus  
Non auſpicatos contudit impetus  
Noſtros, & adjeciſſe prædam  
Torquibus exiguis renidet.

Penè occupatam ſeditionibus  
Delevit urbem Dacus, & Æthiops:  
Hic claſſe formidatus, ille  
Miſſilibus melior ſagittis.

Fœcunda

In this Ode, which is wholly moral, the Poet would perſuade the Romans, that their Contempt of Religion, and the Corruption of their Manners, were the ſole Cauſes of all the Calamities with which the State had been afflicted. He therefore employs all the majeſtic and all the pathetic that his Subject demands, to inſpire again the Spirit of Piety, and to reſtore the Purity of their ancient Morals. The Ode was apparently written ſoon after the Civil Wars, in the Year 726 or 727.

S A N.

Verſ. 1. *Deſiſta majorum.* ] Plato and Plutarch acknowledge, that the Gods puniſhed the Crimes of the Parents in their Children to the fourth Generation. We may ſay, that all Religions agree in this Point; becauſe all Religions aſcribe all human Events to the Gods.

S A N.

Perhaps the Poet rather had the Roman, than the Laws of Nature, if this be one of Nature's Laws, in his view. The Romans forbid that a Son ſhould be puniſhed for his Father's Crime, even for the Crime of Treason.

2. *Donec templa refeceris.* ] There was a difference between *ædes ſacras*, and *templa*. *Ædes ſacra* was properly an Ediſice ſacred in itſelf, and conſecrated to ſome God, without the Interpoſition of the Augur: *Templum* was a certain Space determined and marked out by the Augurs, which yet was neither holy, nor conſecrated to any God, ſuch as the Roſtra. The Statues blackened with Smoke ſhew the Fires, and Burnings of the Civil War. T O R R.

5. *Diis te minorem, &c.* ] Theſe Lines contain an excellent Moral. Nothing is more capable of tempering the Authority of Kings, than to repreſent to them that there is a

**T**hoſe Ills your Anceſtors have done,  
Romans, are now become your own;  
And they will coſt you dear,  
Unleſs you ſoon repair  
The Falling Temples, which the Gods provoke,  
And Statues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious Smoke.  
Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,  
For humble grateful Piety,  
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)  
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your Neglect;  
All Empires on the Gods depend,  
Begun by their Command, at their Command  
they end.

Let *Craſſus*'s Ghoſt and *Labienuſ* tell,  
How twice by *Jove*'s Revenge our Legions fell,  
And with inſulting Pride,  
Shining in Roman Spoils the Parthian Victors  
ride.

The *Scythian* and *Egyptian* Scum  
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*;  
While our Seditious took their Part,  
Fill'd each *Egyptian* Sail, and wing'd each  
*Scythian* Dart.

Fug

Superiour upon whom they depend, as much as their Subjects depend upon them.

S A N.

10. *Non auſpicatos impetus.* ] The Aruſpices and Inſpectors of the Victims foretold to *Craſſus*, that his Expedition ſhould prove unfortunate, and many Prodiges, which happened while he ſtayed at Zeugma, ſeemed to confirm their Prediſtions. *Craſſus* deſpiſed all theſe Preſages, and hurried forward to his Ruin.

11. *Torquibus exiguis.* ] The Collars which the Parthians wore, probably were leſs than thoſe of the Gauls, and Germans; and the Poet ſays, they had enriched them with the Spoils taken from the Romans.

14. *Delevit Urbem Dacus & Æthiops.* ] We are not to underſtand this Paſſage, as if the Dacians and Æthiopians had twice attempted to deſtroy the City of Rome. H O R A C E

BOOK III.

ODE VI. To the ROMANS.

THOUGH guiltless of your Father's Crimes,  
Roman, 'tis thine, to latest Times,  
The Vengeance of the Gods to bear,  
'Till Thou their awful Domes repair,  
Prophan'd with Smoke their Statues raise,  
And bid their sacred Altars blaze.

That You the Powers divine obey,  
Boundless on Earth extends thy Sway;  
From hence thy future Glories date,  
From hence expect the Hand of Fate.  
Th' offended Gods, in Horrors dire,  
On sad Hesperia pour'd their Ire:  
The Parthian Squadrons twice repell'd  
Our inauspicious Pow'rs, and quell'd  
Our boldest Efforts; while they shone  
With Spoils, from conquer'd Romans won:  
The Dacian, whose unerring Art  
Can wing with Death the pointed Dart;  
Th' Egyptian, for his Navies fam'd,  
Who Neptune's boundless Empire claim'd,  
Had almost in their Rage destroy'd  
Imperial Rome, in civil Strife employ'd.

Fruitful

means the Army of Anthony and Cleopatra, which was

ODE VI. 201

ODE VI. To the ROMANS.

[By another Hand]

U Nhappy Romans! doom'd to bear  
The load of your Forefathers Guilt;  
Till, by your Piety and Care,  
Our Shrines and Temples are rebuilt:  
You reign by bowing to the Gods' Commands;  
From this your State arose, on this your Glory stands.  
Your impious Land already wears  
The marks of Vengeance from on high,  
Feels the yet smarting Partbian scars,  
And blushes with ignoble Dye;  
When from Monaster's Arms your Squadrons fled,  
And Rome's collected Spoils adorn'd the Victor's Head.

The Dacian and the Sunny Moor,  
By Sea and Land, their Forces bent,  
At once to sink the Roman Pow'r,  
When Civil Rage the Empire rent;

When  
chiefly composed of those Nations. BOND

Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias  
 Primum inquinavere, & genus, & domos :  
 Hæc fonte derivata clades  
 In patriam, populosque fluxit.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos  
 Matura virgo, & fingitur artubus  
 Jam nunc, & incestos amores  
 De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox juniores quærit adulteros  
 Inter mariti vina; neque eligit  
 Cui donet impermissa raptim  
 Gaudia, luminibus remotis:

Sed jussa coram non sine conscio  
 Surgit marito; seu vocat institor,  
 Seu navis Hispanæ magister,  
 Dedecorum pretiosus emtor.

20. *In patriam populosque.* ] The Critics well perceived that *patria* and *populus Romanus* were exactly the same, and therefore that the Text was naturally defective; but they did not so well succeed in discovering which of these two Words were altered, or in what Manner they ought to be restored. Doctor Bentley, supported with a numerous Army of Quotations, *densis phalangibus*, assures us, that we ought to read *inque patres*, instead of *patriam*. Another Commentator, less escorted indeed, but a more daring Adventurer, hath boldly placed *in proceres*, in the Text. Mr. Cunningham hath succeeded more happily; and to him we are indebted for the present Alteration, which consists only of a single Letter. Horace, in the second Ode, says, *terrui Urbem, terrui Gentes*, where he means the City, and the Provinces of the Empire; *Patriam* here answers to *Urbem*, and *Populos* to *Gentes*. The same Opposition is found in a Line of Martial,

*At populos mitti qui nuper ab Urbe solebas.* SAN.

21. *Motus Ienicos.* ) The Ionians were the most voluptuous People of the World; their Music, their Dances, and their Poetry were formed with a peculiar Softness and Delicacy. Even their Laughter had something so dissolute, that it became a Proverb *ἰωνικός γέλας*. The Poet mentions the marriageable Virgin, because it was shameful for a Girl of that Age to learn to dance. That Exercise was permitted only during their Infancy. TORR.

23. *Incestos amores.* ) Crimes beget one another with an unhappy Fruitfulness, yet this Epithet means no more than

First, Those flagitious Times  
 (Pregnant with unknown Crimes)  
 Conspire to violate the Nuptial Bed;  
 From which polluted Head  
 Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,  
 And thro' the spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran

Behold a ripe and melting Maid,  
 Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;  
 Ionian Artists, at a mighty Price,  
 Instruct her in the Mysteries of Vice;  
 What Nets to spread, where subtle Baits to lay;  
 And with an early Hand they form the temper'd Clay

Marry'd, their Lessons she improves,  
 By Practice of Adult'rous Loves,  
 And scorns the common mean Design  
 To take Advantage of her Husband's Wine,  
 Or snatch in some dark Place  
 An hasty Illegitimate Embrace:

No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,  
 And bids her rise when Lovers call:  
 Hither a Merchant from the *Streights*,  
 Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,  
 Or City *Canibal*, repairs,  
 Who feeds upon the Flesh of Heirs:  
 Convenient Brutes! whose tributary Flame  
 Pays the full Price of Lust, and gilds the slightest  
 Shame.

criminal, and unchaste Desires. Any other Interpretation is too shocking and monstrous.

29. *Coram.* ) *Openly.* This Word is opposed to *luminibus remotis*, as *non sine conscio* is in Opposition to *raptim*. The Poet, not contented with describing the Vices of the Women, to give a greater Horror of them, adds, that their Husbands consented to let them sell themselves to Masters of Ships and Factors, who were extravagant enough to buy the expensive Infamy.



Book III.

Fruitful of Crimes, this Age first stain'd  
 Their hapless Offspring, and prophan'd  
 The nuptial Bed, from whence the Woes,  
 Which various and unnumber'd rose  
 From this polluted Fountain Head,  
 O'er Rome, and o'er the Nations spread,  
 Pliant of Limb, the blooming Maid  
 Now joys to learn the wanton Trade  
 Of Dance indecent, and to prove  
 The Pleasures of forbidden Love:  
 When soon amid the Bridal Feast,  
 Boldly she courts her Husband's Guest;  
 Her Love no nice Distinction knows,  
 At round the wand'ring Pleasure throws,  
 Careless to hide the bold Delight  
 Darknefs, and the Shades of Night:  
 Nor does she need the thin Disguise,  
 The conscious Husband bids her rise,  
 When some rich Faclor courts her Charms,  
 Who calls the Wanton to his Arms,  
 And prodigal of Wealth and Fame,  
 Carelessly buys the costly Shame.

Not.

OpE VI.

When, like a Deluge, Vice triumphant reign'd,  
 And a degen'rate Race the Marriage-Rites prophan'd.

Hence the Contagion first began,  
 And reach'd our Blood, and stain'd our Race:  
 The blooming Virgin, ripe for Man,  
 A thousand Wanton airs displays;  
 Train'd to the Dance her well-taught limbs she  
 moves,  
 And fates her wishing Soul with loose incestuous Loves.

The Bride her lustful Rake invites,  
 Before her Husband's face to toy;  
 She stays not for his drunken fits,  
 Nor in a corner tastes the joy;  
 But in her Cuckold's presence sells her charms,  
 And grasps the Merchant's Gold, or meets the  
 Captain's arms.

Twas

C c 2

Non his juvenus orta parentibus  
 Intecit æquor sanguine Punico,  
 Pyrrhumque, & ingentem cecidit 35  
 Antiochum, Annibalemque dirum:

Sed rusticorum mascula militum  
 Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus  
 Versare glebas, & severæ  
 Matris ad arbitrium recisos 40

Portare fustes, sol ubi montium  
 Mutaret umbras, & juga demeret  
 Bobus fatigatis, amicum  
 Tempus agens abeunte curru.

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies? 45  
 Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
 Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
 Progeniem vitiosiore.

## ODE

33. *Non his juvenus, &c.*) To this vivid and natural Picture, which the Poet hath drawn of the Manners of his Age, he hath joined one of a contrary kind, in which he represents the Manners of the Ancient Romans. The Nearness of these two Paintings makes us see their different Beauties, and gives a greater Strength and Vivacity to the Colours.

S A N.

37. *Sed rusticorum mascula proles.*) There is a beautiful Passage in Vegetius, which explains this of Horace. *Aptior armis rustica plebs, quæ sub dio & in labore nutritur, solis patiens, umbræ negligens, balnearum nescia, deliciarum ignara, simplex animi, parvo contenta, duratis ad omnium laborum tolerantiam membris; cui gestare ferrum, fossam ducere, onus ferre, consuetudo de rure est.* The common Rustic is fitter for Arms, who lives in open Air and in Labour, patient of the Sun, careless of Shade, ignorant of Baths, unknowing of Delights, simple of Understanding, contented with little, having his Limbs hardened to the Sufferance of Labours: who hath learned from the Customs of the Country to carry a Weight of Arms, and to work in the Trenches.

'Twas not the Spawn of such as these,  
 That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the conquer'd Seas,  
 And quash'd the stern *Æacides*;  
 Made the proud *Asian* Monarch feel  
 How weak his Gold was against *Europe's* Steel;  
 Forc'd e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield,  
 And won the long-disputed World at *Zama's* fatal Field.

But Soldiers of a Rustick Mould,  
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;  
 Either they dug the stubborn Ground,  
 Or thro' hewn Woods their weighty Strokes did  
 found;  
 And after the Declining Sun  
 Had chang'd the Shadows, and their Task was done,  
 Home with their weary Team they took their way,  
 And drown'd in friendly Bowls the Labours of the  
 Day.

Time sensibly all things impairs,  
 Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,  
 And we than ours; next Age will see  
 A Race mote profligate than we  
 (With all the Pains we take) have Skill enough to be.

## ODE

41. *Portare fustes.*] There is a beautiful Description in Columella, of the laborious Women of earlier Times, in Opposition to the voluptuous, idle Race of his Age. But a late Commentator applies this Severity of the Samnite Mothers, with an Air of Burlesque and Plesantry, to the present Age. The Roman Youth, says he, were not permitted to carry wrought Canes, but Sticks of a plain and simple Form. *Juventus Romana olim non ornatos fustes, sed incuditos stipites ad matris arbitrium gestabat.*

42. *Mutaret umbras.*] The Sun changes the Shadows in proportion as he declines to his Setting. In the Morning he directs them to the West, in the Evening to the East.

T O R.

45. *Damnosa.*] *Damnosa* properly signifies consuming. *Tempus edax.*

Not such the Youth, of such a Strain,  
 Who dyed with Gore the Punic Main,  
 Who Pyrrhus' flying War pursued,  
 Antiochus the Great subdued,  
 And taught that Terror of the Field,  
 The cruel Hannibal, to yield:  
 But a rough Race inur'd to Toil,  
 With heavy Spade to turn the Soil,  
 And by a Mother's Will severe  
 To fell the Wood, and homeward bear  
 The pond'rous Load, ev'n when the Sun  
 His downward Course of Light had run;  
 And from the Western Mountain's Head  
 His changing Shadows length'ning spread,  
 And with the friendly Hour of Rest,  
 Inyok'd the Team with Toil oppress'd.  
 What feels not Time's consuming Rage?  
 More vicious than their Father's Age  
 Our Sires begot the present Race,  
 Of Actions impious, bold and base,  
 And yet, with Crimes to us unknown,  
 Our Sons shall mark the coming Age their own.

## ODE

ODE VI. 205  
 'Twas not from such a motly brood  
 Those better braver *Romans* came,  
 Who dy'd the *Punick* Seas with blood,  
 And rais'd so high their Country's fame;  
 By whom *Antiochus* and *Pyrrhus* dy'd,  
 And *Hannibal* was tam'd, and *Carthage* lost her pride.

But hardy Youths inur'd to toil,  
 Or fell the Wood, or till the Land,  
 Or turn with heavy Spades the Soil,  
 By a dread Mother's just command,  
 Nor ceas'd their work, 'till down the azure way  
 Sol rowl'd his beamy Car, and shut the chearful day,

Time alters all things in his pace,  
 Each Century new Vices owns;  
 Our Fathers bore an impious Race,  
 And we shall have more wicked Sons:  
 Impiety still gathers in its course:  
 The present Times are bad, the future will be worse.

## ODE



## ODE VII. Ad ASTERIEN.

## ODE VII. To ASTERIE.

By Mr. FRANCIS.

QUID fies, Asterie, quem tibi candidi  
Primo restituent vere Favonii,  
Thynâ merce beatum,  
Constantis juvenem fide

Gygen? ille Notis actus ad Oricum  
Post infana Capræ sidera, frigidas  
Noctes, non sine multis  
Infomnis lacrymis, agit.

Atqui sollicitæ nuntius hospitar,  
Suspirare Chloën, & miseram tuis  
Dicens ignibus uri,  
Tentat mille vafer modis:

Ut Præctum mulier perfida credulum  
Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis  
Casto Bellerophonti  
Maturare necem, refert:

Narrat

In this Ode Horace writes to Asterie, in appearance to comfort her for the Absence of her Husband, or Lover, whose Return was delayed by the Winds; but we find at the End of the Poem, that this was only with Design to advise her, with greater Delicacy, to be faithful to Gyges, and to resist the Pursuits of her Neighbour Enipeus, as her Lover resisted the Passion of his Hostess Chloe. There is a natural Vivacity in the Sentiments, and a Sweetness in the Versification.

D A C.

Verf. 1. *Quid fies.* ] Asterie does not seem to have been too much afflicted for the Absence of Gyges, since she had occasion for the Advice which Horace gives her at the End of the Ode.

D A C.

2. *Favonii.* ] The Poet does not mean that this Wind shall bring Gyges home, for it was directly contrary to his Return to Italy; but that in general it opens the Seas, and encourages Navigation, by restoring fair Weather.

T O R R.

3. *Thynâ merce.* ) Toys of Iron, Steel, Silver and Gold, which the Bithynians made with great Neatness.

4. *Constantis juvenem fide.* ) Such is the Reading of all the Manuscripts without Exception, *ita membranae omnes ubicunque.* They who changed it did not consider, that *fide* is here used for *fidei*, and that there are Instances of it in the best Authors.

B E N T.

AH why does Asterie thus sweep for the Youth  
Of Constancy faithful, of Honour and Truth,  
Whom the first kindly Zephyrs, which breathe o'er  
the Spring,  
Enrich'd with the Wares of Bithynia shall bring:  
Driv'n back from his Course by the Tempests which  
rise

When Stars of mad Lustre rule over the Skies,  
At Oricum now poor Gyges must stay,  
Where sleepless he weeps the cold Winter away;  
Where his Landlady Chloe, distressed of Heart,  
Bids her Envoy of Love exert all his Art;  
Who tells him how Chloe, unhappy the Dame!  
Deep sighs for your Lover, and burns in your Flame:  
He tells him how Præctus, deceiv'd by his Wife,  
Attempted, ah dreadful! Bellerophon's Life,  
And urg'd by false Crimes, how he sought to destroy  
The Youth, for refusing too chaste the Joy:

How

8. *Multis infomnis lacrymis.* ] Mr. Sanadon frequently blames Horace for a jingling of Words and Rhimes in many of his Lines, yet confesses that they are here well placed to shew the Melancholy with which Gyges was oppressed. Mr. Dacier makes the same Remark upon, *Jam satis terribis nivis atque diræ grandinis.*

10. *Tuis ignibus.* ] The Ancients called a Lover, *the First of his Mistress*; and a Mistress, *her Lover's Fire.*

*At mihi sese offert ultro meus ignis Amyntas.* VIRG.

13. *Ut Præctum mulier.* ] Homer calls this Wife of Præctus, Antæa; and by the Tragic Poets she is called Schenobæa. Her Story is related at length in the sixth Book of the Iliad.

C R U G.

ODE VII.

Imitated by Mr. STEPNEY.

Dear Molly, why so oft in Tears?  
Why all these Jealousies and Fears,  
For thy bold Son of Thunder?  
Have Patience till we've conquer'd France,  
Thy Closet shall be stor'd with Nants;  
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

Before Toulon thy Yoke-mate lies,  
Where all the live-long Night he sighs  
For thee in lowly Cabbin:  
And tho' the Captain's *Chloe* cries,  
'Tis I, dear Bully, prythee rise-----  
He will not let the Drab in.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,  
Says, 'Tis the ready way to thrive,  
By sharing Female Bounties;  
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,  
She vows, He shall be dubb'd a Knight,  
When she is made a Countess:

Then

ODE VII. TO ASTERIE.

AND why does fair *Asterie* mourn?  
And why despair of his Return?  
The first Spring Winds shall thy dear Love restore,  
Soft Gales shall waft the charming Youth,  
Of constant and unshaken Truth,  
With wealthy Lading to the Roman Shore:

He's driven to a distant Coast,  
Whilst Winter binds the Floods with Frost;  
Sleep grows a Stranger to his Eyes:  
He mourns in melancholy Creeks,  
Whilst falling Tears freez on his Checks,  
And lengthens out the lingring Night with Sighs:

While some from *Chloe* strive to move  
And draw him to another Love;  
They tell the Fury of her Flame;  
They tell how melted in thy Fires  
The miserable Maid expires,  
And use all arts that treacherous Wit can frame:

They tell how *Phædra's* treach'rous tears  
Did urge believing *Prætus'* fears,  
And with what lustful heat she strove;  
What Crimes she feign'd to hasten on  
The Death of chaste *Bellerophon*,  
And take sharp Vengeance for her slighted Love:

How

Narrat penè datum Pelca Tartaro,  
Magneſſam Hippolyten dum fugit abſtinens:

Et peccare docentes

Fallax hiſtorias monet:

20

Fruſtra: nam ſcopulis ſurdior Icari

Voces audit, adhuc integer. At, tibi

Ne vicinus Enipeus

Plus juſto placeat, cave.

Quamvis non alius flectere equum ſciens

25

Æquè conſpicitur gramine Martio;

Nec quiſquam citus æquè

Tuſco denatat alveo;

Primâ nocte domum claude: neque in vias

Sub cantu querulæ deſpice tibæ:

30

Et te ſæpe vocanti

Duram, difficilis mane.

## ODE

19. *Peccare docentes hiſtorias.* ] Chloe's Confident, not being able to terrify Gyges into Compliance, by the Dangers to which theſe two Heroes were expoſed for their Chaſtity, ſtrives to ſeducè him by Examples of thoſe who had yielded upon eaſier Terms.

Torr.

22. *At tibi.* ] This Return to Aſterie is natural and juſt; and perhaps Aſterie had but too much occaſion for this delicate Advice.

S.A.N.

32. *Duram, difficilis mane.* ] Mr. Le Fevre and Mr. Dacier are perſuaded that Horace ought to have written, *duram, dura mane*, and that he has offended againſt the great Rule, which ought to regulate our Expreſſions in all Languages, by not preſerving this Exactneſs in the Words,

How Pelcus was almoſt diſpatch'd to the Dead,  
While the lovely Magneſſian abſtemious he fled;  
Then he turns every Tale, and applies it with Art,  
Which can melt down his Virtue, and ſoften his  
Heart;

But conſtant and Heart-whole young Gyges appears  
And deaſer than Rocks the Tale-teller hears.  
Then, Fair one, take heed leſt Enipeus ſhould prove  
A little too pleaſing, and tempt thee to Love;  
And though without Rival he ſhine in the Court  
To rein the fierce Steed though unequal his Force  
Though matchleſs the Swiftneſs, with which he  
divides,

In croſſing the Tiber the rough-ſwelling Tides,  
Yet ſhut the fond Door at Evening's firſt Shade,  
Nor look down to the Street at the ſoft Serenade  
Or if cruel he call thee, in Love-fighting Strain,  
Yet more and more cruel be ſure to remain.

OD

But however juſt this Rule may be in general, yet it is very unluckily applied; for *dura* and *difficilis* are not ſynonymous Terms. The firſt ſignifies an Inſenſibility; the laſt a Severity of Manners. *Dura eſt quæ ſenſu amoris caret, difficilis autem amantibus aſpera.* This Explanation is due to Mr. Baxter, with this gentle and judicious Remark for the Honour of Horace, *Unde novit Faber quid debuerit Bætius?* Whence came Le Fevre to know what Horace ought to have written?



Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,  
Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,  
Who late to Peers belonging,  
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge  
With Links, because they would not drudge  
To save their Ladies Longing.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be  
A colder Cavalier than he,  
In all such Love-Adventures:  
Then pray do you, dear *Molly*, take  
Some *Christian* Care, and do not break,  
Your Conjugal Indentures.

*Bellair*! Who does not *Bellair* know?  
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,  
Gives out, He loves you dearly:  
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,  
And soft Impertinence and Noise,  
Full oft has beat a Parley.

O pretty Turtle, when the Blade  
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,  
Soon from the Window rate him:  
If Reproof will not prevail,  
He perchance attempt to scale,  
Discharge the *Jordan* at him.

How near chaste *Peleus* reacht his Fate,  
And felt the force of Woman's hate,  
Whilst from *Hippolyte* he fled;  
A thousand Tales, those Bawds to Vice,  
They still force on him, to entice  
Or fright him to despairing *Chloe's* Bed.

In vain, in vain, he hears no more  
Than Rocks, when Winds and Waters roar;  
Nor owns the conquest of her Eyes:  
But, Fair, take heed, and guard your Heart,  
And let not fond *Enipeus'* Art  
Steal in, and your unguarded Soul surprize.

Tho' none, with equal manly Force,  
In *Mars* his Field can guide his Horse;  
Tho' none appears so brave in Arms;  
Tho' none with equal Art divides  
The headlong force of *Tiber's* Tides,  
Yet scorn the winning Beauty of his Charms:

Shut all your Doors at Evening's Shade,  
Nor, when you hear a Serenade,  
Look down with a regarding Eye,  
Although he vows, and mourns his Pains,  
And calls thee cruel, and complains;  
Be cruel still, and more and more deny.

## ODE VIII. Ad MÆCENATEM.

M Artis coelebs quid agam Calendis,  
Quid velint flores, & acerra thuris  
Plena, miraris, positusque carbo in  
Cespite vivo,

Docte sermones utriusque linguæ.  
Voveram dulces epulas, & album  
Libero caprum, propè funeratus  
Arboris icu.

Hic dies, anno redeunte, festus  
Corticem astrictum pice dimovebit  
Amphoræ, fumum bibere institutæ  
Consule Tullo.

Mæcenas had been surprized, perhaps in a Visit to the Poet, to find him employed in making Preparations for a domestic Feast. Horace tells him the Reason of it, and invites him to be a Party at the Entertainment. This Ode is proportioned to the Subject; there is nothing raised or elevated, but all is natural and elegant. S. A. N.

Verf. 1. *Martius coelebs quid agam calendis.* A Festival was observed, with much religious Pomp, upon the first of March, by the Roman Ladies, in Memory of the Day, when the Sabine Women, having reconciled their Husbands with their Fathers, dedicated a Temple to Juno. They offered Sacrifices and Flowers to the Goddess in that very Temple, and waited at home the rest of the Day to receive the Presents, which their Friends and Husbands made them, as if to thank them for that happy Mediation. From hence the Calends of March were called *Matronalia*, or *Matronales feræ*; and while the Wives performed their Offerings to Juno, their Husbands sacrificed to Janus. D. A. C.

5. *Docte sermones utriusque linguæ.* Sermones in the Language of Horace signifies Books, and literary Compositions. It is here used in the same Sense; for the Surprise of Mæcenas, at seeing a Bachelor preparing a Sacrifice on the first of March, arises from his Knowledge of the religious Rites and Customs of Greece, by his being Master of the Books and Learning of both Languages. S. A. N.

6. *Voveram.* It is probable, that this was the first Sacrifice which Horace had offered upon this occasion; for Mæcenas must have known his Vow, if there had been many Years since his Preservation. The Reader may find, in the Notes upon the seventeenth Ode of the second Book, why the Poet attributes his Safety both to Faunus and Bacchus.

## ODE VIII. To MÆCENAS.

WHY March's eldest Morn thus buies me,  
Not free of Hymen's Train; what mean these  
Flowers,

This Censer's Fragrance, and this hallow'd Fire  
Rais'd o'er the living Turf;

Skill'd in the Rites by either Language taught,  
You then admire! To Bacchus a white Goat  
I grateful vow'd, when from my trembling Head  
He turn'd the falling Tree.

And now, by the revolving Months restor'd,  
This happy Festal shall unseal a Cask,  
First taught, when Tullus th' awful Fasces held,  
To drink digesting Smoke.

7. *Caprum.* The Ancients usually sacrificed to the Gods the Beasts which they hated. Thus a Goat is sacrificed to Bacchus, because it destroyed the Vine. The Victims of the celestial Gods were white; those of the infernal Deities were black. C. A. V. G.

12. *Consule Tullo.* If the Poet means the Consulship of Tullus in the Year 688, as some Commentators imagine, this Wine must have been at least forty-two Years old, and consequently Horace invites Mæcenas to drink very bad Wine with him. Nothing is more disagreeable, say the Critics, than Wine, which hath passed its twentieth Year: *et alia res majus incrementum sensit ad vigesimo annos, non jussu ab eo dispendium.* But since this Wine was mellowed with a kind of forced Maturity, by being placed in the Smoke, it must have been more disagreeable. We may therefore believe, that Horace intended the second Consulship of Tullus in 721. His Wine was then thirteen Years old, which were enough to give it all its proper Excellency, especially as it had passed the Smoke, by which it gained, according to Columella, an earlier Ripeness, *præcoccum maturitatem.* S. A. N.

## ODE VIII. TO MÆCENAS.

IN either Language skill'd, my Lord, 'tis thine  
To know, in Greece and Rome, the Rites divine;  
And well may you these flowery Wreaths admire;  
The fragrant-Incense and the sacred Fire,  
Rais'd o'er the living Turf on this glad Day  
To which the married World their Homage pay.

When on my Head a Tree devoted fell,  
And almost crush'd me to the Shades of Hell,  
Grateful I vow'd to him who rules the Vine,  
A joyous Banquet, while beneath his Shrine

A Milk-white Goat should bleed; and when the Year  
Revolving bids this festal Morn appear,  
A Cask shall move, with mellow Juice replete,  
Mellow'd with Smoke, since Tullus rul'd the State.

Come

13. *Cyathos amici Sospitis.*) The *Cyathus* is here used for *oculum*, but it properly signifies a Goblet, with which the Wine and Water were measured into the Cups, *pocula*, out of which they drank. *Cyathi amici sospitis, sunt cyathi qui propter amicum sospitem bibarentur*; as Theocritus calls the Wine in which they drank the Health of their Mistresses, *The Wine of Love*. D A C.

15. *Perfer in lucem.*) Drinking all Night was by the Romans called a *Græcism*, *græcari*, or *pergræcari*; because they received the Custom from the Greeks.

*Sic noctem paterâ, sic ducam carmine, donec*

*Incipiat radios in mea vina dies.*

PROPER.

With Wine and Songs the jovial Night I'll pass

'Till Morning dart its Rays into my Glafs.

*Procul omnis esto clamor & ira.*) Mæcenas was naturally of an easy Temper, and delicate in his Pleasures; consequently he must have hated the Noise and Quarrels, which so frequently attend our Excesses in Wine. Horace therefore promises, that all the Decencies of Good-humour shall be observed, and that their Mirth shall not be tumultuous or quarrelsome. *Esto* is here used for *erit*; an Imperative for a Future Tense, as Horace in another place says, *abstineto* for *abstinebis*. S A N.

## ODE VIII. TO MÆCENAS.

WHAT I, a Batchelor, intend,  
My learned Lord, and noble Friend,  
On *Mars* his Calends you admire;  
What mean those Flowers that crown my Head,  
The Coals on green-turf Altars laid,  
Where in small Censers thankful Sweets expire:

To *Bacchus* pleasing Feasts I vow'd,  
And a white Goat's attoning Blood,  
When I had scap'd the falling Oak:  
This day, as Years run round, a Feast  
Shall pierce my Casks, and claim the best,  
That long stor'd up hath drank digesting Smoak:  
Drink,

17. *Mitte civiles.*) Augustus was not yet returned from his Eastern Expedition; and when Agrippa went to Spain, Pannonia, and Syria, Mæcenas possessed alone the Government of Rome and Italy, until September 738, when he resigned it to Statilius Taurus, that he might follow Augustus into Gaul. T O R R. S A N.

18. *Daci Cotisonis agmen.*) Dicomæ King of the Daci had assisted Anthony with a large Number of Troops; after that Time Cotison, another of their Kings, made frequent Irruptions into the Roman Empire, whenever the Danube was frozen. Augustus sent an Army against him, under the Command of Lentulus, who obliged him to repass the River, and built Forts to prevent his Incursions. S A N.

19. *Medus infestus, &c.*) The Submission which Phraates made to Augustus, was as much an Effect of his Politics, as of his Fears. Detested for his Cruelties, he endeavoured to support himself against his own Subjects by his Alliance with the Romans; and when he rendered to Augustus the Roman Standards and Prisoners, he delivered four Sons, and four Grandsons to him, to preserve them from the Insurrections of his own People. S A N.



Sume, Mæcnas, cyathos amici  
 Sospitis centum; & vigiles lucernas  
 Perfer in lucem: procul omnis esto  
 Clamor & ira.

Mitte civiles super Urbe curas:  
 Occidit Daci Cotifonis agmen:  
 Medus infestus sibi luctuosus  
 Diffidet armis:

Servit Hispanæ vetus hostis oræ  
 Cantaber, serâ domitus catenâ:  
 Jam Scythæ laxo meditantur arcu  
 Cedere campis.

Negligens ne quâ populus laboret,  
 Parce privatis nimium cavere;  
 Dona præsentis rape lætus horæ, ac  
 Linque severa.

## O D E

21. *Vetus hostis.*) The War in Spain continued more than two hundred Years before the Cantabrians were perfectly subdued, and Strabo judiciously remarks, that it proceeded from their not opposing their whole Force at once to the Romans. On the contrary, the Gauls, being naturally more impetuous, were soon conquered, and often lost the greatest Part of their Troops in a single Battle.

D A C.

23. *Laxo arcu.*) It was the Custom of all the Northern Nations to hold their Bows unstrung, when they offered Proposals of Peace or Truce, and when they retired off the Field of Battle.

25. *Privatis.*) Mr. Cuninghame, upon the Authority of a Manuscript, hath given us this Reading, instead of *privatus*, which so much perplexed and exercised our Commentators. One of them hath boldly cut out the whole Strophe.

The Poet here opposes the People to private Persons, *populus* to *privatus*, and Cicero makes the same Opposition between them; *quod privatus a populo petit, aut populus a privato*. Mæcnas by the Duty of his Office was obliged to watch over the Safety of the Public, and the Repose of Particulars, Horace hath already assured him, that he need

Let Joy, Mæcnas, for a Friend preserv'd,  
 Then drain the hundredth Glass; 'till Phœbus find  
 The Rival Lustre of our Lamps awake:  
 No impious Brawls shall dare

15

Prophane our Mirth. Bid all thy Cares for Rome  
 At distance wait: The Dacian is o'erthrown;  
 And haughty Medes, the Sport of Civil Strife,  
 In their own Bowels rage:

20

The fierce Cantabrian, our ancient Foe,  
 At length indignant yields to wear our Chain;  
 And hardy Scythians, with their Bows unbent,  
 Now meditate Retreat.

25

No more the Public asks for her Repose;  
 To less Anxieties be not a Slave!  
 But seize the Bliss the present Hour affords,  
 And leave to Heav'n the rest.

## O D E

not be uneasy upon the first Point, and now desires him not to be disturbed for the second.

S A R.

27. *Dona præsentis rape, &c.*) Every Moment of Pleasure is a Present from the Gods; but it is a fleeting Pleasure, and if we do not seize it in the Instant in which it offers itself, it is lost for ever. Such is the Thought which Horace hath happily expressed in these two Words, *dona rape*.

S A R.

Come then, *Mæcenas*, and for Friendship's sake,  
A Friend preserv'd, an hundred Bumpers take;  
Come drink the watchful Tapers up to Day,  
While Noise and Quarrels shall be far away.

No more let Rome your anxious Thoughts engage,  
The Dacian falls beneath the Victor's Rage;  
The Medes in civil Wars their Arms employ,  
Inglorious Wars! each other to destroy;

Our ancient Foes, the haughty Sons of Spain,  
At length indignant feel the Roman Chain;  
With Bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,  
Resolv'd to quit the long-disputed Field.

No more the Public claims thy pious Fears,  
Be not too anxious then with private Cares;  
But seize the Gifts the present Moment brings,  
Those fleeting Gifts, and leave severer Things.

## ODE

Drink, drink, let num'rous Cups extend  
The Life of thy deliver'd Friend,  
Cups large as thy extensive Joys;  
Let watching Tapers chase the Night,  
Till rising Morn restore the Light;  
Let Mirth attend, and banish Strife and Noise.

Forget, forget thy publick Cares,  
And take no thought for State-Affairs,  
We hear the *German* Troops o'erthrown;  
The *Medes* now hate their former Lords,  
They fight, nor yet expect our Swords,  
But sadly Conquer for us with their own:

Our ancient Foe, the Pride of *Spain*,  
The fierce *Cantabrain* takes the Chain,  
Tho' late, at last he's forc'd to yield:  
The *Parthians* fly, the *Scythians* now  
Their Arrows break, unstringing their Bow,  
And are resolv'd to quit the fatal Field.

Neglect the various turns of State,  
The sports of Chance, or nods of Fate,  
Grown private watch not o'er Affairs;  
But smile, and eagerly receive  
The Goods the present Time can give;  
And leave behind the grave Fatigue of Cares.

## ODE

ODE IX. Ad LYDIAM.

HORAT.

**D**onec gratus eram tibi,  
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ  
Cervici juvenis dabat,  
Persarum vigui rege beator.

LYDIA.

Donec non aliâ magis  
Artisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloë;  
Multi Lydia nominis  
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

HORAT.

Me nunc Thressia Chloë regit,  
Dulces docta modos, & citharæ sciens;  
Pro quâ non metuum mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

LYDIA.

Me torret face mutua  
Thurini Calais filius Ornithi;  
Pro quo bis patiar mori,  
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HORAT.

Quid si prisca redit Venus,  
Diductosque jugo cogit æneo?  
Si flava excutitur Chloë,  
Ejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

LYDIA.

Quanquam fidere pulchrior  
Ille est, tu levior cortice, & improbo  
Iracundior Adriâ,  
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

ODE

Horace in this Ode hath found an Art of joining the Politeness of Courts to the Simplicity of the Country. We may remark, that in these Kinds of Dialogues, there were two Laws inviolably observed. The Person who spoke last, ought to answer in the same Number, and same sort of Verses, and either to contradict or improve upon what was said before. We shall find that Horace hath observed both these Laws with great Exactness. **TORR.**  
Vers. 2. *Nec quisquam potior.* ] *Potior* signifies more happy or better received, Thus in the fifteenth Epode,

ODE IX.

Dialogue of HORACE and LYDIA.

By Bishop ATTERBURY.

HORACE.

**W**hilst I was fond, and you were kind,  
Nor any dearer Youth, reclin'd  
On your soft Bosom, sought to rest,  
Phraates was not half so blest.

LYDIA.

Whilst you ador'd no other Face,  
Nor Lov'd me in the second place,  
My happy celebrated Name  
Out-shone ev'n Iliâ's envy'd Fame.

HORACE.

Me *Chloë* now possesses whole,  
Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul;  
Nor would I Death itself decline,  
Could her Life ransom'd be with mine.

LYDIA.

For me young Lovely *Calais* burns,  
And Warmth for Warmth my Heart returns;  
Twice would I Life with ease resign,  
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

HORACE.

What if sweet Love, whose Bands we broke,  
Again should tame us to the Yoke?  
Should banish'd *Chloë* cease to reign,  
And *Lydia* her lost Pow'r regain?

LYDIA.

Tho' *Hesperus* be less fair than he,  
Thou wilder than the raging Sea,  
Lighter than Down, yet gladly I  
With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE

*Non feret assiduus potiori te dare noctes.*

Nor shall he tamely bear the bold Delight,  
With which his Rival riots out the Night.

4. *Persarum vigui rege beator.* ] The Kings of Persia.



## ODE IX.

*Dialogue of HORACE and LYDIA.*

HORACE.

WHILE I was pleasing to your Arms,  
Nor any Youth, of happier Charms,  
Thy snowy Bosom blissful prest,  
Not Persia's King like me so blest.

LYDIA.

While you ador'd no other Face,  
Nor lov'd me in the second Place,  
What Maid was then so blest as thine?  
Not Ilia's Fame could equal mine.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,  
Her Voice and Lyre command my Soul;  
For whom I'll gladly die, to save  
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

My Heart young Calais inspires,  
Whose Bosom glows with mutual Fires,  
For whom I twice will die with Joy,  
If Death would spare the charming Boy.

HORACE.

Yet what if Love, whose Bands we broke,  
Again should tame us to the Yoke;  
Should I shake off bright Chloe's Chain,  
And take my Lydia home again? -----

LYDIA.

Though he exceed in Beauty far  
The rising Lustre of a Star;  
Though light as Cork thy Fancy strays,  
Thy Passions wild as angry Seas,  
When vex'd with Storms; yet gladly I  
With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE

The Time of Horace, might more properly be called Go-  
vernors, as they were in Subjection to the Parthians. The  
Poet therefore means the ancient Kings of Persia, such as  
Cyrus or Darius, who were called Kings of Kings; and

## ODE IX.

*Dialogue of HORACE and LYDIA.*

By Mr. DUKE.

HORACE.

WHilst I was welcome to your Heart,  
In which no happier Youth had part,  
And full of more prevailing Charms  
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms;  
I flourish'd richer, and more blest  
Than the great Monarch of the East.

LYDIA.

Whilst all thy Soul with me was fill'd,  
Nor Lydia did to Chloe yield,  
Lydia the celebrated Name,  
The only Theme of Verse and Fame,  
I flourish'd more than she renown'd,  
Whose Godlike Son our Rome did found.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now, whom ev'ry Muse  
And ev'ry Grace adorn, subdues;  
For whom I'd gladly die, to save  
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely Calais doth fire  
With mutual Flames of fierce Desire,  
For whom I twice would die, to save  
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

HORACE.

What, if our former Loves return,  
And our first Fires again should burn?  
If Chloe's banish'd, to make way  
For the forsaken Lydia?

LYDIA.

Tho' he is shining as a Star,  
Constant and kind as he is fair;  
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,  
Yet I would live, would die with thee.

ODE

## ODE X. Ad LYCEN.

EXTREMUM Tanaim si biberes, Lyce,

Sævo nupta viro, me tamen asperas

Porrectum ante fores, obicere incolis

Plorares Aquilonibus.

Audis quo strepitu janua, quo nemus

Inter pulchra situm tecta remugiat

Ventis; & positas ut glaciæ nives

Puro numine Jupiter?

Ingratam Veneri pone superbiam:

Ne currente retro funis eat rotâ.

Non te Penelopen difficilem procis

Thyrrhenus genuit parens.

O, quamvis neque te munera, nec preces,

Nec tinctus violâ pallor amantium,

Nec vir Pieriâ pellice faucius

Curvat, supplicibus tuis

Parcas, nec rigidâ mollior esculo,

Nec Mauris animo mitior anguib.

Non hoc semper erit liminis aut aquæ

Cœlestis patiens latus.

whose Riches and Power gave Birth to the Proverb, *Happier than the King of Persia.*

5. *Donc non aliâ magis arfisti.* ] Horace had only said *gratus eram*, and Lydia with greater Strength of Expression says, *arfisti*. Thus in the next Verse she rises upon the Poet's *nec quisquam potior*, when she says, *neque erat Lydia post Chloen*. His was only a general Suspicion of a Rival's Happiness, while she had a Certainty that Chloe was preferred to her.

11. *Pro quâ non metuum mori.* ] According to the Superstition of the Ancients, who believed, that the Death of one Person might be prevented by that of another. From hence came the Custom of those Devotements, made for the Lives of Princes.

14. *Thurini Calais filius Ornithi.* ] It is probable, that the Sybaris, in the eighth Ode of the first Book, is the same who is here called Calais; that the last is a proper Name, and the other the Name of his Country; for Sybaris and Thurinus are Names arising from a City of Greece, which was first called Sybaris, and afterwards Thurium. *TORR.*

18. *Diductosq; jugo cogit æneæ.* ] Horace was willing to try whether Lydia would consent to a Reconciliation; but, to avoid a Refusal, he leaves the Sense unfinished, and ra-

## ODE X. To LYCE.

LYCE, wast thou some rude Barbarian's Bride,  
And thy chill'd Bev'rage drawn from Tanais  
Source,

Yet sure thou might'st relent, to see me laid

Before thy cruel Gate, the Sport

Of Northern Blasts. Hark, with what bellowing  
Rage,

They thro' each Portal roar, and the vex'd Grove  
Whose Verdures this fair Mansion shade; whilst yon

Severely - pure, to Crystal turns

The fallen Snow! Provoke not *Venus'* Wrath,

By this ungrateful Pride; lest Vengeance soon

The Crime o'ertake! when from a *Tuscan* Sire

E'er sprung a coy *Penelope*?

15 But tho' nor Gifts, nor Prayers, nor Violet Cheeks

Love's unfeign'd Hue, nor yet th' inglorious Wound

Thy Husband for a Songstress owns, can teach

Thy stubborn Heart to bend, more hard

Than knotted Oaks, and as the Serpent mild;

Yet spare the Suppliants that thy Triumph grace!

ODE Th' obdurate Threshold and Sky - falling Shower

What Mortal can for ever bear?

ther insinuates than expresses his own Inclination; or perhaps the Breach is owing to the Warmth of Lydia, who interrupts him, and prevents what he was going to say.

20. *Ejectæque.* ] This Correction is taken from Mr. Coningham. It is not only a stronger Expression than the common Reading *rejetæque*, but better agrees with the Terms *patet* and *janua*.

## ODE X.

Mr. Dacier thinks, that this Ode was really sung before Lyce's Door, and he values it as the only serenading Italian remaining to us in the Latin Tongue. But by an Air of Humour in it, we may rather believe, that it was written in Ridicule of such Songs,

—— Which the starv'd I over sings

To the proud Fair, best quitted with Disdain.

The Conjecture will appear more just, if this Lyce be

## ODE X. To LYCE.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

Though you drank the deep Stream of Tanais icy,  
The Wife of some barbarous Blockhead, O  
Lyce,

Yet your Heart might relent to expose me reclin'd  
At your cruel-shut Door to the Rage of the Wind:  
Hark your Gate! how it creaks! how the Grove,  
planted round

Your beautiful Villa, rebellows the Sound!  
How Jupiter numbs all the Regions below,  
And glazes with Crystal the Fleeces of Snow!  
Away with these Humours of Pride and Disdain,  
To Venus ungrateful, to Cupid a Pain,  
Left while by the Pulley you raise to the top,  
Your Rope should run back, and your Bucket should  
drop:

No sprightly Tyrrhenian begot thee a Prude,  
Another Penelope harsh to be woo'd.

O, though neither Presents nor vow-sighing Strain,  
Nor Violet painting the Cheek of thy Swain,  
Nor thy Husband, who gives up his Heart for a Ditty  
To a Song-singing Wench, can provoke thee to Pity,  
O Thou who like Serpents art gentle and kind,  
And like an old Oak art to Softness inclin'd;  
Yet think not this Side can for ever sustain  
Thy Threshold hard-hearted, and Sky-falling Rain.

O D E

the same against whom Horace wrote the thirteenth Ode of the fourth Book. Her Beauty was not extraordinary in her youth, and if Horace were ever in Love with her, he could not have been so cruel as to insult her in her Age.

Verf. 4. *Incolis Aquilonibus.*) The Poet pleasantly calls these Winds, *Inhabitants of the North*, where the Tanais hath its Source.

10. *Ne currente retro funis eat rotâ.*) Almost all the commentators have a different manner of explaining this expression. Some understand it, of Fortune's Wheel in general, or perhaps the Poet alludes to some particular Statue of the Goddess, in which she was represented guiding her Wheel with a Rope. Mr. Dacier, who hopes to give a better account of it than others, fancies that the Ancients drew their Vessels against the Current of Rivers by a Rope fastened to a Wheel upon their Bridges.

11. *Non te Penelopen discilem procis.*) Horace does not

## ODE X. To LYCE.

DID Lyce drink cold Tanais' Flood,  
A Scythian's Bride that fed on blood,  
Yet would you grieve to see the kind,  
The constant Horace grasp the Floor,  
Extended by thy cruel Door,  
Expos'd to th' fury of the native Wind.

Dost hear what Tempests beat thy Gate?  
How all rush on as arm'd with Fate?  
And how thy pleasing Groves are tost?  
With what severe and piercing Light  
The Moon and Stars now glid the Night,  
And glaze the scatter'd Snow with hoary Frost?

Thy haughty Pride and Scorn remove,  
Ingrate, and Enemy to Love;  
My Passion's Tide may ebb again:  
No Scythian Mother brought thee forth,  
And harden'd by the freezing North,  
That ardent Lovers thus should court in vain.

If all my Prayers and Gifts are weak,  
Nor violet Paleness of my Cheek,  
The Lover's Livery, can move;  
If that thy Husband scorns thy Charms,  
And takes a Songstress to his Arms,  
Can ne'er provoke thee to my firmer Love?

O stiff as Oaks to warm Desire,  
Too hard to burn in my soft Fire,  
As fierce as Snakes on Lybian Shore;  
Tho' now my patient Side can bear  
Thy Door, the Rain, and piercing Air,  
Yet time may come when 'twill endure no more.

O D E

tell Lyce that she was not a Penelope: This had not been very gallant, and would have contradicted what follows. But he tells her, that since she was born of a Tuscan Father, she was not intended to be a Penelope. The Tuscans were, even to a Proverb, voluptuous and wanton.

11. *Non te Penelopen discilem procis.*) Horace does not



ODE XI. Ad MERCURIUM.

MERCURI, (nam te docilis magistro  
Movit Amphion lapides canendo)

Tuque testudo, resonare septem

Callida nervis,

Nec loquax olim neque grata, nunc &

Divitum mensis & amica templis,

Dic modos, Lyde quibus obstinatas

Applicet aures:

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,

Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,

Nuptiarum expers, & adhuc protervo

Cruda marito,

Tu potes tigres comitesque silvas

Ducere, & rivos celeres morari;

Cessit immanis tibi blandienti

Janitor aulae

Cerberus; quamvis furiale centum

Muniant angues caput, æstuatque

Spiritus teter, saniesque manet

Ore trilingui.

Quin & Ixion, Tityosque vultu,

Risit invito: stetit urna paulum

Sicca, dum grato Danaï puellas

Carminibus mulces,

Audiat

14. *Pallor amantium.*) Paleness, according to Ovid, is the Lover's Colour; *Palleat omnis amans, color est hic optus amanti:* And Servius explains *pallentes vires* in Virgil, dyed with the Colour of Lovers, *amantium tinctas colore.*

16. *Supplicibus tuis parcas.*) Horace tells Lyce, that although neither Presents, nor Prayers, have power to move her; although the Repentment of her Husband's ill Treatment cannot provoke her to be more good-natured to her Lovers, yet even for the Sake of Love itself she ought to treat them less rigorously, and not urge them to Extremities; That for his Part, he shall not always be disposed to support her Cruelties, and lie fighting whole Nights at her Door.

D. A. C.

ODE XI.

Lyce must have been very cruelly virtuous, who could refuse to hear such a Poet as Horace sing his Verses. He applies to Mercury to inspire him with an Ode that shall be able to conquer this Obstinacy, and oblige her to hear; and to shew his Dependence on the God, he begins his Petition with the Miracles which Amphion performed by his

ODE XI. To MERCURY.

By Mr. FRANCIS.

THOU God, by whose harmonious Aid,  
Amphion's Voice the list'ning Stones could  
lead;

5 And thou, sweet Shell, of Art to raise,  
On seven melodious Strings, thy various Lays;

Not vocal when you first were found,  
But of a simple, and ungrateful Sound;

Now tun'd so sweetly to the Ear,  
10 That Gods and Men with sacred Rapture hear;

Oh Thou inspire the melting Strain  
To charm my Lyce's obstinate Disdain,

Who, like a Filly o'er the Field,  
With playful Spirit bounds, and fears to yield

15 To Hand of gentlest Touch, or prove,  
Wild as she is, the wedded Joys of Love.

Thou canst, with all their Beasts of Prey,  
The list'ning Forest lead, and powerful stay

The rapid Stream: The Dog of Hell,  
20 In Suppliance low, to Thee soft-soothing fell,

Immense of Bulk, though round his Head  
His Guardian Snakes their furious Horrors spread

Baleful his Breath though fiery glow'd,  
And from his Jaws the foamy Poison flow'd;

Ixion, of his Pangs beguil'd,  
And Tityos, with unwilling Aspect, smil'd;

Dry stood their Urn, while with soft Strain  
You sooth'd the Labours of the Virgin Train.

Instruction. We shall find in the twenty-eighth Ode, that Lyce no longer refused to listen to the God, nor continued in the same Severity of Sentiments with regard to the Poet.

The six first Strophes contain an Invocation of Mercury and the Lyre; the six last form the Song, with which they inspire him.

Vers. 3. *Tuque testudo.*] Diodorus tells us, that the Lyre had at first but four Strings, according to the Number of Seasons, or Quarters of the Heavens. Macrobius informs us, that it was afterwards, in view to the Number of the Planets, mounted with seven Strings; from whence Pindar calls it the seven-tongued Lyre.

ODE XI. To MERCURY.

By Mr. HARE.

THOU that *Amphion* taught'st to call  
Obedient Stones into a Wall,  
O *Mercury*, and O my Shell,  
Where Rapture now has learnt to dwell:

Thou sev'n-string'd Harp, in former Days  
Unskill'd thy tuneful Voice to raise;  
Now kind to give sublime Delights  
At Feasts of Kings, and heav'nly Rites:

Oh, if thou can'st, attune an Air  
To gain forbidding *Lyde's* Ear;  
*Lyde* that frisks, as o'er the Plain  
A Colt unconscious of the Rein.

The slightest Touch she fears to stand,  
And swiftly flies the Seizer's Hand,  
Yet ign'rant of the nuptial Game,  
Green and reluctant to the Flame.

Thou can'st attract sequacious Woods,  
Thou can'st restrain the rushing Floods,  
The Rage of Tygers thou can'st quell,  
And tame the surly Dog of Hell.

*Cerberus* relented at thy Sound,  
Breadful with hissing Serpents crown'd,  
That vomits at th' infernal Door,  
Effusive Breath, and streaming Gore.

The tortur'd *Tityus*, pleas'd a while,  
Was forc'd to grin a ghastly Smile,  
His cease'd his Wheel to turn,  
And *Danaus'* Maids to ply their Urn:

The

13. *Tu potes tigres.*] In the three following Strophes,  
the Poet addresses himself wholly to his Lyre.  
18. *Æpique.*] The common Reading, is *muniunt an-*  
*im caput ejus, atque*, which the best Critics have found

ODE XI. To MERCURY.

SWEET *Mercury* (for taught by you  
The list'ning Stones *Amphion* drew)  
And pleasing *Shell*, well skill'd to raise  
From seven stretch'd Strings the sweetest Lays,  
Once mute, but now a Friend to Feasts,  
To cheer the Gods, and Rich-mens Guests;  
Play Tunes, as may provoke to hear  
Ev'n *Lyde's* coy denying Ear:  
She, like a Colt, frisks o'er the Plain,  
A Rider hates, nor takes the Rein;  
Unable yet to bear the Force  
And strength of the obliging Horse.  
You Tigers, you the list'ning Woods  
Can draw, and stop the rapid Floods;  
Ev'n *Cerberus* thy Force confess,  
Well-pleas'd he lay, and lull'd in Rest,  
Tho' thousand hissing Serpents spread  
Their guard around his horrid Head,  
And Gore foam'd round his tripple Tongue,  
He gently listen'd to thy Song:  
*Ixion*, *Tytius* heard below,  
And smil'd, but with a gloomy Brow:  
The leaky Tub a while was dry,  
And *Danaus'* Race stood idle by,  
Whilst thy harmonious Tunes did please,  
They smil'd at their unusual Ease.

Begin

extremely unworthy of our Author, who never employs  
*ejus* in his Odes, except it be distributive and followed by  
*qui*. It is here absolutely useless, since the Sense and Ex-  
pression are complete without it, and throws an insipid Lan-  
guor into one of the noblest Strophes in Horace. The Writ-  
ers of Epic Poetry have with great Judgment banished the  
Word entirely; nor is there a single Instance of it in Virgil,  
and only two in Ovid. Doctor Bentley reads *exeatque spi-*  
*ritus*, which probably directed Mr. Cuninghame to the pre-  
sent Correction, which maintains the Propriety of the Terms,  
supports the Dignity of the Verse, and gives a new Senti-  
ment to the Strophe. It is received into the Text by Mr.  
Sanadon.

Audiat Lyde scelus atque notas  
 Virginum poenas, & inane lymphæ  
 Dolium fundo pereuntis imo,  
     Seraque fata  
 Quæ manent culpas etiam sub Orco.  
 Impiæ, (nam quid potuere majus?)  
 Impiæ sponfos potuere duro  
     Perdere ferro.  
 Una de multis, face nuptiali  
 Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem  
 Splendidè mendax, & in omne virgo  
     Nobilis ævum;  
 Surge, quæ dixit juveni marito,  
 Surge, ne longus tibi somnus, unde  
 Non times, detur: focerum & scelestas  
     Falle sorores;  
 Quæ, velut nactæ vitulos lænæ,  
 Singulos eheu! lacerant. Ego illis  
 Mollior nec te feriam, nec intra  
     Claustra tenebo.  
 Me pater sævis oneret catenis,  
 Quòd viro clemens misero peperci:  
 Me vel extremos Numidarum in agros  
     Classe releget.  
 I, pedes quò te rapiunt & auræ,  
 Dum favet nox & Venus: i secundo  
 Omine, & nostri memorem sepulcro  
     Sculpe querelam.

## ODE

25. *Audiat Lyde.* ] The Poet repeats the Name of Lyde at the Beginning of his Song, to let her know, that on her account particularly, He sings what Mercury and his Lyre inspired.

S A N.

31. *Impiæ.* ] Besides the Beauty of this Repetition, we may observe, that the Word is here taken in its proper Signification; for *impious* strictly means a Person who hath not the Sentiments of Tenderness and Love, which are due to a good King, our Parents, our Friends, and our Country.

S A N.

33. *Face nuptiali.* ] This Expression is taken metaphorically for the Marriage; because, in the nuptial Ceremonies, the Bride was conducted in the Night to the Bridegroom's House by the Light of Torches.

S A N.

Let Lyde know what Pains, decreed  
 In future Worlds, await the dreadful Deed.  
 There doom'd to fill, unceasing Task!  
 With idle Toil, an ever-streaming Cask;  
 Impious, who in the Hour of Rest,  
 Could plunge their Daggers in a Husband's Breast  
 Yet worthy of the nuptial Flame,  
 To latest Times preserv'd a deathless Name,  
 Of many, one untainted Maid,  
 Gloriously false her perjur'd Sire betray'd.  
 Thus to her youthful Lord she cries,  
 Awake, lest Sleep eternal close thine Eyes;  
 Eternal Sleep; and ah! from whom  
 You little dread the fell, relentless Doom.  
 Oh! fly, my Lord, this wrathful Sire,  
 Far from my Sisters fly, those Sisters dire,  
 Who riot in their Husbands' Blood,  
 As Lionesses rend their panting Food;  
 While I, to such fell Deeds a Foe,  
 Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal Blow.  
 Me let my Father load with Chains,  
 Or banish to Numidia's dreary Plains;  
 My Crime, that I a loyal Wife,  
 In kind Compassion spar'd my Husband's Life.  
 While Venus, and the Shades of Night  
 Protect thee, speed, by Sea or Land, thy Flight;  
 May every happy Omen wait  
 To guide thee through this gloomy Hour of Fate,  
 Yet not forgetful of my Doom,  
 Engrave thy grateful Sorrows on my Tomb.

## ODE

35. *In omne virgo.* ] *Virgo* is here used for a married Woman, and there are other Examples of it. But perhaps the Poet alludes to a remarkable Particularity of Hypermnestra's Life, who spared her Husband Lynceus, *quod sua virginitatis florem ab eo illibatum, atque intactum retinisset.*

L A N.



The Fault of these let *Lyde* hear,  
Resound their Sufferings in her Ear;  
How still in vain the Wave they throw  
Still leaking from the Cask below:

How Crimes are still pursu'd by Fate,  
And punish'd in a future State;  
How dire a Crime beyond the rest,  
Like them to wound a Husband's Breast.

One worthy of the nuptial Fire  
Alone deceiv'd her treach'rous Sire;  
A glorious Falsehood, far from Blame!  
A Deed that merits endless Fame!

Rise, to her Spouse she said, arise,  
Lest Sleep eternal seal thy Eyes;  
Fly, fly this bloody House, my Dear,  
Lest Fate unlook'd-for seize thee here.

As hungry Lions tear their Prey,  
My Sisters now their Husbands slay:  
This Heart is of a softer Vein;  
I'd neither kill you, nor detain.

Well, let my Sire with Iron Bands  
Unjustly load my harmless Hands;  
To fiercest Climes his Daughter drive,  
Because she sav'd her Spouse alive.

By *Venus* favour'd and the Night  
O'er Land and Ocean haste your Flight;  
Heav'n speed your way: I only crave  
A short Memorial on my Grave.

ODE

Begin sweet Lays, let *Lyde* hear  
What Crimes they did, what Pains they bear;  
Tell how their Tub can nought retain,  
But still gives space for idle Pain;  
How Vengeance comes, tho' moving slow,  
And strikes the guilty Souls below:  
They could (could Hell contrive a blacker Deed!)  
Their Husbands stab, and smile to see them bleed:  
But one more worthy of the Name of Wife,  
The hopes and end of every Virgin's Life,  
Her perjur'd Father bravely disobey'd,  
And lives thro' future Age a glorious Maid:  
With Love and Pity in her Look,  
She wak'd her Spouse, and thus she spoke,  
Fly, fly, lest Fate should seize thy breath,  
And Sleep be lengthned into Death;  
Fly, fly, thy unexpected Fate,  
My Sisters Rage, and Father's Hate;  
Like Lionesses on a Steer  
They grin, and tear, ah me! they tear:  
More tender I'll not strike the Blow,  
Nor keep thee for a fiercer Foe:  
Me let my Father load with Chains,  
Join Wit and Cruelty in Pains;  
Me let him send to *Lybian* Shores,  
'Midst poy's'nous Snakes, and swarthy *Moors*,  
For saving you, I'd gladly bear,  
Nor show I'm Woman by a Tear:  
Fly, fly, dear Partner of my Bed,  
Whilst Night can hide, and *Venus* lead;  
Fly, fly, let happy Omens wait,  
And guide thee safe thro' gloomy Fate;  
Remember me, and o'er my Grave  
Write this in a complaining Epitaph.

ODE

ODE XII. *Ad NEOBULEN.*

**M**iserarum est, neque amori dare ludum,  
 Neque dulci mala vino lavere; aut ex-  
 animari, metuentes patræ verbera linguæ.  
 Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales,  
 Tibi telas, operosæque Minervæ 5  
 Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri:  
 Simul unctos Tiberinis humeros lavit in undis;  
 Eques ipso melior Bellerophonte,  
 Neque pugno, neque segni pede victus:  
 Catus idem per apertum fugientes 10  
 Agitato grege cervos jaculari, &  
 Celer alto latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

ODE

As the Measures of this Ode appear differently in the Manuscripts, we cannot with Certainty depend upon any of them. The Grammarians, Interpreters, and Commentators, are equally divided. Some call the Metre *Sotadic*, a sort of satyrical, burlesque Measure; others think it a loose kind of Numbers, and a third Party believe that it is confined by the Ending of the Sense, not by the Feet. Doctor Bentley, with all the Learning of Prology, refutes all the Manuscripts and all Editions of two hundred Years, and would lay any Wager, *quovis pignore contenderit*, that Horace wrote the Ode according to his Edition. The Reader may see in the Notes in what manner the present Translator would have published it, if he had ventured to change the common Form of it, as several Editors have done. We shall there find more than an Imitation of Anacreon's Measures; indeed they are perfectly Anacreontic; and far more harmonious to the Ear, than the broken Divisions, or tedious Length of Lines in other Editions. It is confessed, that there is not another Ode of this Kind in Horace; nor indeed is there one of any Form in which it has yet been published; and perhaps we should rather be surprised that Horace hath not frequently imitated a Poet whom he loved, than that this should be thought the single Instance. Whoever is curious in Erudition of this kind may be well rewarded for the Trouble of reading Doctor Bentley's learned Remarks on the Measures of this Ode.

Verf. 3. *Metuentes patræ verbera linguæ.* ] Among the Romans, Uncles had a great Power over their Nephews; and as they were not usually so indulgent as Fathers, their Severity passed into a Proverb.

5. *Tibi telas operosæque Minervæ.* ] This Thought is

ODE XII. *To NEOBULE.*

**U**NHAPPY they, when gentle Love invites,  
 Who dare not hear; alike forbid t'assuage  
 Their Anguish with the lenient Draught held forth  
 By Wine's gay God; aw'd by the Stripes that tell  
 Remorseless from an Uncle's Tongue!  
 From thee, fair *Neobule*, the wing'd Son  
 Of Sea-born *Venus* hath thy Shuttle stole;  
 And all *Minerva's* Arts, on which thy Mind  
 Once dwelt enamour'd, now subdu'd give way  
 To *Heber's* more prevailing Charms;  
 Who, when from *Tiber's* crystal Wave he rears  
 His Limbs still shining with athletic Oil,  
 Might teach *Bellerophon* himself to rein  
 The fiery Steed; nor in the rapid Race,  
 Or for the Cestus less renown'd;  
 Of Speed the wind-out-stripping Roe to reach,  
 With Jav'lin never launch'd in vain; and bold,  
 Within his thickest Covert, to surprize  
 The savage Boar, and his huge bristly Bulk,  
 With dauntless Spear transfix'd, t'extend

ODE

beautifully expressed in a Fragment by Sappho, addressing herself to her Mother.

Γλυκίᾳ μητρί, ἔτοι δινάμει κρίκειν τοι ἱστὴν,  
 Πῶδ' ἀμύμονα παυδὸς βραδύνει δὲ Ἀφροδίται.

Dearest Mother, I no more  
 Can the golden Shuttle guide;  
 To this Youth's enchanting Pow'r  
 Thus subdu'd, by Venus' Pride!

7. *Simul unctos.* ] We have here a strong Proof how little the Manuscripts are to be depended upon with regard to the Form of this Ode. In many of them this appears the ninth Line, and *eques melior Bellerophonte* follows *nitor Hebri*. But such an Arrangement of the Lines not only confuses the Sense, but the Construction must oblige the Poet to say, that the Brightness of Hebrus is a better Horseman than Bellerophon. If such a Boldness of Expression were pardonable even in Lyric Poetry, yet it is here unnecessary.

## ODE XII. TO NEOBULE.

U Nhappy the Maidens, who tremble with Fear  
Of the Stripes of a Tongue from an Uncle  
severe;  
Nor know the dear Pleasures of drinking to prove,  
Nor ever give Joy to the Passion of Love.  
Cytheræa's wing'd Son now bids Thee resign  
The Toils of Minerva, the Spinster divine;  
And now, Neobule, with other Desires  
The Brightness of Hebrus thy Bosom inspires;  
Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce Steed,  
At Cuffs never conquer'd, nor out-strip'd in Speed,  
When rising robust from Tiber's rough Waves,  
Where the Oil of his Labours athletic He laves;  
And dextrous with Darts never flying in vain,  
To wound the light Stag, bounding over the Plain,  
Or active and valiant the Boar to surprise,  
Transfix'd with his Spear as in Covert He lies.

## ODE

12. *Excipere.*] This Word is properly applied to those who lie in ambush to wait for any one, and Horace uses it here for *opprimere* to surprise, to attack on a sudden.

## CRUQ.

*Miserarum est, nec amori  
Dare ludum, neque dulci  
Mala vino lavare; aut ex-  
animari metuantes*

*Patruæ verbera lingue.*

*Tibi qualum Cytherææ  
Puer olei, tibi telas*

*Operoseque Minervæ  
Stadium aufert, Neobule,*

*Liparæi nitor Hibri;*

*Simul unctos Tiberinis  
Humeros lavit in undis,*

*Equus ipso melior Bell-  
erophonte, neque pugno,*

## ODE XII. TO NEOBULE.

T IS hard to be deny'd to prove  
The soft Delights of pleasing Love;  
'Tis hard to be deny'd to play,  
And with sweet Wines wash Cares away;  
Still to be tost with doubting Fear,  
Lest angry Friends should prove severe,  
And with sharp Chidings wound our Ear.  
Young wanton Cupid's Darts and Bow  
Have forc'd thy Spindle from thee now,  
Thy Wool, and all Minerva's Toils  
Are charming Heber's Beauties Spoils;  
He lives thy Mind's continual Theme,  
And you can think on nought but him;  
Heber, a Youth of Manly force,  
None sits so well the manag'd Horse;  
Bellerophon would strive in vain  
To guide with so gentile a Rein:  
In all he shows a manly Grace,  
In Cuffing stout, and swift in Race:  
When his oil'd Arms have cut the Flood  
In swimming strong, he takes the Wood,  
Thro' Plains pursues the flying Doe,  
And shoots with an unerring Bow;  
Or else for Boars his Toils he sets,  
And takes them foaming in his Nets.

## ODE

*Neque segni pede vitæ:*

*Catus idem per apertum*

*Fugientes agitato*

*Græci cervos jaculari, &*

*Celer alto latitantem*

*Fruticeto excipere aprum.*



ODE XIII. *Ad FONTEM BANDUSIAM.*

**O** FONS Bandusæ, splendidior vitro,  
Dulci digne mero, non finè floribus,  
Cras donaberis hædo;  
Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis, & Venerem & prælia destinat;  
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
Rubro sanguine rivos  
Lascivi soboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ  
Nescit tangere; tu frigus amabile  
Fessis vomere tauris  
Præbes, & pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium;  
Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem  
Saxis, unde loquaces  
Lymphæ defiliunt tux.

A beautiful Fountain in the Estate of a great Poet, ought to be immortal; and surely as long as the Name of Horace shall live, or as long as Poetry shall be loved, the Name of Bandusia shall be remembered among the poetical Fountains Castalia, Aganippe, Hipocrene, &c. There is in this Ode an inimitable Simplicity of Description, and it is yet more valuable, as it is a curious Example of the Sacrifices offered to Fountains; or rather to the Deities who presided over them.

SAN. DAC.

Verf. 1. *Bandusæ.*] This Reading appears in the best Manuscripts, and has been received by all the late Editors. If the first Copyists had found *Blandusia* in the Text, they would never have thought of changing it for *Bandusia*,

ODE XIII.

*To the FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.*

*By Mr. FRANCIS.*

**B**ANDUSIA, that dost far surpass  
The shining Face of polish'd Glass,  
To Thee, the Goblet, crown'd with Flow'rs,  
The rich Libation justly pours;  
A Goat, whose Horns begin to spread,  
And bending arm his swelling Head;  
Whose Bosom glows with young Desires,  
Which War or kindling Love inspires,  
Now meditates his Blow in vain,  
His Blood shall thy fair Fountain stain.  
When the keen Dog-Star's fervid Ray  
Flames forth, and sets on fire the Day,  
You a refreshing Coolness yield  
To vagrant Flocks that range the Field;  
Or to the Labour-wearied Team  
Pour forth the Freshness of thy Stream.  
Soon shalt Thou flow a noble Spring,  
While in immortal Verse I sing  
The Trees which spread the Rocks around,  
From whence thy prattling Waters bound.

ODE

which is a Sabine Word, and, according to the old Schollars, the Name of the Country where Horace lived.

2. *Dulci digne mero.*] Ovid represents Numa sacrificing to a Fountain, and placing round it Goblets crowned with Flowers, a Particular not mentioned by Horace, although it was perhaps an usual Part of the Solemnity, intended to invite the Divinity to drink.

DAC.

## ODE XIII.

*To the FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.**By Mr. HARE.*

O Fair *Bandusia*, Spring divine,  
That dost with Crystal Mirrour shine,  
Deserving Wine and Flow'rets gay,  
To Thee a Sacrifice I'll pay.

To-morrow shall a Kid be led  
With Horns just budding from his Head;  
Shall on thy sacred Bank be slain,  
Prepar'd for Love and Fight in vain:

To-morrow shall the Victim bleed,  
A wanton Son of leach'rous Breed;  
And with a Tide of reeking Blood  
Empurple o'er thy icy Flood.

Fierce *Phæbus*, when the Dog-Star sways,  
Ne'er taints thy Streams with sultry Rays;  
The weary Steers and fleecy Kind  
In Thee a cool Refreshment find.

Thou too shalt shine a famous Spring  
While I thy pleasing Honours sing;  
The Oak above the Rock that grows,  
From whence thy prattling Riv'let dancing flows.

ODE

## ODE XIII.

*To the FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.*

B *Andusia's* Spring, more clear than Glafs,  
That bubbles thro' the rising Grass,  
Thee Wine should sweeten, Crowns adorn;  
But now a wanton Ridgling dies  
A pious humble Sacrifice,  
His flowing blood shall paint the rising Morn:

With budding Horns he dares to fight;  
His Fury hastens to Delight;  
Courage with Love together grows:  
In vain, in vain; his wanton Blood  
Shall surely stain thy cooler Flood,  
And pay the mighty Debt his Master owes.

The furious Dog-Star's burning Beams  
In vain attempt thy living Streams,  
In vain they strike thy sacred Deep;  
You yield delightful liquid Snow  
To Oxen wearied with the Plow,  
And cool the thirsty Heat of wandring Sheep:

You rank'd shall be 'midst noble Springs,  
And high in Fame, while *Horace* sings  
The shady *Beech* that rising grows  
Where, by great *Neptune's* Trident strook,  
A Passage opens thro' the Rock,

From whence thy prattling Stream of Water flows.

F f

ODE

ODE XIV. *De REDITU AUGUSTI.*

**H**ERCULIS ritu modò dictus, ò plebs,  
Morte venalem petiisse laurum,  
Cæsar, Hispanâ repetit penates  
Victor ab orâ.

Unicè gaudens mulier marito  
Prodeat, justis operata Divis;  
Et foror clari ducis, & decoræ  
Supplice vittâ

Virginum matres, juvenumque nuper  
Sospitum. Vos ò pueri, & puellæ  
Jam virum expertes, male ominatis  
Parcite verbis.

Augustus left Rome in the Month of June 727 for his British Expedition, but satisfied with the Submission of that People, he turned his Arms against the Spaniards, and did not return to Rome until the Year 730. As the Poet celebrated his Departure in the Ode, *O Diva gratum*, so he now celebrates his Return; and after having described the public Ceremonies of the Festival, He ends with the Enjoyment of the Day at home in his private Family. T O R R.

*Vers. 1. Herculis ritu.* ] It is probable that the Victories, which Augustus gained over the Cantabrians, had given occasion to the Poets and Orators of the Time to compare him to Hercules. Horace also uses a Comparison, which Flattery had rendered sacred, but with this Advantage, that Augustus now returns victorious to Rome, as Hercules formerly went to Latium after his Exploits in Spain. S A N.

Mr. Dacier, who denies that Hercules ever was in Spain, explains the Passage by a real Piece of History. Augustus having fallen dangerously ill in Spain, the People, alarmed for his Life, openly compared him to Hercules, who obtained by Death alone the Rewards and Crowns due to his Valour. From hence the Poet says, *laurum morte venalem*.

*2. Petiisse laurum morte venalem.* ] Horace would only say, that Augustus had exposed his Life by marching in Person against the Enemies of the Roman Empire. *Morte venalem* signifies *morte sive obitâ, sive quæsitâ*, otherwise the Poet must assert, that a Conqueror who survives his Victory is unworthy of the Laurel; which is false in itself, and would have been an Outrage to Augustus who returned in Safety. S A N.

*5. Unicè gaudens.* ] This Correction is due to Mr. Cunningham, and has been received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon. To say that Livia was in a singular manner sensible to the Joy of her Husband's Return, was artfully to distinguish her by a Praise, which could not be offensive to others: But to say, that she loved her Husband only, *unico*

ODE XIV. *On the Return of AUGUSTUS from Spain.*

**R**omans the Prince, late rumour'd by your Fears,  
Like great Alcides, to have fought the Palms  
A glorious Death bestows, from Spain returns,  
His Brow with Conquest wreath'd.

Let her who in his Safety only lives,  
To the just Gods her Off'rings paid, haste forth;  
And let th' illustrious Hero's Sister lead,  
With suppliant Fillets grac'd,

Th' adoring Train who safe again receive  
Their victor Sons. And ye, whose pious Tears  
The Slaughter'd mourn, at least this Day, forbear  
Each inauspicious Word!

*marito*, were an Injury to other Roman Ladies, who either were, or at least were willing to be thought equally virtuous.

Mr. Dacier, to avoid this offensive Rudeness, thinks we may construe *unico marito*, an Husband who hath not an Equal. This Construction would indeed save the Poet's good Manners, but perhaps it may be difficult to find an Instance where *unicus* is taken in such a Sense.

*Mulier.* ] Horace uses this Word in speaking of Helen and Cleopatra; from whence we may believe it was a Word of greater Dignity than it is commonly esteemed. Livia, to whom it is here applied, was the fourth and last Wife of Augustus. She was equally remarkable for her Discretion, as her Beauty. Being asked how she had gained so great Power over her Husband, she answered, by Modesty and Obedience; by never enquiring into his Amours, and by never upbraiding him with them.

*6. Justis operata divis.* ] After having performed her domestic Sacrifices, she ought to come forth, *prodeat*, in public Procession to thank the just Gods for the Victories and Return of Augustus. The Latins used the Words *operari* and *facere*, for sacrificing. L A N.

*8. Supplice vittâ.* ] The Roman Ladies usually bound their Heads, as a mark of their Chastity, with Fillets, which common Women durst not wear. But Horace rather means the sacred Veils with which they covered their Heads and Hands in Sacrifices, public Prayers, and Processions upon extraordinary occasions. D A C.

*10. Sospitum.* ] As this Campaign had been fatal to many



ODE XIV. *On the Return of AUGUSTUS from Spain.*ODE XIV. *On the Return of AUGUSTUS from Spain.*

THY Prince, O Rome, who foreign Realms  
Explor'd like Jove's immortal Son,  
Fearless to search the Laurel Wreath  
By Death and glorious Daring won,  
Victorious comes from farthest Spain  
To Rome and all his Guardian Gods again.

Cæsar, who like Alcides, Rome,  
Did march to bring the Laurel home,  
Bought with his Death, from distant Spain  
Is now return'd in Peace again.

Let Cæsar's Queen, with One content,  
With pious Thanks just Gods present;  
His Sister too, as bright in Charms,  
And great as Cæsar in his Arms:

And you, whose Sons kind Fates restore,  
With humble Modesty adore:

Ye smiling Maids, ye Girls and Boys,  
And you, that taste the Marriage Joys,  
With Mirth salute our Conqu'ring Lord,  
Nor drop one inauspicious Word.

This

Let Her, who to her Arms receives,  
With Joy her own, her laurel'd Spouse,  
Her private Sacrifice perform'd,  
Pay to just Heaven her public Vows;  
And let the fair Octavia lead  
The Matron Train in suppliant Veils array'd;

The Matron Train, to whose glad Arms  
Their Sons, with Conquest crown'd return;  
And you, fair Youth, whose pious Tears  
Your slaughter'd Sires and Husbands mourn,  
This Day at least your Grievs restrain,  
And luckless from ill-omen'd Words abstain.

This

young Gentlemen who went with Augustus, the Poet, after having spoken of the Families whose Sons had escaped from the danger of the War, *Juvenum sospitum*, addresses himself to those who had lost any Relations in it. He demands of the first their Gratitude to the Gods, and intreats the rest not to disturb the Festival with their Grief, however just.

S A N.

11. *Pueri & puellæ.*] The common Reading is

*Vos ò pueri, & puellæ  
Jam virum expertæ, male ominatis  
Parcite verbis,*

F f 2

14

VIX 300

Hic dies verè mihi festus atrox  
Eximet curas: ego nec tumultum,  
Nec mori per vim metuam, tenente  
Cæsare terras.

I, pete unguentum, puer, & coronas,  
Et cadum Marfi memorem duelli;  
Spartacum si quà potuit vagantem  
Fallere testa.

Dic & argutæ properet Neæræ  
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem:  
Si per invisum mora janitorem  
Fiet, abito.

Lenit albescens animos capillus  
Litium & rixæ cupidos protervæ.  
Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventâ,  
Consule Planco.

## ODE

14. *Ego nec tumultum.* ] By *tumultus* the Poet means the civil Wars, and by *vis* all foreign Wars. He with Reason speaks of the Tranquillity of the Roman Empire; for Augustus a second time shut the Temple of Janus when he returned from Spain.

TORR. SAN.

18. *Marfi memorem duelli.* ] This War was called the Social and Italian War, which Horace calls Marfian, because it was begun by the Marfi; and as the Memory of this War was marked on the Cask, for which the Poet sends his Slaves, the Wine must have been sixty-eight Years old. This is a pleasant Extravagance of calling it very old.

SAN.

19. *Spartacum.* ] Horace could not better paint the Ravage and Rapidity of this War, than in doubting whether a Cask of Wine had escaped the Plunder of Spartacus, and his Gladiators. But we may remark, that while the Poet calls in Pleasantry for his Wine, he has artfully described the Disorders of these two Wars, in opposition to the Tranquillity and Peace which the Empire enjoyed under Augustus.

DAE.

This Day, with truly festal Joy, from me  
Shall chase each gloomy Care; nor civil Strife,  
15 Nor foreign Force I dread, while *Cæsar* deigns  
O'er a glad World to rule.

Bring Odours, Boy, let Roses round our Heads  
Impurpled smile; and pierce the Cask that tells  
20 The *Marfian* War; from plund'ring *Spartacus*  
If scap'd one jovial Cask.

Invite *Neæra*, bid the tuncful Fair  
In careless Braids her essenc'd Locks confine:  
But should the surly Porter form Delays,  
With thy best speed return.

25 The Snow of hoary Age begins to cool  
A Fervour once to every Quarrel prone:  
My Youth, when *Plancus* th' awful Fasces held,  
Would no such Treatment bear.

## ODI

25. *Albescens capillus.* ] The Poet gives a Reason for his Gentleness of Temper, in bidding his Slave return if the Porter would not give him Entrance. Horace was now in his forty-first Year, and Age had made his Resentments languid and feeble.

LAMB.

28. *Consule Planco.* ] Munatius was Consul in the Year when the Battle of Philippi was fought, where our Poet appeared in the Cause of Liberty, and was a Tribune under Brutus.

BOSS.

This Day, with truly festal Joy,  
 Shall drive all gloomy Cares away,  
 For while imperial Cæsar holds  
 O'er the glad Earth his awful Sway,  
 Nor Fear of Death from foreign Arms,  
 Or civil Rage my dauntless Soul alarms.

Slave, bring us Essence, bring us Crowns;  
 Pierce me a Cask of ancient Date,  
 Big with the storied Marſian War,  
 And with its glorious Deeds replete;  
 If yet one jovial Cask remain  
 Since wandering Spartacus o'erſwept the Plain.

Invite Neera to the Feaſt,  
 Who ſweetly charms the liſt'ning Ear,  
 And bid the Fair-one haſte to bind  
 In careleſs Wreaths her effenc'd Hair;  
 But ſhould her Porter bid you ſtay,  
 Leave the rough, ſurly Rogue and come away.

When hoary Age upon our Heads  
 Pours down its chilling Weight of Snows,  
 No more the Breſt with Anger burns,  
 No more with am'rous Heat it glows:  
 Such Treatment Horace would not bear,  
 When warm with Youth, when Tullus fill'd the  
 Conſul's Chair.

ODE

This Day, to me a real Feaſt,  
 Black Cares ſhall baniſh from my Breſt:  
 I'll fear no Tumults, fear no Pains,  
 Nor violent Death, whiſt Cæſar Reigns.

Boy, bring me Oyl, and Crowns prepare,  
 And Wine that knew the Marſian War,  
 If any Cask could hidden lye  
 From wandering Spartacus his Eye.

Bid ſweet Neera ſpread her Charms,  
 And haſte to fly into my Arms:  
 But, if the curſed Porter ſtay,  
 And aſk thee Queſtions, come away:

Now ſnowy Time hath cool'd my Rage,  
 I am not eager to engage;  
 But yet I know when I was wont  
 To ſtorm at ſuch a rude Affront,  
 Whiſt Youth was warm; but Love is cold,  
 And I can bear now I am old.

ODE



ODE XV. Ad CHLORINAM.

UXOR pauperis Ibyci.

Tandem nequitia fuge modum tuæ.

Famosisque laboribus:

Maturo propior delinq. funeri

Inter ludere virgines.

Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.

Non, si quid Pholoën satis.

Et te, Chlora, decet: filia rectius

Expugnat juvenum domos,

Pulsio Thyas uti concita tympano.

Illam cogit amor Nothi

Lascivæ similem ludere capræ:

Te lanæ prope nobilem

Tonsæ Luceriam, non citharæ, decent.

Nec flos purpureus rosa.

Nec poti vetulam, fræcæ tenue cadlæ.

When the Prostitutes of Rome grew old, that they might continue their infamous Commerce with Impunity, they married some poor Wretch, who was more their Slave than Husband. *Pauperes eligunt, ut nomen tantum virorum habere videantur, qui patienter rivales sustineant, si mustitaverint, illico projiciendi.* S. JEROME. Such were Chloris and Ibycus.

8. *Filia rectius.* Doctor Bentley hath quoted Plautus and Seneca to prove a Custom, among the common Women in Rome of breaking open the Houses of their Gallants, by which the present Passage is easily explained. The Quotation from Seneca is very pretty; Crispus Passienus used often to say, that we hold, not shut the Door, against

ODE XV. To CHLORIS.

By Mr. OLDISWORTH.

FOR Shame, since you are Old and Poor,  
Reform, and give Intriguing o'er;  
Your Trade, your Bawdy Function leave,  
And to your aged Cuckold cleave:  
Resort not to the Young and Fair,  
But for your latter end prepare:  
From Balls and Crowds of Beauties fly,  
For Stars and Clouds but ill agree.  
Young *Phloe* may safely do  
That which is Impudence in you.  
She, with an Air and Grace, can make  
A *Bacchanal*, or Midnight Rake,  
Or with her Lover sport and play,  
As wanton as a Kid in *May*;  
Whilst with the same resistless Art  
She storms his Windows, and his Heart:  
But you, the Spindle or the Loom,  
And not the Lyre and Dance, become;  
No Garlands can your Spring restore,  
Nor Hogheads drain'd abate Threescore.

Flattery, which we treat like a Mistress, who is welcome if she gently force open the Door, but more welcome if she break it open. *Crispus Passienus, sæpe dicebat, Adulterum non opponere, non claudere ostium, & quidem sic, quomodo modica antea sollet, quæ si impulsit grata est, gratior si effregerit.*

ODE XV. To CHLORIS.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

THOU poor Man's Incumbrance, Thou Rake  
of a Wife,

At length put an end to this infamous Life;

Now near thy long Home, to be rank'd with the  
Shades,

Give over to frisk it with buxom young Maids,

And furrow'd with Wrinkles profanely to shroud

Those bright Constellations with Age's dark Cloud.

What Pholoë well, with a Decency free

Might practise, sits aukward, O Chloris, on Thee;

Like her, whom the Timbrel of Bacchus arouses,

Thy Daughter may better lay siege to the Houses

Of youthful Gallants, while she wantonly gambols,

Of Nothus enamour'd, like a Goat in its Rambles;

The Spindle, the Distaff, and Wool-spinning thrifty,

Not musical Instruments fit thee at fifty,

Nor Roses impurpled, enriching the Breeze,

Nor Hogheads of Liquor drunk down to the Lees.

O D E

ODE XV. To CHLORIS.

THOU Wife of *Ibycus* the Poor,

Forbear, and toy in Love no more,

Confine thy Lust and end thy Shame,

Nor strive to blaze with dying Flame:

Now near to Death that comes but slow,

Now thou art stepping down below,

Sport not amongst the Blooming Maids,

But think on Ghosts, and empty Shades:

What suits with *Phoebe* in her Bloom,

Gray *Chloris* will not thee become,

A Bed is different from a Tomb.

Thy Daughter with a better Grace,

Tho' Wrinkles plough her wither'd Face,

Might burn, and rage, break young Men's Doors,

And waste the Relicks of her Hours;

Let *Nothus*' Love force her to play

Like wanton Kids i'th' Heat of *May*;

*Lucerian* Wool with Purple stain'd

Not Harps become thy wither'd Hand,

The purple-rofy Crowns disgrace

The earthy Paleness of thy Face;

And Drink until the Hoghead's dry,

Then suck the Dreggs, no Blood will fly

To thy pale Cheek, nor Softness to thy Eye.

O D E

## ODE XVI. Ad MÆCENATEM.

## ODE XVI. To MÆCENAS.

By Mr. COWLEY.

**I**NCLUSAM Danaën turris ænea,  
 Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum  
 Tristes excubiæ munierant satis  
 Nocturnis ab adulteris;  
 Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ  
 Custodem pavidum, Jupiter & Venus  
 Risissent: fore enim tutum iter & patens,  
 Converso in pretium Deo.  
 Aurum per medios ire satellites,  
 Et perumpere amat saxa, potentius  
 Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris  
 Argivi domus, ob lucrum  
 Demersa exitio. Diffidit urbium  
 Portas vir Macedo, & subruit æmulus  
 Reges muneribus. Munera navium  
 Sævos illaqueant duces.  
 Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,  
 Majorumque fames. Jure perhorru  
 Latè conspicuum tollere verticem,  
 Mæcenas, equitum decus.

5

10

15

20

Quanto

That Riches occasion the greatest Evil, and that an honest, contented Mediocrity brings the greatest Good, is the whole Design and Conduct of this Ode. Mr. Dacier imagines, that the Poet's principal Intention was to thank Mæcenas for a little Dwelling which He had given Him, and to assure Him, that he was happier in this little Dwelling, than if his Patron had made him Governour of a Province or a Kingdom.

Verf. 2. *Robustæque fores.* ] The Latins used *robustus* and *robustus* for *roboreus* and *roburnus*, any thing made of Oak. We find in Plautus, *carcer robustus*; and in Festus, *aræ robustæ*. Horace tells us, that the Walls of this Tower were of Brass, and the Doors of Oak, to shew that they were extremely strong.

S A N.

4. *Nocturnis ab adulteris.* ] This Passage is a new Proof of a Remark already made, that the Latins used *Adulter* for a Lover.

6. *Jupiter & Venus.* ] This Opposition of Characters is beautiful. On one side Acrisius distrustful, unquiet, and vigilant; employing all Methods to hinder any Access to his Daughter. On the other, Jupiter and Venus tranquil, contented, and sure of Success, laughing at the Precautions of the Father.

S A N.

8. *In pretium.* ] Horace follows the common and ancient Opinion, that Jupiter transformed himself into a Shower of Gold. In Terence, as explained by Donatus, the God appears behind a golden Shower, which breaks open his Passage, and he then enters the Tower in a human Form. *Pretium* is not here used for *Pretium concubitus*, as some

**A** Tower of Brass, one would have said,  
 And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron Bars,  
 Might have preserv'd one innocent Maiden-head;  
 The jealous Father thought he well might spare  
 All further jealous Care;  
 And as he walk'd, t' himself alone he smil'd,  
 To think how *Venus*' Arts he had beguil'd;  
 And when he slept, his Rest was deep:  
 But *Venus* laugh'd, to see and hear him sleep:  
 She taught the am'rous *Jove*  
 A magical Receipt in Love,  
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,  
 Than all his Thunder did, and his Almightyship before  
 She taught him Love's Elixir, by which Art  
 His Godhead into Gold he did convert;  
 No Guards did then his Passage stay,  
 He pass'd with Ease, Gold was the Word;  
 Subtle as Light'ning, bright, and quick, and sure,  
 Gold thro' Doors and Walls did pierce;  
 And as that works sometimes upon the Sword,  
 Melted the Maidenhead away,  
 Ev'n in the secret Scabbard where it lay.  
 The prudent *Macedonian* King,  
 To blow up Towns a Golden Mine did spring;  
 He broke thro' Gates with this Petarr,  
 'Tis the great Art of Peace, the Engine 'tis of War  
 And Fleets and Armies follow it afar;  
 The Ensign 'tis at Land; and 'tis the Seaman's Star  
 Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,  
 Creature to this disguised Deity;  
 Yet it shall never conquer me:  
 A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,  
 And Wisdom is a Tow'r of stronger Brass.  
 The Muses Laurel round my Temples spread  
 Does from this Light'ning's Force secure my Head  
 Nor will I lift it up so high,  
 As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.  
 Wealth for its Power do we honour and adore  
 The Things we hate, *Ill Fate* and *Death*, have more

F



## ODE XVI. TO MÆCENAS.

O F watchful Dogs an odious Ward  
Might well one hapless Virgin guard,  
When in a Tower of Brass immur'd,  
By mighty Bars of Oak secur'd;  
Although by mortal Rakehells lewd,  
With all their Midnight Arts pursu'd,  
Had not great Jove and Venus fair  
Laugh'd at her Father's fruitless Care;  
For well they knew no Fort could hold  
Against a Lover chang'd to Gold.  
Swifter than Lightning's winged Force,  
All-powerful Gold can speed its Course;  
Through watchful Guards its Passage make,  
And joy through solid Walls to break:  
From Gold the overwhelming Woes,  
That crush'd the Grecian Augur, rose:  
Philip with Gold thro' Cities broke,  
And Rival Monarchs felt his Yoke;  
Captains of Ships to Gold are Slaves,  
Though fierce as their own Winds and Waves;  
Yet gloomy Care, and Thirst of more,  
Attends the still encreasing Store.

While you in humble Rank appear,  
Gracing the Knighthood that You wear,  
By your Example taught, I dread  
To raise the far-conspicuous Head;

What

Commentators imagine; for *Aurum*, *Pecunia*, *Pretium*, *Luxuriam*, and *Munera*, signify the same thing. D A C.

12. *Auguris Argivi domus*.] Eriphile discovered to her brother Adrastus, where her Husband Amphiaraus had concealed himself, that he might not be obliged to go to the War of Thebes, from whence he knew that he should never return. She received a Necklace of Pearl as the Price of her Treachery; and Amphiaraus went to the Siege, where he was slain. Her Son Alcmaeon, in Revenge for his Father, put her to Death, and he was afterwards killed by his Uncles in Vengeance for their Sister. Thus Horace justly says, that the Avarice of one Woman was the Ruin of the whole Family. L A M B.

13. *Exitio*.] They who read *demersa excidio*, join together two metaphorical Terms, which contradict each other; besides, *exitio* is found in the greatest Number of the best

## ODE XVI. TO MÆCENAS.

A Tower of Brass, Gates strong and barr'd,  
And watchful Dogs suspicious Guard,  
From creeping Night Adulterers,  
That fought imprison'd Danaë's Bed,  
Might have secur'd one Maiden-Head;  
And freed the old *Acrisius* from his Fears:

But *Jove* and *Venus* soon betray'd  
The jealous Guardian of the Maid;  
They knew the way to take the hold;  
They knew the Pass must open lye  
To ev'ry Hand and ev'ry Eye,  
When *Jove* himself was Bribe, and turn'd to Gold.

Gold loves to break through Gates and Barrs,  
It is the Thunderbolt of Wars;  
It flies thro' Walls, and breaks away:  
By Gold the Argive *Augur* fell,  
It taught the Children to rebel,  
And made the Wife her fatal Lord betray:

When Engines, and when Arts do fail,  
The golden Wedge can cleave the Wall;  
Gold *Philip's* Rival Kings o'erthrew;  
Rough Sea-men, stubborn as the Flood  
And angry Seas that they have plow'd,  
Bribes quickly snare, and easily subdue.

Care still attends encreasing Store,  
And craving Appetite for more;  
*Mæcenas*, Honour of our Knights,  
How justly was thy Friend afraid  
To raise his too conspicuous Head,  
And soar to lofty, and to envy'd Heights?

Those

Manuscripts; *neque aliter plures & potiores codices*.

B E N T.

14. *Vir Macedo*.] Philip was advised by the Oracle of Apollo to fight with golden Spears, and it was one of his Maxims, that no Fortrefs was impregnable, into which an As could enter loaden with Gold.

G g

15

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,  
A Dis plura feret. Nil cupientium  
Nudus castra peto; & transfuga divitum  
Partes linquere gestio,  
Contemtae dominus splendidior rei, 25  
Quam si quidquid arat non piger Appulus  
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,  
Magnas inter opes inops.  
Purae rivus aquae, silvaeque jugerum  
Paucorum, & segetis certa fides mea, 30  
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africa  
Fallit, sorte beator.  
Quamquam nec Calabriae mella ferunt apes,  
Nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora  
Languescit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicia 35  
Crescunt velleris pascuis;  
Importuna tamen pauperies abest:  
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.  
Contracto melius parva Cupidine  
Vectigalia porrigam, 40  
Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei  
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus  
Desunt multa. Bene est, cui Deus obtulit  
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

ODE

15. *Munera navium.* ] Even Captains of Ships are not Proof against the Temptations of Gold. It has been always remarkable, that Seamen have something of Rudeness and Fierceness in their Manners and Temper; but perhaps the Poet intended this Remark particularly against some Captains of Ships at that Time, who failed in their Duty, by being corrupted with Gold. T O R R.

17. *Crescentem sequitur, &c.* ] Horace hath already proved, by Examples both of Fable and History, that neither Prudence nor Honour are of Strength sufficient to resist the Power of Gold: He now adds two Evils, which frequently arise from Riches, an Increase of our Disquietudes, and an Enlargement of our Desires. S A N.

22. *Nil cupientium castra peto.* ] Perhaps the Poet, in thus opposing the Contented to the Rich, designed to praise Maecenas, in Opposition to other great Men of that Time, whose Ambition was ever in pursuit of Power and Employments: And, to shew that he resolved to follow the Party of his Patron, he makes use of a Metaphor taken from War, and the Deserters who leave one Side to follow the For-

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and Great,

*The vast Xerxean Army*, I retreat;  
And to the small *Laeonick Forces* fly,  
Which hold the Streights of Poverty.  
Cellars and Granaries in vain we fill  
With all the bounteous Summer's Store,  
If the Mind thirst and hunger still,  
The poor rich Man's emphatically poor.  
Slaves to the Things we too much prize,  
We Masters grow of all that we despise.  
A Field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,  
Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.  
The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestows  
All that which grateful Earth can bear,  
Deceives himself, if he suppose  
That more than this falls to his Share.  
Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,  
Is not a Rent paid to the Lord:  
But is a Tax illegal and unjust,  
Exact'd from it by the Tyrant *Lust*.  
Much will always nothing be,  
To him who much desires. Thrice happy he  
To whom the wise Indulgency of Heav'n,  
With sparing Hand, but just enough has given.

ODE

tunes of another.

25. *Contenta rei.* ] Horace calls this little Farm a contemptible Fortune; not in his own Esteem, for that were ridiculous; but in the Opinion of the Great, who would not envy him such a Possession. Yet was it glorious to be Possessor of what he owed to the Bounty of his Patron; not to his own Sollicitations and Pursuits. S A N.

28. *Magnas inter opes inops.* ] Nothing is more common than this Poverty in the midst of Abundance. In some it proceeds from Avarice, in others from Prodigality, while he who is contented with a moderate Fortune knows not either of these contrary Excesses, which render the Miser and the Prodigal equally wretched. S A N.

30. *Segetis fides.* ] This Passage is particularly difficult, yet deserves to be carefully explained. First, *riens, silva* and *fides* are all to be applied to one common Verb *fallit*, a Manner of Writing very usual in Horace. Secondly, *fructus* is governed both of *imperio* and *sorte*. *Fulgens* im-

What Mortals to themselves deny  
 The Gods with bounteous Hand supply.  
 Far from the Quarters of the Great,  
 Happy, though naked, I retreat,  
 And to th' unwishing Few with Joy  
 A blest'd and bold Defert'er fly;  
 True Lord of what the Great despise,  
 In real, richer Pomp I rise,  
 Than if, from fair Appulia's Plain,  
 I stor'd in Heaps the various Grain,  
 While of the wealthy Mass secure  
 Amidst the rich Abundance poor.

A Stream clear-flowing through my Ground;  
 A Wood which a few Acres bound;  
 A little Farm of kindly Soil,  
 Nor faithless to its Master's Toil,  
 Shall tell the Consul whose Domain  
 Extends o'er Afric's fertile Plain,  
 Though of his envied Lot possess'd,  
 He ne'er shall be like Horace blest'd.

Though nor the fam'd Calabrian Bee  
 Collects its flow'ry Sweets for me;  
 For me no Formian Vintage grows,  
 With mellow'd Warmth where Bacchus flows:  
 Nor on the verdant, Gallic Mead  
 My Flocks of richer Fleeces feed;  
 Yet am I not with Want oppress'd,  
 Which vainly seeks the Port of Rest,  
 Nor would thy bounteous Hand deny  
 My largest Wishes to supply;  
 But while those Wishes I restrain,  
 Farther I stretch my small Domain,  
 Than could I distant Kingdoms join,  
 And make united Empires mine;  
 For sure the State of Man is such,  
 They greatly want who covet much:  
 Then happy he whom Heaven hath fed  
 With frugal, but sufficient Bread.

## ODE

*pro Africa*, is a Paraphrase for the Proconsul of Africa, and  
*pro Africa* signifies the Proconsulship or Government of

Those that do much themselves deny,  
 Receive more Blessings from the Sky:  
 I love a mean and safe Retreat;  
 And naked now with haste retire  
 To humble Those who nought desire;  
 And joy to leave the Party of the Great:

In my scorn'd Farm a greater Lord  
 Than if my croud'd Barns were stor'd  
 With all the stout *Appulian* reaps;  
 Than if to me *Pactolus* ran  
 And roul'd in flowing Tides of Gain,  
 Whilst I was poor amidst my mighty Heaps.

A purling Spring, a shady Grove,  
 To raise my Song, and ease my Love,  
 My Farm that ne'er deceives my Hopes,  
 Make me seem happier to the Wise,  
 Tho' not to base and vulgar Eyes,  
 Than he that boasts his fruitful *Libya's* Crops:

Tho' no *Galabrian* Bees do give  
 Their greatful tribute to my Hive;  
 No Wines by rich *Campania* sent  
 In my ignoble Casks ferment;  
 No Flocks in *Gallick* Plains grow fat:  
 Yet I am free from pinching Want,  
 And beg'd I more, my Lord would graht,  
 And to my Wishes equal my Estate:

But now more safe, and more securely blest  
 Than if my Hand grasp'd East and West:  
 He, that asks much, must still want more;  
 Happy, to whom indulgent Heav'n  
 Enough, and sparingly hath giv'n,  
 And made his Mind proportion'd to his Store.

## ODE

that Province. The Latins usually said, *pro Africa*; *pro*  
*Macedonia*; *pro Provinciis*, because their Governments  
 were determined by Lot. Lastly, *fallit* does not signify  
*latet* or *ignoratur*, but *opinione sua decipit*. The Terms be-  
 ing thus explained, the Construction must be formed, *ager*  
*meus Sabinus beatior Africâ sorte obtentâ fallit Africâ pro-*  
*consulem*. The Proconsul was indebted to Chance for his  
 Magistracy; Horace owed his Farm to the Friendship of



ODE XVII. Ad ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

ÆLI, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,  
 (Quando & priores hinc Lamias ferunt  
 Denominatos, & nepotum  
 Per memores genus omne fastos  
 Auctore ab illo ducit originem,  
 Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur  
 Princeps, & innantem Maricæ  
 Litoribus tenuisse Lirin,  
 Latè tyrannus) cras foliis nemus  
 Multis, & algâ litus inutili  
 Demissa tempestas ab Euro  
 Sternet; aquæ nisi fallit augur  
 Annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum  
 Compone lignum: cras Genium mero  
 Curabis, & porco bimestri,  
 Cum famulis operum solutis.

ODE

Mæcenas. The Proconsul believes himself more happy than Horace; but he is deceived, because he is ignorant, that great Revenues and Happiness are very different Things. Perhaps our Poet intended a Stroke of Satire upon the Person who was then Governour of Afric, and who might have owed, like Him, his Fortune to Mæcenas.

BENT. SAN.

37. *Importuna tamen pauperies.*] *Importunus* properly signifies a Person who hath no Port or Harbour, and consequently never knows Repose; from hence it is very strongly applied to Poverty.

DAC.

40. *Vestigalia porrigam.*] We shall only be capable of explaining this Passage by regularly pursuing the Poet's Reasoning. By contracting my Desires I shall more largely extend my little Fortune, than if I could unite the Kingdoms of Lydia and Phrygia under my Government. *Vestigalia* signifies the Revenues or Income of an Estate, and may not improperly be used for the Estate itself, which the Poet thus enlarges by contracting his Desires. The Word *porrigere* frequently signifies in the best Authors, to extend, to stretch out, or enlarge. Mr. Dacier makes the Poet say, that he could pay his little Taxes with more Ease in this Manner, than if he were King of Lydia, and were obliged to pay great Tributes. Mr. Sanadon, by an unauthorized Correction, reads *colligam*, I shall collect my little Revenues with

ODE XVII. To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS whose noble Blood thro' a long Race  
 Of ancient Kings (as Fame's bright Annals  
 tell)  
 Descending, from that *Lamus* boasts it's Source,  
 Who, Founder of the *Lamian* name,  
 From *Formia's* Towers his regal Sceptre stretch'd  
 O'er all that fertile Tract, his wide Domain,  
 Thro' which fair *Liris* to *Marica* rolls,  
 In silent State, her crystal Waves;  
 To Morrow, if the Show'r-foreboding Crow  
 Fail not her Augury, no vulgar Storm,  
 From Eastern Skies, shall strew with Leaves the  
 Woods,  
 With useless Weeds the foaming Main.  
 Then pile dry Fuel, while thou may'st; provide  
 The rose-crown'd Bowl, and kill the fatted Swine;  
 And to thy Genius and thy Household give  
 A Day of Mirth, unmix'd with Care.

ODI

more Pleasure than if, &c. In both these Interpretations the Poet's Reasoning is broke and unconnected, and the Opposition between the Contraction of our Wishes, and an Enlargement of our Estates is lost.

41. *Alyattei.*] Le Fevre proposed this Correction, which has been received by Doctor Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame, and Sanadon. *Alyattici*, which appears in the Editions, is no more Latin than *Acbillicus*, or *Oresticus*; and perhaps cannot be found in one ancient Manuscript. The Latins have read *Alyattes*, *Alyattis*, or *Alyattei*; as *Achilles*, *Acbillis*, or *Acбилleis*; *Ulysses*, *Ulyssus*, or *Ulyssii*.

ODE XVII.

Mr. Sanadon strikes out of this Ode the second, third, fourth and fifth Lines, and reads it thus;

Æli, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo,  
 Qui Formiarum mœnia, &c.

This Critic thinks it his Duty to relieve the Poet from the Weight of an useless, heavy Parenthesis, which deforms the

## ODE XVII. To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, whose ancient Lineage springs  
 From Lamus, Founder of the Name,  
 From whom a sacred Line of Kings  
 Shines through the long Records of Fame,  
 From whom th' illustrious Race arose  
 Who first possess'd the Formian Towers,  
 Who reign'd where Liris smoothly flows  
 To fair Marica's marshy Shores;  
 If the old Shower-foretelling Crow  
 Croak not her boading Note in vain,  
 To-morrow's Eastern Storm shall strow  
 The Woods with Leaves, with Weeds the Main.  
 Then pile the Fuel, while you may,  
 And cheer your Spirit high with Wine,  
 Give to your Slaves one idle Day,  
 And feast upon the fatted Swine.

## ODE

de by its Length; its prosaic Turn of Expression, and its obscurity. *Dicitur* follows *ferunt* in the same Sentence, and the same Sense; *Ducis*, which is the Reading of all the Manuscripts, and of all Editions, disorders the Construction beyond the Power of Grammar, and the fifth Verse is only Repetition of the first.

These Reasons oblige him to think that the four Lines are Addition of some miserable Pedant, or bad Poet in some age after the Time of pure Latinity.

It must be confessed, that the Text is not without Difficulty, which Heinsius first perceived, and which Doctor Bentley endeavours to remedy by reading *ducit* instead of *ducis*, construing *genus* as a Nominaive Case, and continuing the Parenthesis down to *tyrannus*.

Vers. 7. *Innamem Maricæ litoribus*.] Horace here describes a River-God, and by the Word *innamem* gives us a beautiful Image of the Smoothness with which he rolls his waters to the Sea.

## ODE XVII. To ÆLIUS LAMIA.

Great Sir, from ancient *Lamus* sprung,  
 As noble a Descent, as long;  
 (From him, the Spring, thy gen'rous Blood  
 In undisturbed Streams has flow'd;  
 From him the *Lamias* took their Name,  
 And swell the Annals of our Fame;  
 Thy gen'rous Blood rowl'd nobly down  
 From him that fill'd the *Formian* Throne,  
 Where swoln with Rain swift *Liris* roars,  
 And washes fair *Marica's* Shores;  
 A Potent Scepter grac'd his Hand,  
 And measur'd out a wide Command.)  
 To-morrow furious Winds shall spread  
 The troubled Shore with useless Weed,  
 And fill the Woods with scatter'd Leaves,  
 Unless the cawing Crow deceives,  
 The Crow that still foretells a Rain  
 And Storm, and never caws in vain.  
 Now Pile thy Wood whilst sound and dry,  
 To-morrow Morn a Pig shall die,  
 And Wine shall cheer thy Slaves and thee,  
 From Country Toil, and Business free,  
 And all enjoy a short-liv'd Liberty.

## ODE

12. *Aque nisi fallit Augur*.] Thus Virgil;

*Tum cornix rauca pluuiam vocat improba voce,  
 Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.* Georg. Lib. 1.

And Pliny, *Et cum terrestres volucres contra aquas clangores  
 dabunt perfundentes sese, sed maxime cornix.* Lib. 18.

## ODE XVIII. Ad FAUNUM.

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator,  
Per meos fines & apica rura  
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis  
Æquus alumnis:

Si tener pleno cadit hœdus anno;  
Larga nec defunt Veneris sodali  
Vina crateræ; vetus ara multo  
Fumat odore.

Ludit herboſo pecus omne campo,  
Cum tibi Nonæ redeunt Decembres:  
Feſtus in pratis vacat otioſo  
Cum bove pagus:

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos:  
Spargit agreſtes tibi ſilva frondes:  
Gaudet inviſam pepuliſſe foſſor  
Ter pede terram.

## ODE

This Ode is divided into two equal Parts. The first contains the Petition of the Poet; the second the Benefits of the God, and the Acknowledgments of the Village. Mr. Sanadon ſays there is nothing extraordinary in this Poem, but that it is written in a fine Taſte; the Deſign well maintained; the Verſification flowing; the Sentiments natural; the Images pleaſant and rural; the Expreſſion eaſy and elegant.

Verſ. 3. *Abeasque.* ] The Romans believed, that many of their Gods paſſed their Winter in one Country, and their Summer in another. Faunus was of this Number. He went from Arcadia to Italy the thirteenth of February, and returned the fifth of December. His Departure and Return were celebrated with Sacrifices, and probably this Ode was written for his December Feſtival, from whence the Poet ſays *abeas*.

It is not difficult to ſee that this Fiction is founded upon a natural Reaſon taken from the Changes of the Seasons in Italy, where the Earth opens her Boſom in Fruitfulneſs to the Month of February, and is hardened by Froſt in Decem-

## ODE XVIII. To FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, who to the Nymphs, thy ſpring  
Game,

Giv'ſt am'rous Chafe, if, each returning Year,  
A wanton Kid hath ſtain'd thy ſacred Grove;  
If ſtill with gen'rous Wine the Bowl,

The Friend of *Venus*, ſparkling foams, while Cloud  
Of grateful Fragrance from thy Altar riſe;  
Propitious traverse o'er my ſunny Farm;  
And, when it's verdant Haunts thou leav'ſt,

With Farewel mild my youngling Flock behold!  
When with the circling Months thy Feaſt returns  
The Herds rejoicing thro' their Paſtures bound,  
The Village, with the unyok'd Ox,

Keeps Holliday; the Wolf and ſearleſs Lamb  
Together ſport; to ſtrew thy Way, the Leaves  
Their Trees forſake; and thrice the Plowman bea  
With jocund Foot, the hated Ground.

## ODE

ber.

4. *Parvis æquus alumnis.* ] The Vulgar believed that this God ſent Phantoms and Spectres to diſturb their Inſane in the Night; and upon this Foundation the Commentaries imagine that Horace intreats him to ſpare the Children of his Domeltics. But by *alumnis*, the Poet means the Younglings of his Flocks, which had moſt occaſion for the Protection of the God to preſerve them againſt the Inclemency of the approaching Winter.

6. *Veneris ſodali.* ] This Cup is called the *Companion of Venus*, becauſe Venus and Bacchus are mutually intereſted to converſe together, and ſupport each other's Gaiety. The Ariſtophanes calls Wine the *Milk of Venus*.

9. *Ludit herboſo.* ] The ſecond Part of the Ode begins here. The Flocks ſeek the Protection of the God, and



## ODE XVIII. To FAUNUS.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

FAUNUS, who with eager Flame  
 Chase the Nymphs thy flying Game,  
 If a tender Kid distain,  
 Each returning Year, thy Fane;  
 While with Wine we raise the Soul,  
 Social Venus loves the Bowl, )  
 If thy dedicated Shrine  
 Smoak with Odours, --- Breath divine,  
 Gently traverse o'er my Bounds,  
 Gently through my sunny Grounds,  
 Gracious to my fleecy Breed,  
 Supporting o'er the flowery Mead.  
 See my Flocks in sportive Vein,  
 Frisk it o'er the verdant Plain,  
 When through Winter's Gloom thy Day  
 Festal shines, the Peasants play  
 On the grassy-matted Soil,  
 Round their Oxen, free from Toil.  
 See the Wolf forgets his Prey,  
 With my daring Lambs to play;  
 See the Forest's bending Head  
 At thy Feet its Honours shed,  
 While with joyful Foot the Swain  
 Beats the Glebe he plow'd with Pain.

ODE

## ODE XVIII. To FAUNUS.

F Aunus that flying Nymphs pursues,  
 And Courts as oft as they refuse,  
 If yearly Ridglings stain thy Grove,  
 If the large Bowl, the Friend of Love,  
 Still flows with Wine; if Pray'rs invoke,  
 And thy old Shrines with Odours smoke,  
 Defend my Fields, and sunny Farm,  
 And keep my tender Flocks from harm:  
 O'er grassy Plains the wanton Flocks,  
 The Village with their idle Ox,  
 Sport o'er the Fields, all finely drest  
 When cold December doth restore the Feast:  
 The Lambs midst rav'nous Wolves Repose,  
 The Wood to thee spreads rustick Boughs,  
 The Ditcher, with his country Jug,  
 Then smiles to Dance where once he dug.

ODE

14. *Spargit agrestes.*] In Italy the Trees shed their Leaves in December, and Horace artfully manages this Circumstance, as if the Trees themselves, touched by the Divinity of Faunus, poured down their Leaves to cover his Way. It was customary in all rural Festivals, to strow the Ground with Leaves, as in Virgil, *spargere humum florentibus herbis.* Dæ.

16. *Ter.*] This was probably the Measure of their Dances; or perhaps the Poet would mark the Number of those Dances, which might have been performed three times in a Day; in the Morning, Mid-day, and Evening, for some mysterious Reason no longer known. Torr. Sæ.

at their natural Timidity. The Team is loosed from the plow, and the Swain, in Rustic Dance, beats the Earth in revenge for his Labour of cultivating it.

ODE XIX. *Ad TELEPHUM.*

QUANTUM distet ab Inacho  
Codrus, pro patria non timidus mori,  
Narras, & genus *Æaci*,  
Et pugnata sacro bella sub Illo:  
Quo Chium pretio cadum  
Mercemur, quis aquam temperet ignibus,  
Quo præbente domum, & quotâ  
Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.  
Da Lunæ properè novæ,  
Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris  
Murenæ. Tribus aut novem  
Miscantor cyathis pocula commodis.  
Qui Musas amat impares,  
Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet  
Vates: tres prohibet supra  
Rixarum metuens tangere Gratia,  
Nudis juncta sororibus.  
Infanire juvat: Cur *Berecynthiæ*  
Cessant flamina tibæ?  
Cur pendet tacita fistula cum lyrâ?  
Parcentes ego dexteras  
Odi: sparge rosas. Audiat invidus  
Dementem strepitum *Lycus*,  
Et vicina seni non habilis *Lyco*.  
Spissâ te nitidum comâ,  
Puro te similem, *Telephe*, vespero,  
Tempestiva petit *Chloë*:  
Me lentus *Glyceræ* torret amor meæ.

ODE

While Horace proposed some Diversion in Honour of Murena, who had been chosen Augur, a young Greek, called Telephus, continually entertained the Company with the ancient History of his Country. The Poet interrupted him, telling him, that it were better to enquire where the best Wine was to be had, with all other Requisites for a Feast, that they might drink their Friend's Health, and do him Honour in his new Employment. The gay Proposal having succeeded, Horace put it into Verse, and his Ode is written with that spirited Delicacy, which Men of Wit and Pleasure give to every thing they say.

DAC.  
Vers. 4. *Pugnata sacro sub Illo.* ] Eustathius tells us, that Troy was called *sacred*, not only because it was built by Gods, but because it contained a Number of Temples, from whence Virgil calls it the House of Gods, *Divum domus*.

6. *Quis aquam temperet ignibus.* ] This warm Water must have been intended for Bathing. The Ancients never sat down at their Entertainments until they had bathed.

BOND.

ODE XIX. *To TELEPHUS.*

By Mr. HARE.

OF rolling Years how long the Train  
'Twixt *Inachus* and *Codrus*' Reign,  
*Codrus*, that eminently brave  
His dearer Country dy'd to save:  
The Race of *Æacus*, and all  
The Fight by sacred *Ilion's* Wall,  
In learned Phrase you dully show;  
--- I want some better things to know:  
Tell me for what, Historian, tell,  
A Cask of *Chian* Wine will sell:  
Tell me in bleak *Aprutium's* Coast  
What honest Friend will be my Host:  
Who'll warm the icy Water there?  
And who'll the jovial Feast prepare?  
Tell, what's their happy Time of Day  
To tope, and drive the Cold away?  
Come, Boy, put round the Bowl apace,  
To the new Moon I'll drink a Glass,  
To Midnight one; a third shall be,  
Augur *Murena*, drunk to thee.  
Our Water must be mix'd with Wine,  
Good handsome Bumpers three or nine,  
Nine for th' unequal Muses' sake,  
His nine the staring Bard shall take.  
For fear we shou'd surpass the Bounds,  
And come to Quarrels, Blows and Wounds,  
The modest Sister-Graces say,  
Drink but three Glasses, -- and away.  
But I'll be mad, a Poet born,  
Blow, Blow the *Berecynthian* Horn:  
Why hangs the Pipe and Lyre aside?  
Dull sneaking Folks I can't abide.  
Roses, Boy, Roses sling around;  
Let peevish *Lycus* hear our Sound,  
His neighb'ring Harlot hear us rage,  
An Over-match for *Lycus*' Age.  
You, *Telephus*, with mantling Hair,  
And radiant as the Morning Star,  
Fair *Chloe* ripe for Bliss admires;  
I melt, I burn in *Glyc'ra's* Fires.

## ODE XIX. To TELEPHUS.

When Inachus reign'd to Thee is notorious,  
When slain for his Country was Codrus so  
glorious;

When govern'd the Monarchs from Pelcus descended,  
When Troy was besieg'd, and so bravely defended,  
But where the best Chian, or what it may cost ye,  
Or how we may warm the dull Winter so frosty,  
Or temper our Water with Embers so glowing,  
Ah! Telephus, here you are strangely unknowing.

Here's a Bumper to Midnight ---- To Luna's first  
shining,

A Third to our Friend in his Post of divining.  
Come fill up the Bowl, then fill up your Bumpers;  
Let three, or thrice three, be the jovial of Numbers.  
The Poet enraptur'd sure never refuses  
His Brimmers thrice three to his odd-number'd Muses.  
But the Graces, in naked Simplicity cautious,  
Are afraid more than three might to Quarrels de-  
bauch us.

Gay, Frolic, and Mirth, to Madness shall fire us;  
Why breathes not the Flute then with Joy to inspire us?  
Why hang on the Wall, in Silence dolorous,  
The soft-breathing Pipe, and the Hautboy sonorous?  
I hate all the Slaves that are sparing of Labour;  
Give us Roses abundant, and let our old Neighbour,  
With his Damsel ill-suited to such an old Fellow,  
Even burst with his Envy to hear us so mellow.  
Poor Horace in Flames, how slowly consuming!  
For Glycera burns, while Chloe the blooming  
For Telephus courts, whose Tresses are beaming  
As are the bright Rays from Vesperus streaming.

ODE

7. *Quota.*] It is hard to say what this refers to. Some understand *hora*; others *domo*. Some even change the Text, and read *quotus*; but this is neither authorized, nor necessary. Mr. Sanadon thinks that *summâ* or *collectâ*, or *symbolâ* could be understood, and that Horace demands to what expence their Wine, their Bath, and Fire would amount.  
8. *Pelignis caream frigoribus.*] The Country of the Pelignians was mountainous, and consequently cold, from whence Horace says *Pelignum frigus*, as in the twenty-sixth

## ODE XIX. To TELEPHUS.

How many Years divide  
Old Inachus and Codrus' Reign,

Who for his Country bravely dy'd,  
You seek with mighty Pain,

These are the idle Labours of thy Brain.

Old *Æacus*, you can derive from *Jove*,  
And tell what mighty Kin he had above;

You all the *Trojan* Wars can write,

But never mind what Wine will cost,

Who make a Feast, and who invite,

And who a Fire prepares at Night,

Now Winter spreads the Fields with hoary Frost.

A Glas! come, fill me to the rising Moon,

To Midnight, and to Morning one;

We'll never part while the Stars shine;

Forget thy Books, those idle Dreams;

Fill round; three Bowls, or nine,

Are sober Jollity's Extreame.

He that th' uneven Muses loves,

With three times three his heat improves,

A staring Poet, rais'd by ev'ry Bowl;

The sober Grace with th' naked two,

Afraid of Brawls but Three allow,

And only cheer, but never heat the Soul:

I must be Mad, what means the Flute?

Why hangs the Pipe and silent Lute?

I hate a Niggard, quickly spread

The sweetest Roses round my Head;

Let *Lycus* hear the roaring Noise,

And she, the Neighbouring Mifs,

That doth his feeble Love despise,

And let them pine, and envy at our Joys:

Thee, Beauteous with thy bushy Hair,

And like the brightest Evening Star,

Ripe *Chloe* seeks with warm desires;

Whilst I, a dull expecting Fop,

Still linger on with lazy hope,

And slowly melt in *Glycera's* tormenting Fires.

H h

ODE



ODE XX. Ad PYRRHUM.

**N**ON vides quanto moveas periclo,  
 Pyrrhe, Gætulæ catulos lænæ?  
 Dura post paulò fugies inaudax  
 Prælia raptor;  
 Cùm per obstantes juvenum catervas  
 Ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:  
 Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat  
 Major, an illi.  
 Interim dum tu celeres sagittas  
 Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos;  
 Arbiter pugnæ posuisse nudo  
 Sub pede palmam  
 Fertur, & leni recreare vento  
 Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis;  
 Qualis aut Nireus fuit, aut aquosâ  
 Raptus ab Idâ.

ODE

Ode he says *nive Sithonia*, to express an extreme Coldness in the Northern Snow. Such a manner of Expression is lively, poetical, and understood without Difficulty: yet Mr. Dacier, after Torrentius, thinks it unjust, nor ever to be imitated. But in this Place he allows it not unpardonable since it might have been designed as a particular Raillery on Telephus, who probably had an House in that Country, to which he was inviting the Company; or where Horace had already been. Thus it might be a pleasant Hint that he should provide for their Entertainment, or a Reproach for the Manner in which he had treated the Poet.

9. *Da Luna novæ.*] We must here understand *poculum*. Telephus was preparing to find Reasons against the Poet's Proposal, when Horace interrupts him and puts on an Air of Authority in bidding the Company drink, as if he had been King of the Feast. He directs what Number of Cups they should drink, and, that he may support his Orders by his own Example, he begins the Toast. This Detail is natural and lively, nor could any thing better dissipate the Uneasiness which the Chronological Narration of Telephus had occasioned. He drinks an Health to the new Moon, because perhaps Murens had been then created Augur, or because perhaps that was the usual Time when Augurs were created.

10. *Noctis æquilæ.*] Horace here drinks to Midnight, because he was determined not to leave off sooner.

12. *Miscetur.*] The usual Reading *miscetur*, appeared to Rutgerius too weak and languid: His Correction has been received by Doctor Bentley and Mr. Sanadon, as it is a more spirited Expression, and continues that Air of Command, which the Poet hath assumed.

ODE XX. To PYRRHUS.

**A**RT Thou to Danger blind, who thus presum'st  
 From a fierce Lyonsess her Whelps to steal?  
 Inglorious soon, a heartless Ravisher,  
 Pyrrhus, thou wilt retreat.  
 When she th' opposing youthful Croud divides,  
 With Fury stung, Nearchus to regain,  
 What Tongue the dreadful Skirmish shall relate,  
 That doubtful will ensue?  
 Thy wing'd Artillery from its Quiver pours;  
 As eager she whets her tremendous Teeth;  
 While the fair Cause and Umpire of your Strife  
 The Palm you thus contest,  
 Regardless, treads beneath his snowy Feet:  
 Permitting to the Wind his essenc'd Locks;  
 Lovely as Nireus, or as he whom Jove  
 From fountful Ida bore.

ODE

Mr. Dacier thinks, that the *cyathus* and *poculum* were the same Measures, and then his labour'd Explication must end in this unintelligible Conclusion; *miscetur pocula tribus aut novem poculis*. We are obliged to a French Gentleman, Mr. Bolvin, for the best Explanation of this Passage: He says, that we must distinguish between *poculum* and *cyathus*, between which Horace himself perfectly distinguishes. *Pocula* were properly Cups, of which there were different Sizes; and *Cyathus* was a very little Goblet, with which they measured their Wine and Water, when they poured them into the Cups. When therefore the Poet says, *miscetur pocula tribus aut novem cyathis*, he commands the Waiters to pour, into the same Glass, either three or nine *Cyathi*, and that the Guests shall drink them at one Draught.

*Cyathis commodis.*] The ancient Interpreter explains *commodis* by *aptis*, as if every one should drink according to his present Situation and Circumstances; whether he lived under the Protection of the Graces, or was a Favourite of the Muses. But it seems more natural to think, that Horace, in his present Cheerfulness, calls for Bumpers for all the Company without Distinction. The Latins used the Word *commodus* to signify whatever was perfect in its kind. *Subtilum commodum; res commodas; alimenta commoda.*

13. *Qui Musas amat impari.*] Mr. Dacier makes here an ingenious Remark, which gives to this Passage a particular Connexion with the Design of the Ode. In drinking

## ODE XX. To PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS, you tempt a Danger high,  
When you would steal from angry Li-  
oness her Cubs, and soon shall fly  
Inglorious.

What Wars of horrid Form arise  
Through Crouds of Lovers when she flies  
To seek her Boy, and snatch the Prize  
Victorious?

You shoot; she whets her Tusks to bite;  
While he who sits to judge the Fight,  
Treads on the Palm, with Foot so white,  
Disdainful.

While sweetly floating in the Air,  
Wanton he spreads his fragrant Hair,  
Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,  
And vainful.

## ODE

three, or nine Goblets to the Health of the new Augur, the Poet artfully praises his Politeness and Erudition, as if the Graces and Muses interested themselves in his Glory. Thus he pays a very delicate Compliment to Murena, and shews his own Respect for the Goddesses who had raised his friend to an Employment so honourable.

17. *Gratia nudis juncta sororibus.* ] The Custom of painting the Graces naked was not of first Antiquity, although very ancient. Pausanias writes, that he could not discover who was the first Painter or Sculptor who represented them naked; for all the Ancients painted them in Clothes. They who made the Alteration would insinuate, that the Graces could only please by their Simplicity, and that they had not any occasion for Ornaments.

D A C.

18. *Insanire juvat.* ] Horace now leaves the too modest Graces, and rises in his Good-humour; for after having ordered a certain Number of Glasses, he now drinks without Number or Measure.

C R U Q.

20. *Fistula.* ] The *Fistula* was made of seven unequal Reeds for the Diversity of Sounds; and as we have not any such Instrument, the Translation hath followed the French commentators, who make use of the Word Hautboy.

24. *Et vicina seni.* ] Such is the manner of Horace to start away from his Subject with some unexpected Stroke of

## ODE XX. To PYRRHUS.

DOST see what Dangers must attend  
Thy pious Duty to thy Friend?  
'Tis hard to rob a Tygress of her Young:  
Ah, baffled, Thou shalt soon retreat;  
And, 'midst the Shame of a Defeat,  
Unequal Foe, confess her Force too strong.  
When She, with Fury rais'd, shall move  
Thro' Throngs of Youths that offer Love,  
And strive to win her Heart; to seize the Fair;  
Then shall we see who wins the Day;  
And who shall seize the beauteous Prey,  
And in *Nearchus* have the greatest Share.

Whilst you your winged Arrows draw,  
She whets her Teeth, and spreads her Paw;  
Whilst he that must bestow the Prize  
Sits unconcern'd with gloating Eyes;  
On all around his amorous Glances spread,  
His perfum'd, loose and wanton Hair  
Permitting to the waving Air,  
As sweet as *Nireus*, or as *Ganymede*.

## ODE

Raillery or Satire. The Transition here is particularly spirited, but who the Persons are whom he aims at, is yet unknown. S A N.

## ODE XX.

This Ode does not want its Beauties, but it is difficult to explain them with Decency. The Poet laughs at a Woman, who is in violent Apprehensions of losing her Lover. She is compared to a Lioness, when an Hunter attempts to rob her of her Whelps; Pyrrhus is armed with a Bow and Arrows, to shew that he chuses a distant Combat, while the young Lover sits regardless of the Battle, and indifferent to whom the Victory shall fall.

Verf. 4. *Quam per obstantes.* ] Horace here shews the Contempt with which this violent Female treats her Lovers, when she breaks through the Press in Pursuit of *Nearchus*.

H h 2

ODE XXI. Ad AMPHORAM.

O Nata tecum consule Manlio,  
 Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,  
 Seu rixam, & infanos amores,  
 Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum:  
 Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum  
 5 Servas, moveri digna bono die;  
 Descende, Corvino jubente  
 Promere languidiora vina.  
 Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet  
 10 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.  
 Narratur & ipse Catonis  
 Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.  
 Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves  
 Plerumque duro: Tu sapientium  
 15 Curas & arcanum jocofo  
 Consilium retegis Lyæo:  
 Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,  
 Viresque; & addis cornua pauperi,  
 Post te neque iratos trementi  
 20 Regum apices, neque militum arma.  
 Te Liber, & si læta aderit, Venus,  
 Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,  
 Vivæque producent lucernæ,  
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

ODE

Messala having engaged to sup with Horace, the Poet desires his Bottle to pour out its richest Wine to entertain so valuable a Guest, with whom he had probably been acquainted when he served under Brutus. The Remains of that Army, after the Defeat of their Generals, demanded Messala for their Chief, but he joined the Party of Octavius, by whom he was made Augur and Consul.

Verf. 1. *O nata tecum.* ] The Commentators according to the Letter, imagine that this Cask was made when Manlius was Consul; as if it could be any Invitation to Messala, that he should drink his Wine out of a Bottle made three and thirty Years, or that the Poet himself should value his Liquor for such a Particularity. It matters little how old the Bottle is, provided the Wine be good, and the real Birth is when it is filled; then it begins to be capable of producing all those Effects which the Poet applies to it in this Ode. *Nata* must therefore be construed *impleta*.

RODELL. SAN.

2. *Seu tu querelas, &c.* ] If this Bottle really carried in its Bo'om Complaints and Quarrels, *querelas* and *rixam*, how could it deserve the Title of *pia testa*? or be worthy of being drunk upon a festal Day, *moveri digna bono die*? Many Commentators have acknowledged this Difficulty, and have endeavoured, with very little Success, to explain

ODE XXI. To his CASK.

COEVAL Cask, whose natal Year and mine  
 Saw *Manlius Rome's* first Charge adorn,  
 Whatever Freight, whether Complaints, thou bear'st,  
 Wit's racy Flow, or clam'rous Brawls,  
 The Lover's Madncss, or soft Slumber's Balm;  
 5 The *Massic* Juice, of chosen Growth,  
 Thou hold'st, is worthy this auspicious Day:  
 Then haste, and leave thy lofty Stand;  
*Corvinus* bids me broach my smoothest Wine:  
 10 Tho' with *Socratic* Science drench'd,  
 He will not, *Cynic-like*, thy Joys refuse.  
 Ev'n *Cato's* Virtue, it is said,  
 By gen'rous Wine more warm and active grew.  
 Th' Obdurate you to Kindness melt;  
 15 And Dullness to thy gentle Force gives Way:  
 The Cares of Wisdom you relax;  
 And from the Breast, with sportive Art, remove  
 The Veil that each close Secret hides.  
 Ev'n Hope, fair Fugitive, you bring again  
 To anxious Minds, and to the Poor  
 Add Strength of Heart, and decent Confidence:  
 Who, after thee, vouchsafes to fear  
 A Tyrant's Frown, or an Invader's Sword?  
*Bacchus*, and, if Good-Humour dress  
 Her Face in Smiles, the charming *Cyprian* Queen  
 The *Graces* dancing Hand in Hand,  
 And the glad Taper's living Flame, shall see  
 Thy Current wait on our crown'd Bowls,  
 Till *Phæbus*, with returning Lustre, shines,  
 And puts each fading Star to Flight.

ODE

it. Let us therefore try to reconcile the Thoughts, without doing Violence to the Expressions.

The three last Verses of the first Strophe contain a Distribution of the good and bad Effects of Wine in general, and the first Line of the second Stanza calls back the Poet from his wandering after the bad Consequences of Wine, to speak only of its good Effects. The Epithet *pia* enters into the Invocation, not into the Enumeration of its Qualities, and is to be referred to the first Verse, not to the three following. We should range the Sentence in this Manner, *O pia testa, nata tecum consule Manlio, descend.* &c.

5. *Quocunque lectum nomine.* ] Great Obscurity has been thrown upon this Passage by endeavouring to illustrate *Legere vinum* has been understood to gather the Grapes, an Expression unknown in pure Latinity. *Nomine* has also been



## ODE XXI. To his CASK.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

GENTLE Cask of mellow Wine,  
 And of equal Age with mine;  
 Whether you to Broils or Mirth,  
 Or to madding Love give Birth;  
 Or the Toper's Temples steep,  
 Sweetly in ambrosial Sleep;  
 For whatever various Use  
 You preserve the chosen Juice,  
 Worthy of some festal Hour,  
 Now the hoary Vintage pour:  
 Come—Corvinus, Guest divine,  
 Bids me draw my smoothest Wine.  
 Though with Science deep imbued,  
 He not, like a Cynic rude,  
 Thee despises; for of old  
 Cato's Virtue, we are told,  
 Often with a Bumper glow'd,  
 And with social Raptures flow'd.  
 You by gentle Tortures oft  
 Melt hard Tempers into soft;  
 You strip off the grave Disguise  
 From the Counsels of the Wife,  
 And with Bacchus blithe and gay,  
 Bring them to the Face of Day.  
 Hope by thee, fair Fugitive,  
 Bids the Wretched strive to live,  
 To the Beggar you dispen-  
 ce Heart and Brow of Confidence,  
 Warm'd by thee he scorns to fear  
 Tyrant's Frown, or Soldier's Spear.  
 Bacchus boon, and Venus fair,  
 If she come with chearful Air)  
 And the Graces, charming Band!  
 Ever dancing Hand in Hand;  
 And the living Taper's Flame,  
 Shall prolong thy purple Stream,  
 Till returning Phœbus bright  
 Hunts the lazy Stars to flight.

ODE

## ODE XXI. To his CASK.

By another Hand.

YOU, my good Cask, are of a Date  
 With Consul *Manlius* and with Me,  
 Produce your Charge, whate'er it be,  
 Or Love, or Strife, or loud Debate,  
 Or gentle Sleep, or Wit serenely free.  
 On such a Day, for such a Friend,  
 With *Mastic* Juice our Souls refine;  
 Whatever *Bacchus* may design,  
*Corvinus* bids the Stream descend;  
*Corvinus* loves to mix Philosophy and Wine.  
 Wine kept old *Cato's* Virtue warm;  
 This whets the Dull, and Wit inspires;  
 The Grave with sprightly Vigour fires,  
 And, by a never-failing Charm,  
 Unlocks the Mind, and all its gay Desires.  
 Wine with fresh Hope the Coward cheers;  
 Revives the Wretched and Undone,  
 And makes the Slave his Lord disown:  
 What Wretch, when arm'd by *Bacchus*, fears  
 To meet a Warriour's Arm, or stand a Tyrant's  
 Frown?  
 Let *Venus*, and the God of Wine,  
 And every Grace, too strictly chaste,  
 Come, if they please, and crown the Feast:  
 Our Torches and our Souls shall shine,  
 \*Till we outface the Sun, when rising from the East.

ODE

taken for the Name of a Consul, and the Commentators are greatly perplexed to find who this Consul was, though Horace himself tells them in the first Line. But the Word *lectum* better signifies a chosen, richer Wine, and *nomen* is often used for an Effect, a Reason, or Cause of any thing.

7. *Descende.*] The Romans had their Wine-Cellars at the Top of their Houses, that their Wines might ripen sooner by the Smoke. CRUQ.

8. *Languidiora vina.*] Plautus pleasantly compares old Wine, which hath lost its Relish and Strength, to a Man who hath lost his Teeth by Age, *vinum vetustate edentulum*.

10. *Horridus.*] The Sciences, which require any severer Study, are apt to render Men savage and rude. Epicurus alone

ODE XXII. Ad DIANAM.

**M**ONTIUM custos nemorumque, virgo,  
Quæ laborantes utero puellas  
Ter vocata audis, adimisque letho,  
Diva triformis;

Imminens villæ tua pinus esto, 5  
Quam per exactos ego lætus annos,  
Verris obliquum meditantis ictum  
Sanguine donem.

ODE

alone of all the Ancients knew how to humanise the Virtue of a Philosopher, but his Disciples in general degenerated from their Master by not understanding his Principles,

SAN.

11. *Narratur & prisçi Catonis.* ] If Horace intended Cato of Utica, as some Interpreters think, he has ill applied the Verb *narratur*, since he might have been a Witness of this Particularity, for he was twenty Years of Age when Cato killed himself. The Epithet *Prisçus* is yet less justly employed, as it is liable to an Equivocation, even when it is translated *severe*; nor was this Cato a proper Example of Sobriety, whatever his Severity of Manners in other Instances might be, since he was very frequently known to drink even to Excess. The Poet therefore certainly means Cato the Cenfor, who was called *Prisçus* before he took the Name of Cato; who drank only Water in Time of War, and in Peace the same Wine which he gave to his Slaves: Yet in the latter End of his Life enjoyed his Bottle and his

ODE XXII. To DIANA.

**O**F Groves and Mountains Virgin Potentate,  
Goddess three-form'd, gracious our pregnant  
Dames,  
When thrice invok'd, to hear; and from the Grove  
To snatch, with willing Aid;

The lofty Pine that shades my *Vill* be thine:  
Beneath whose Verdures, each returning Year,  
With grateful Joy, a Boar that meditates  
A side-long Wound shall bleed.

ODE

Friends, especially in the Country, and often boasted of the Pleasures of the Table.

DAC.

13. *Tormentum ingenio admoveas.* ] You offer an agreeable Violence to the Mind. It is a Metaphor taken from War, when a Town was assaulted with Batteries and Machines. Others understand it of giving the Torture to Criminals to force a Secret from them; and Doctor Bentley explains it, as if Wine gave an Eloquence and Facility to the most heavy, barren Understanding.

21. *Et, si læta aderis, Venus.* ] The Poet invites Venus to his Entertainment, but as she frequently occasions Quarrels, he will not admit her except she be good-humoured.

DAC.

22. *Segnesque nodum solvere Gratiæ.* ] The Graces are slow to loose their Knot. Who are inseparately united, from whence they are painted holding each others Hands.

## ODE XXII. TO DIANA:

OF Groves and Mountains guardian Maid,  
 Invok'd by three mysterious Names;  
 Goddess three-form'd, whose willing Aid,  
 With gracious Pow'r appears display'd,  
 From Death to save our pregnant Dames:

To Thee I consecrate the Pine,  
 Which nodding waves my Villa round,  
 And here, beneath thy hallow'd Shrine,  
 Yearly shall bleed a festal Swine,  
 That side-long meditates his Wound.

## ODE

## ODE XXII.

This Ode was probably written in Gratitude for Favours, which some of the Poet's Mistresses had received from Diana, but the Circumstances and Person are unknown.

D A C.

Verf. 3. *Ter vocata.* ] Horace mentions the Number three because it was always a mysterious Number, or because Women in Labour invoked the Goddess by three principal Names. In the next Line she is called *Triformis*, she was Luna in Heaven, Diana upon Earth, and Proser-

## ODE XXII. TO DIANA:

KIND Guardian of my Hills and Grove,  
 Who thrice implor'd dost hear, and save  
 The teeming Women from the Grave,  
 Great here on Earth, in Hell, and great Above.

This Tree be thine, that long hath stood  
 To shade my House; as Years roul round,  
 A Boar, that aims a side-ways wound,  
 Shall Yearly stain the Trunk with offer'd Blood.

## ODE

pine in Hell; from whence she was painted with three Heads, one of a Lion, another of a Bull, and the third of a Dog.

S A N.

5. *Tua pinus esto.* ] The Commentators are much perplexed in their Learning, to know why Horace consecrates a Pine to Diana; whether it was an Emblem of perpetual Virginity, *quod semel excisa nunquam repullulavit*; or because Isis and Cybele, to whom this Tree was sacred, were only other Names for Diana. But perhaps the Poet did not intend to perplex his guessing Commentators, and only designed to make a Present of his favourite Tree to the Goddess, for preserving one of his Mistresses.



## ODE XXIII. Ad PHIDYLEN.

COELO supinas si tuleris manus  
Nascente Lunâ, rustica Phidyle;  
Si thure placâris & hornâ  
Fruge Lares, avidâque porcâ;

Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum  
Fœcunda vitis, nec sterilem seges  
Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni  
Pomifero grave tempus anno.

Nam, quæ nivali pascitur Algidio  
Devota, quercus inter & ilices,  
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis  
Victima, pontificum secures

Cervice tinget: te nihil attinet  
Tentare multâ cæde bidentium,  
Parvos coronantem marino  
Rore Deos, fragilique myrto.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,  
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia  
Mollibit averfos Penates,  
Farre pio, & saliente micâ.

It is not unpleasant to see an Epicurean Poet instructing a pious, female Farmer, how to regulate her Devotions, while she sincerely believes that he is really acted by a Spirit of Religion and Piety. Mr. Dacier and Sanadon think that Phidyle was his own Servant, and that all his Directions are given with a View to his own Interest. Perhaps the Reader may find something probable in the Conjecture, but it does not seem necessary to explain the Ode.

Verf. 1. *Supinas si tuleris manus.* ] This was the usual Gesture of the Ancients when they prayed; but with this Difference, that when they addressed themselves to the celestial Gods they held the Palms of their Hands upwards, as if to receive a Blessing; but turned them towards the Earth in their Prayers to the infernal Gods, as if to avert an Evil.

2. *Nascente Luna.* ] Women of the Country are commonly very exact in all outward Ceremonies of Religion, and very scrupulous not to let any Festival pass by without

## ODE XXIII. To PHIDYLE.

By Mr. OLDISWORTH.

IF once a Month to Heav'n you pray  
With lifted Hands, and on the Shrine  
Your this Year's Fruits and Incense lay,  
And sacrifice a greedy Swine;

The Gods from Storms shall save your Vines,  
Nor shall your blighted Harvest fail;  
And as the sickly Year declines,  
Your Younglings shall be strong and hale.

Let the devoted Herds, that feed  
On *Algidum* o'er-grown with Wood,  
Or those from rich *Albania*, bleed,  
And paint the Pontiff's Axe with Blood:

The Gods require no Herds from you,  
No rich Oblations, not your own;  
Give 'em, what from a Swain is due,  
A Rosemary or Myrtle Crown.

Bring but a little homely Cake,  
With Hands that know no guilty Stain,  
The Gods that humble Gift will take,  
When *Hecatombs* are kill'd in vain.

ODE

a Sacrifice. Every Month in the Heathen Calendar produced several Holidays; the Calends, Nones, and Ides, without mentioning the particular Feasts of Pan, Diana, Priapus, and other rural Deities. But Horace would confine this lavish Piety to the Time of the new Moon, and would even then regulate the Expence of the Sacrifice.

7. *Rubigo.* ] Huetius gives an ingenious and probable Account of this Blight or Mildew in Corn. He fancies that the Drops of Dew being collected, are like convex or burning Glasses, which being heated by the Rays of the Sun, contract a caustic Quality that burns the Grain, Fruits, Flowers or Leaves, upon which they lie.

9. *Nam quæ nivali.* ] The Reason which the Poet urges to Phidyle for moderating her pious Profusion, is, that our Presents to the Gods ought to be proportioned to our Station and Abilities; and that a Distinction ought to be preserved between public and private Sacrifices.

15. *Parvo*

## ODE XXIII. To PHIDYLE.

## ODE XXIII. To PHIDYLE.

IF on the new-born Moon, with Hands supine,  
My Phidyle, laborious Rustic, prays;  
If she with Incense, and a rav'ning Swine,  
And yearly Fruits her Household Gods appease,

Nor pestilential Storm shall smite her Vines,  
Nor barren Mildew shall her Harvests fear,  
Nor shall her Flocks, when the sad Year declines  
Beneath its Fruitage, feel th' autumnal Air.

Let the devoted Herds, that lowing feed  
In snow-top'd Algidum's high-branching Wood;  
Or the fair Kine of rich Albania bleed,  
And stain the Pontiff's hallow'd Axe with Blood;

The little Gods, around thy sacred Fire,  
No vast Profusion of the Victims Gore,  
But pliant Myrtle Wreaths alone require,  
And fragrant Herbs, the pious, rural Store.

A grateful Cake, when on the hallow'd Shrine  
Offer'd by Hands that know no guilty Stain,  
Shall reconcile th' offended Powers divine,  
When bleeds the pompous Hecatomb in vain.

ODE

A Fat and costly Sacrifice  
Is not the welcom'st Tribute to the Skies,  
They're more delighted with the small expence  
Of Honesty and Innocence.

Let rustick Phidyle prepare  
At each new Moon an humble Pray'r,  
And at her old Penates' Shrine  
Pour one small bowl of Country Wine,  
And stain their Altars with a greedy Swine;  
No scorching Winds shall balst her Fruit,  
Her Corn be free from barren smut;  
Nor let her darling Children fear  
The shiv'ring Agues of the dying Year.

The Sacrifice *Albanian* Pastures feed,  
Or Snowy *Algidum's* cold Muntains breed,  
'Midst fruitful Oaks, a pamper'd Beast,  
Shall stain the Axes of the Priest:  
But why should you profusely try  
With slaughter'd Flocks to bribe the Sky,  
Since Myrtle Crowns, and, from the neighb'ring Flood  
Few sprinkled drops shall please the God,  
More than whole Rivers of their offer'd Blood?

If, with an unpolluted Hand,  
Which neither Blood nor wicked Arts have stain'd,  
A little Meal and Salt you bring,  
'Twill prove a more prevailing Offering  
Than all the Spices of the Eastern King.

ODE

alone can here preserve our Poet from contradicting himself.  
The Sentiment thus understood is just and moral; and nobly  
terminates the Poem. SAM.

15. *Parvos Deos.* ] This is in opposition to what precedes. Pontiffes offer Victims fattened in the richest Pastures, because they sacrifice to the great tutelar Gods of Rome, of their Country, and of the whole Empire; but it is sufficient to crown the petty, domestic, rural Deities, who preside over a little Country. Scat, with Myrtle and Rosemary. Horace might indeed desire that Phidyle should understand him in this Sense, but perhaps he designed by favour of this equivocal Term to divert himself at the Expence of these little Gods. This is not improbable Railleury for an Epicurean Poet. SAM.

17. *Immunis aram.* ] Some of our late Annotators assert that *immunis* can only signify *sine muneribus*, as if the Hand could be said to be empty, which offers to the Gods Barley, Salt, Incense, and Fruits. But we may find at least two Instances in Pliny, where *immunis* means pure, untainted; which

## ODE XXIV. IN AVAROS.

**I**NTACTIS opulentior  
 Thesauris Arabum & divitis Indię,  
 Cæmentis licet occupes  
 Tyrrhenum omne tuis, & mare Apulicum;  
 Si figit adamantinos  
 Summis verticibus dira Necessitas  
 Clavos; non animum metu,  
 Non mortis laqueis expedies caput.  
 Campestris meliùs Scythę  
 (Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt comos) 10  
 Vivunt, & rigidi Getę;  
 Immetata quibus jugera liberas  
 Fruges & Cereferunt;  
 Nec cultura placet longior annuã;  
 Defunctumque laboribus  
 Æquali recreat forte vicarius.  
 Illic matre carentibus  
 Privignis mulier temperat innocens;  
 Nec dotata regit virum  
 Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero. 20

To instruct with Dignity and Delight is almost the peculiar Character of Lyric Poetry, which creates Respect for moral Truth by Sublimity of Sentiments, Majesty of Cadence, Boldness of Figures, and Force of Expression, while it prevents Disgust by its Brevity, Variety, and a Choice of Ornaments which a good Poet knows how to use with Propriety. Among a great Number of Pieces which Horace wrote in this kind, the present Ode is not the least estimable. It is naturally divided into three Parts: In the first he exposes the licentious Enormities of his Age; in the second he discovers their Causes; and applies their proper Remedies in the third.

It appears by the twenty-sixth Verse, that this Ode was written before the Year 724, which ended the civil Wars, at least it preceded the Expedition of Arabia in 727. S A N.

Verf. 5. *Si figit.* ] It is not easy to explain this Expression, or the Description of Necessity in the first Book, which probably was taken from a Picture or Statue of Fate and Fortune. Some Commentators understand by *summis verticibus* the Buildings which Horace describes; others think that he means the Heads of the Persons, who erected them; and Doctor Bentley is persuaded, that Necessity drives these Nails so forcibly, even up to their Heads, *usque ad summos vertices, summa ipsorum capita*, that no Strength can pull them out, *ut nulla vi evelli possint*. We may say with Cicero, *Quenam harum opinionum sit falsa, magna est quæstio*;

## ODE XXIV.

By Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.

**T**HO' vaster Riches thou could'st boast  
 Than *Araby's* unwafted Stores contain,  
 And swarthy *India's* wealthy Coast;  
 Tho' thy proud Palaces, with pompous Shade  
 O'er all the *Tyrrhene* and the *Pontic* Main  
 Their costly Columns spread:  
 If rigid Fate her harden'd Hand  
 Remorseless stretches to the Prey,  
 Nor Gold nor splendid Domes can turn away  
 The sour inflexible Demand,  
 Nor save thy destin'd Head, nor anxious Fears allay.  
 Better the wild-born *Scythians* live,  
 Who, pack'd in Wains, from Field to Field,  
 Where Meadows fresh, fresh Pasture yield,  
 Their wandring Household drive.  
 And better live the *Gates* by far,  
 Where Fruits are common, and the Grounds  
 No Fences mark, nor jealous Bounds;  
 One Year they exercise their Care  
 To turn and dress the labour'd Soil,  
 Employ the Plow and sharpen'd Share,  
 And rest alternate one, recruiting from their Toil.  
 No Stepdame, by vile Motives led,  
 E'er practises upon the Life  
 Of Orphans of the former Bed;  
 Nor haughtily the portion'd Wife  
 Lords her insulted Husband there,  
 And while she vexes him with Strife  
 Sighs for the foul Adulterer,

An

*quænam sit vera, Deus aliquis viderit.*

The Translator confesses, that he does not understand the Passage, nor can he form any Image of Necessity driving her Nails either into the Top of a Building or into the Heads of those who raised it. Perhaps these Expressions are to be figuratively understood for the Pride and Grandeur of all exalted Fortunes.

3



ODE XXIV.

ODE XXIV.

THOUGH of th' unris'd Gold posselt  
Of gorgeous Ind, or Araby the blest:  
Though with hewn, massy Rocks You raise  
Your haughty Structures 'mid th' indignant Seas,  
Yet, soon as Fate shall round your Head,  
With adamant Strength, its Terrours spread,  
Not all the Pomp of Earth shall save  
Your Soul from Fear, your Body from the Grave.  
Happy the Scythians, houseless Train!  
Who roll their vagrant Dwellings o'er the Plain;  
Happy the Getes fierce and brave,  
Whom no fix'd Laws of Property enslave;  
Succeeding yearly to the Toil,  
Who plow, with equal Tasks, the public Soil;  
While open stands the golden Grain,  
The freeborn Fruitage of th' unbounded Plain.  
Not there the guiltless Step-dame knows  
The baleful Draught for Orphans to compose;  
No Wife high portion'd rules her Spouse,  
Or trusts her essenc'd Lover's faithless Vows.

The

Though you had all the Spice and Gold  
Arabia sweats, and the rich Indies hold;  
Tho' you extend your Palaces  
O'er the Tyrrhene, and Pontick Seas;  
When strong Necessity  
Shall fix her Adamantine Hooks on thee,  
When she shall drag away  
The trembling melancholy Pray,  
Not all thy Wealth shall save  
Thy Mind from Fear, or Body from the Grave.  
Happier the wandring Scythians live,  
Who all their House in one small Waggon drive;  
Where no unequal bounds  
Do parcel out the Lands in private Grounds;  
The Corn grows freely for the common Good;  
And when one Year their Fields they plow'd,  
They sit at Ease, whilst others toil,  
And equal pains manure the publick Soil.

There all the Cups, the Step-dames Hands present  
To unsuspecting Heirs, are innocent:  
No Wife confiding on her Dow'r,  
Or rich Gallant, usurps her Husband's Pow'r;

None

derstand this Passage, as if the Poet said, *She does not depend upon the Protection of her Lover*; but *fidere alicui*, seems rather to mean our Belief in a Person, and granting what he demands. *Nec fudit, maxime diffidit.* BOND. DAC.

I i z

21.

8. *Non mortis laqueis.*] The Poet here represents Death armed with a Net, which he throws over the Heads of those whom he attacks. This Image is taken from the Gladiators called the *Retiarii*, whose Antagonists had the Figure of a Fish upon their Helmet, from whence they used in their Combats to sing, *Non te peto, piscem peto; quid me fugis, Galle?* If Horace had really such an Image in his View, we have Reason to honour Mr. Dacier's Sagacity for discovering it.

12. *Immetata jugera.*] The Poet here joins together two Words of an opposite Signification. The first excludes any Division; the second necessarily supposes it. SAN.

20. *Nec nitido fudit adultero.*] Some Commentators un-

Dos est magna parentum  
 Virtus, & metuens alterius viri  
 Certo scdere castitas;  
 Et peccare nefas, aut pretium emori.  
 O! Si quis volet impias  
 Cædes & rabiem tellere, civicam;  
 Si quæret pater urbium  
 Subscribi statuis; indomitam audeat  
 Refrænare licentiam  
 Clarus postgenitis. Quatenus, heu nefas!  
 Virtutem incolumen odimus,  
 Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.  
 Quid tristes querimoniae,  
 Si non supplicio culpa reciditur?  
 Quid leges sinè moribus  
 Vanæ proficiunt; si neque fervidis  
 Pars inclusa caloribus  
 Mundi, nec Boreæ finitimum latus,  
 Duratæque solo nives  
 Mercatorem abigunt; horrida callidi  
 Vincunt æquora navitæ;  
 Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet  
 Quidvis & facere & pariri  
 Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ?

21. *Dos est magna.*] There were four Things which insured the Happiness of Marriage among the Scythians. That virtuous Education which Children received from their Parents; an Attachment of Wives to their Husbands; their Horror of conjugal Infidelity, and the Rigour of their Laws which punished that Crime with Death. These Particulars have not been well distinguished by Commentators.

24. *Emori.*] This Reading is preserved in some Manuscripts, from whence it has been received into the Text by Mr. Cuninghame, and Mr. Sanadon. *Est* was thought necessary to fill the Phrase, without reflecting that these four Verses depend upon the Verb *est* in the twenty-first Line. *Emori* is used for *mori*, as *peccare* for *peccatum*.

25. *O! si quis.*] Although this Reading be found in but a single Manuscript, yet it is probably the only true one. The Train of Thought naturally leads to it, and *si* gives it Energy and Grace. The Poet says, that in order to extinguish the Fire of the civil War, it is necessary to begin by a Reformation of Manners, which Augustus effectually did some Years after, both by his Laws and his Example.

S A N.

An honest Line, of Probity entire,  
 And Chastity with native Charms,  
 That bashful flies a Stranger's Arms,  
 Is all the Dowry they require.  
 25 To violate the Vow they generously disdain,  
 Or Death, the due Reward, pursues th' opprobrious  
 Stain.

Who-ever implous Murders and the Rage  
 Of civil Arms desires t' assuage,  
 And see on public Statues rais'd,  
 This glorious Title to his Fame,  
 The FATHER of his Country, plac'd;  
 Let him with brave Heroic Soul  
 Leud lawless Insolence controul;  
 35 Then future Days shall crown his Name,  
 With full Applauses spread;  
 For Virtue tho' we still despise  
 Present, and flashing in our Eyes,  
 We honour it when dead.

But what avails it to complain?  
 Unless inflicted Punishments severe  
 Presumptuous Vice restrain.  
 And what avail well-chosen Laws?  
 If Manners dissolute shall dare

To pass the Bounds prescrib'd, as Lust or Lucre  
 draws:  
 If neither the hot Climes, that fry  
 Beneath th' immediate Sun;  
 Nor rigid Coasts that frozen lye,  
 Where Snows unmelted never run,  
 The greedy Merchant can deter

To hunt for the forbidden Gain,  
 Nor all the Horrors of the Main  
 Prevent th' audacious Mariner:  
 And the false Shame of Poverty enjoyns

All Things to suffer and to dare,  
 And quit th' uneasy Track of Virtue's scanty Lines.  
 Then

The Lovers there, for Dowry, claim  
 The Father's Virtue, and the spotless Fame  
 Which dares not break the nuptial Tie;  
 Polluted Crime! whose Portion is to die.  
 Oh that some Patriot wife and good  
 Would stop this impious Thirst of civil Blood;  
 And joy on Statues to behold  
 His Name, THE FATHER OF THE STATE,  
 enroll'd!  
 Oh let him quell our spreading Shame,  
 And live to latest Times, an honour'd Name;  
 Though living Virtue we despise,  
 We follow her, when dead, with envious Eyes.  
 But wherefore do we thus complain,  
 If Justice wear her awful Sword in vain;  
 And what are Laws, unless obey'd  
 By the same moral Virtues they were made?  
 If neither burning Heats extreme  
 Where Eastern Phœbus darts his fiercest Beam;  
 Nor where the Northern Tempests blow  
 And freezes to the Earth th' eternal Snow,  
 Nor the wild Terrours of the Main  
 Can daunt the Merchant, and his Voyage restrain;  
 If Want, ah dire Disgrace! we fear,  
 From thence with Vigour act, with Patience bear,  
 While Virtue's Paths untrodden lie,  
 Those Paths that lead us upwards to the Sky?  
 Oh!

None there a lawless Sway pretends,  
 Her Portion is the Virtue of her Friends,  
 And cautious Modesty  
 That closer draws the Marriage Tye,  
 They fear to sin, or sinning doom'd to die.

He that would prize his Country's Good,  
 And stop the Issue of our Civil Blood;  
 He that would stand in Brags as fix'd as Fate,  
 Be nam'd THE FATHER OF THE STATE;  
 Let him restrain this brutal Rage:  
 A glorious Man in future Age!  
 Since envious we despise  
 Virtue when present, when it flies  
 Stand and gaze after it with longing Eyes!

But sad Complaints are vain,  
 Vice only yields to Pain,  
 Her Sword strict Justice needs must draw,  
 And cut it off by necessary Law;  
 And what are Laws? State Pageantry!  
 Unless obey'd  
 With the same Rev'rence they were made,  
 Unless our Manners and the Rules agree!

The Merchants dare to cut the Line,  
 Where Beams still boil the Metal in the Mine,  
 Nor can the frigid Coast,  
 That lies bound up with lazy Frost,  
 Nor all the Snow and Northern Ice,  
 E'er cool the Sailor's flaming Avarice;  
 In feeble Ships they dare to ride,  
 And boldly stem the highest Tide,  
 When scarce three Inches them and Death divide:

For Poverty, that great Disgrace,  
 Still drives them on the vicious Race;  
 Whilst Virtue's Paths, that lead on high,  
 Untrod and unfrequented lie,  
 Few think it worth their while to climb the Sky.

To

27. *Pater urbium.*] It does not appear by any Medals or History that this Title was ever given among the Romans, and Mr. Baxter thinks it very artfully used by the Poet to conceal his Intention of describing Augustus.

32. *Querimus invidi.*] This Epithet equally agrees with *querimus* and *odimus*. We no longer envy what is no longer injurious to us; for we have in our Hearts a Fund of Esteem for Virtue, which discovers itself as soon as Self-love is no more interested; or perhaps an envious Man has a kind of Pleasure in regretting the Dead, because it is an Insult to the Living.

DAC. SAN.

39. *Durataque solo nives.*] *To the Earth. Ad solum usque, solo tenus.* We may remark that *si* in the thirty-sixth Verse extends to the following eight Lines.

BOND. LE FEVRE.



Vel nos in Capitolium, 45

Quò clamor vocat & turba faventium;

Vel nos in mare proximum

Gemmas & lapides, aurum & inutile,

Summi materiam mali,

Mittamus. Scelerum si bene pœnitet, 50

Eradenda cupidinis

Pravi sunt elementa, & teneræ nimis

Mentes asperioribus

Firmandæ studiis. Nescit equo rudis

Hæere ingenuus puer, 55

Venarique timet; ludere doctior,

Seu Græco jubeas trocho,

Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ:

Cùm perjura patris fides

Consortem, socium fallat & hospitem, 60

Indignoque pecuniam

Hæredi properet. Scilicet improbæ

Crescunt divitiæ; tamen

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

## ODE

45. *Vel nos in Capitolium.* ] Such Consecrations of Wealth were not uncommon even among private Persons, and were always performed with the greatest Splendour and Magnificence. Let us therefore, says the Poet, if we really repent of our Vices, let us dedicate our useless Wealth to the Gods, for the Service of Religion; and to the public Treasury in the Capitol, for the Defence of the State. C A U Q.

47. *Vel nos in mare proximum.* ] Let us either consecrate to the Gods our ill-employed Wealth, or throw it into the Sea, as a thing defecrated and accursed. Cruquius thinks, that the Poet advises the Romans by this Expression to throw their Money into some public Fund for the Sea-Service; for their Fleets and for the Safety of Navigation from Pyrates; that otherwise the Poet is a very bad Politician, and very ignorant of the Value of Money in a State.

51. *Eradenda cupidinis.* ] Horace here speaks the clear Language of the Stoics, who carried Morality to an impracticable Rigour. One of their unmeaning Dogmas was, that we ought to extinguish our Passions. Epicurus on the contrary directs us to moderate our natural Appetites; to regulate them by Reason, and to make them subservient to our Happiness. This is wise Advice indeed, for our Passions are inseparable from our Humanity, nor can we divest ourselves of them without ceasing to be Men. When they are well conducted they become Instruments of the most eminent Virtues. S A N.

54. *Firmandæ.* ] This Correction, which we owe to Doctor Bentley, is necessary both to the Poet's Reasoning and Expression. The Spirits which are too weak and tender, *teneræ nimis*, ought to be confirmed and hardened by

Then either to the *Capitol*

Devoutly let us bear

Our Jewels, Gold and useless Store,

And while the glad Processions call

Resign them to the Thunderer;

Or safely standing on the Shore,

In the deep Billows of the Main

The Seeds of Mischief sink, and bury Wealth prophane.

If we renounce these censur'd Crimes

With Penitence sincerely true,

Let us disorder'd Appetite subdue

In Youth well-disciplin'd betimes;

And careful form their pliant Mind

To gen'rous Studies of a manly kind.

Th' unpractis'd Boy, of noble Blood,

Knows not to sit the rapid Steed,

And dreads the boist'rous Chace to lead

Across the spacious Plain, or rolling Flood;

But with a Child's fantastic Art,

Can whip the whirling Top, or draw

The Gew-gaw Waggon and the Cart;

Or shake and throw the rattling Dye

Forbidden by the Law.

While the vile Sire, with crafty Care,

Inhuman, harden'd, perjurd, sly,

Betrays his Friend, and cheats his Guest,

To raise for his unworthy Heir

A Lump of sordid Pelf, and foul Estate unblest.

But tho' their Coffers thus they fill

With Riches, for no Use design'd,

To the low Wretches restless Mind,

This Thing or that is wanting still.

## ODE

Education, for an Education too delicate is one of the most infallible Principles of our Corruption of Manners. The Mind may indeed be formed, *formandæ*, by softer Studies, but it can be strengthened, *firmandæ*, only by severer Discipline, *asperioribus studiis*.

*Nescit equo hæere.* ] To remedy this Evil, Augustus revived the Mock-Fights, which were carried by Alcanius to

Italy,

Oh! let us consecrate to Jove  
 (Rome shall with Shouts the pious Deed approve)  
 Our Gems, our Gold, pernicious Store!  
 Or plunge into the Deep the baleful Ore,  
 From whose destructive Source, the Woes  
 Of impious War, with direful Horrors, rose.  
 If you indeed those Crimes detest,  
 Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful Breast,  
 The Seeds of each deprav'd Desire,  
 While manly Toils a firmer Soul inspire.  
 Nor know the Youth of noblest Race,  
 To mount the manag'd Steed, or urge the Chace;  
 More skill'd in the mean Arts of Vice,  
 The whirling Troque, or law-forbidden Dice:  
 And yet this worthless Heir to raise  
 Instant to Wealth, the perjur'd Sire betrays  
 His Partners, Coheirs, and his Friends;  
 But, while in Heaps his wicked Wealth ascends,  
 He is not of his With possest,  
 Something still wants to make him wholly blest.

## ODE

Italy, and which afterwards continued to the time of Claudius Cæsar.

58. *Vetita legibus alea.* ] All Games of Hazard were forbidden by several Laws, except during the *Saturnalia*. Suetonius tells us, that Augustus not only played in that, but in all other Festivals.

60. *Consortem.* ] We may join *consortem* with *socium*, but it were better to divide them and read

*Consortem, socium fallat & hospitem.*

By *consors* the Poet understands a Coheir, and by *socius* a Partner in Trade. This Manner of Pointing extends the Thought and gives it greater Force.

D A C.

To Jove's great Shrine let Romans bring  
 Their Wealth, a grateful Offering;  
 For those that thus their Treasures spend,  
 Just Blessings crown, and joyful Shouts attend:  
 ( Or in the neighb'ring Flood  
 Let's cast our Jewels and our Gold,  
 For which we have our Virtue sold,  
 Our Gold the dear-bought Cause of all our Blood:  
 Wealth, form'd near Hell, when here on Earth,  
 Brings up the cursed Region of its Birth.

If we repent, and hate the Crimes  
 And Follies of our own and Father's Times,  
 We must root out the very Seeds of Sin,  
 And plant new Virtue in;  
 The Soil is soft, and if manur'd with Care,  
 And manly Arts, may bear  
 A fruitful Crop, Virtue may sprout again,  
 And with a vast Encrease reward the Tiller's Pain.

Our Nobles Sons with an unequal Force  
 Now scarce can sit the manag'd Horse,  
 They hate the Ring, nor dare to ride the Course:  
 But Cards, unlawful Dice,  
 And all the Mysteries of Vice  
 That Greece e'er taught, or Rome improv'd, they know,  
 For these they nobler Deeds forego;  
 These are their Arts, their chief Delights,  
 The Pleasures of their Days, and Study of their nights.

Mean while their perjur'd Fathers cheat,  
 Grow grey in base Oppression, and Deceit;  
 To their best Friends their Oaths are Snares,  
 Whilst, at the vast Expence  
 Of Honesty and Innocence,  
 They heap up Wealth for their unworthy Heirs.  
 Their Stores encrease, and yet, I know not what,  
 Still they do something want,  
 Which neither Pains can get, nor Heav'n can grant,  
 To swell their narrow to a full Estate.

## ODE

ODE XXV. *Ad BACCHUM.*

QUO me, Bacche, rapis tui  
 Plenum? quæ nemora? quos agor in specus,  
 Velox mente novâ? quibus  
 Antris, egregiæ Cæsaris audiar  
 Aeternum meditans decus  
 Stellis inferere, & concilio Jovis?  
 Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc  
 Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis  
 E somnis stupet Evias,  
 Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam  
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro  
 Lustratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio  
 Ripas & vacuum nemus  
 Mirari libet! ô Naiadum potens,  
 Baccharumque valentium  
 Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos,  
 Nil parvum, aut humili modo,  
 Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,  
 O Lenææ, sequi Deum  
 Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

ODE

Nothing is more Ode, if we may be allowed such an Expression, than the Dithyrambic, which is with Regard to Lyric Poetry, what Lyric Poetry is with regard to all other Kinds of Poetical Writings. In the Dithyrambus that Fire of Imagination, and that Boldness of Language, in which consists the Sublimity of an Ode, should properly appear. The Praises of Bacchus are here turned to the Advantage of Octavius; for the Poet, finding the Force of human Understanding unequal to his Design of praising that Prince, despairs of succeeding in the Attempt, unless Bacchus fill him with his own Enthusiasm, and raise him above Mortality.

CRUQ. SAN.

As to the Date of this Ode, we can only be assured, that it was composed before the Consecration of Octavius, and perhaps it was written for his Consecration in the Year 725.

SAN.

Verf. 1. *Quo me, Bacche, rapis.* ] One of the Summits of Parnassus was consecrated to Bacchus as God of Music; and in the nineteenth Ode of the second Book, he is represented dictating Verses to the Nymphs and Satyrs. We may believe that Bacchus and Apollo were the same God, whose Titles were varied according to the different Ceremonies with which he was worshipped.

DAE.

2. *Quæ nemora? quos agor.* ] This Reading is found in the greatest Number of the most valuable Manuscripts, in-

ODE XXV. *To BACCHUS.*

By Mr. FRANCIS.

O Bacchus, when by Thee possést,  
 What sacred Spirit fills my raving Breast?  
 How am I rapt to dreary Glades,  
 To gloomy Caverns, unfrequented Shades?  
 In what Recesses shall I raise  
 My grateful Voice to Cæsar's deathless Praise,  
 Amid the Stars to bid him shine,  
 Rank'd in the Councils of the Pow'rs divine?  
 Some bolder Song shall wake the Lyre,  
 And Sounds unknown its trembling Voice inspire.  
 Thus o'er the steepy Mountain's Height,  
 Starting from Sleep, thy Priestess takes her Flight;  
 Amaz'd, beholds the Thracian Snows,  
 With languid Streams where icy Heber flows;  
 Or Rhodope's high-towering Head,  
 Where frantic Quires barbarian Measures tread.  
 O'er pathless Rocks, and lonely Groves  
 With what Delight my raptur'd Spirit roves;  
 O Thou, who rul'st the Naiad's Breast;  
 By whom the Bacchanalian Maids, possést  
 With sacred Rage inspir'd by Thee,  
 Tear from the bursting Glebe th' uprooted Tree,  
 Nothing or low, or mean, I sing,  
 No mortal Sound shall shake the swelling String.  
 The vent'rous Theme my Soul alarms,  
 But warm'd by thee the Thought of Danger charms;  
 When Vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the Way,  
 What can his daring Votaries dismay?

ODE

stead of *Quæ in nemora, aut quos agor.* Doctor Bentley remarks, that when two Members of a Sentence are governed by the same Præposition, it is more elegant and more poetical to omit the Præposition in the first, than in the second Member. Mr. Sanadon observes that *Specus* is of all Genders; Cicero, Titus Livius, Horace, and Ovid make it masculine; Ennius, Silius, and Aulus Gellius, Feminine; and it is neuter in Virgil.

3. *Quibus antris.* ] This is a new Interrogation, and qui-



ODE XXV. To BACCHUS.

By Mr. OLDISWORTH.

GOD of Wine, resistless Pow'r,  
Whither will you hurry me,  
Full of the Deity,  
Transported with a Rage unfelt before?  
Whither, whither must I rove;  
To what wild Cave, what distant Grove?  
Where sing of *Cæsar's* high Renown,  
His deathless Glory, starry Crown?  
How, with assembled Gods above,  
He sits majestic down,  
And dictates sage Advice to *Jove*?  
Give me a Theme that's great and new,  
Untouch'd by any other Muse.  
See! see! through Hills and tracts of Snow  
The *Bacchanal* distracted strays,  
Whilst all the God her Frensy does infuse;  
How wild she looks! How swiftly she surveys  
*Hebrus*, and *Rhodope*, and *Thrace*!  
Thus mad, thus wild,  
Through Woods and Shores I'd pass,  
With rage and wonder fill'd.  
God of the Virgin frantick Train!  
Whose hands the thrilling Jav'lin throw;  
I scorn what's human, mean, and low,  
Nor will attempt a mortal Strain:  
All other Pleasures I forgoe,  
Nor any Danger fear,  
To follow such a God as you,  
Who on your God-like Brow the cluster'd Garland  
wear.

ODE

*his* must be understood in the same Sense with *quo*, *quæ*,  
and *quæ*, which are all Interrogatives; otherwise the Poet,  
in changing his Manner of Expression has left the Construc-  
tion perplexed, ambiguous, and consequently vicious.

SAN.

7. *Indistinctum ore alio.* ] This Expression is capable of two  
Senses. Never had any Hero been sung, who equalled the  
Glory of *Octavius*; and never had the Romans a Lyric Poet

ODE XXV. To BACCHUS.

By Mr. HARE.

W Hither full-swelling with thy Pow'r divine  
Sweep'st thou thy Bard, impetuous God of  
Wine?  
Swift as the Wind, Oh whither do I fly!  
What shady Groves and Grotts espy?  
To which of these shall I retire,  
And tune to *Cæsar's* Praise my Lyre?  
The matchless *Cæsar* where resound,  
With everlasting Honours to be crown'd,  
A Star refulgent in the Realms above,  
Great at the Councils and the Feasts of *Jove*?  
On mighty Wings the glorious Muse shall soar,  
And try a Virgin-Theme untouch'd before:  
Like me the sleepless *Bacchanalian* goes  
Wild and astonish'd o'er the Snows,  
On *Hebrus* casts her glowing Eyes,  
Beholds the Hills of *Thrace* arise,  
Bleak hoary *Rhodope* surveys,  
Where savage Wand'ers beat untrodden Ways.  
O how I roam! with Pleasure and Amaze  
At yon' rough Rocks, and woody Deserts gaze.  
King of the Nymphs that o'er the Fountains reign,  
The mightier Ruler of thy forceful Train,  
Thy Train for Strength of Madness much renown'd,  
That tear huge Ashes from the Ground;  
No Subject will I now essay,  
Mean Subject in an humble Lay;  
--- Above Mortality I'll fly: ---  
A God-like Voice the list'ning Crowd shall cry. ---  
Sweet is the Danger, *Bacchus*, to be led  
By thee that crown'st with Vines thy verdant Head.

ODE

before Horace.

SAN.

9. *E somnis.* ] Doctor Bentley has largely proved, that  
*ex somnis* can only signify a Person who never sleeps, which  
he thinks a ridiculous Epithet. An Edition in the Year

K k

1482.

ODE XXVI. *Ad VENEREM.*

VIXI puellis nuper idoneus,  
 Et militavi non sine gloria:  
 Nunc arma defunctumque bello  
 Barbition hic paries habebit,  
 Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus  
 Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida  
 Funalia, & vestes, & arcus  
 Oppositis foribus minaces.

O, quæ beatam diva tenes Cyprum, &  
 Memphim carentem Sithoniâ nive,  
 Regina, sublimi flagello  
 Tange Chloën semel arrogantem.

1482, reads *et somnis*, starting out of her Sleep, which has been taken into the Text by Mr. Cuninghame, and Mr. Sanadon.

18. *Dulce periculum.* ] There is a kind of Infolence in the Promise, which Horace makes, of not saying any thing, but what is marvellous and sublime. As the Ancients were persuaded that all great Words, if we may use their own Expression, all the Language of Vanity was usually followed by some Punishment from the Gods, they took care to soften it by something more humble. Thus our Poet modestly corrects his poetical Vanity, when he says to Bacchus, I know the Danger of such Promises, but Danger charms when we follow the God who crowns his Temples with the Leaves of the Vine. Nothing can be terrible to him who is under the Protection of such a Deity.

D A E.

## ODE XXVI.

Horace had been too long a Slave to the foolishness of all Passions, and he now resolves to break its Chains. We shall be able to judge, by the following Remarks, whether his Repentment had not a greater Share in this Resolution than his Reason.

S A N.

Vers. 3. *Nunc arma defunctumque*, &c. ] Ovid tells us, that every Lover is a Soldier, *militat omnis amans*, and as the Ancients were accustomed to consecrate their Arms to Mars, when they quitted the Trade of War; so the Poet here dedicates to Venus his Lyre, his Torches and Bows. He hangs up his midnight Arms upon the Eastern Wall of her Temple, on the left Side of the Goddess; for the Sta-

ODE XXVI. *To VENUS.*

By Mr. HARE.

ONCE, fit for Feats of Love, I came  
 With flying Colours from the Game;  
 But now alas! the Time is o'er,  
 My Courage flags, I can no more.

Farewell, my Lute, I now can play  
 No more the tender am'rous Lay;  
 To Thee, O *Venus*, I resign  
 The Arms that serv'd in Wars of thine:

Within thy Temple I repose  
 Extinguish'd Torches, Bars and Bows,  
 By which my Mifs I us'd to gain,  
 And Bolts and Doors oppos'd in vain.

O *Cyprian* Queen, that lov'st to hold  
 The sunny Regions free from Cold,  
 O'er scornful *Chloe* lift thy Wand,  
 And scourge her with un pitying Hand.

ODE

tues of the Gods were placed in such a manner as to look towards the South, so that the East, which was always esteemed the happy Quarter of the Heavens, was upon their left Hand.

L A M B.

6. *Hic, hic ponite*, &c. ] This Repetition shews the Firmness of his Resolution, but violent has been the Dispute amongst the Commentators, nor is it yet determin'd, what kind of Weapons the Poet here consecrates to his Goddess. Doctor Bentley comes armed with his own conjectural Hatchet, *securesque*. Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon have drawn a kind of huge Cutlas, *barpas*, with which Mercury killed Argus, and with which Perseus cut off Medusa's Head. Lastly Mr. Dacier is contented with the Bows, *arcus*, which are found in all the Manuscripts, however whimsical and ridiculous such Instruments may be thought for breaking open Doors. The Critic indeed makes another use of them, to repulse the Guards, which the Ladies might have for their Defence, when their Doors were forced open, for which he thinks that the Bars, *vestes*, were sufficient.

## ODE XXVI. To VENUS.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

I Lately was fit to be call'd upon Duty,  
 And gallantly fought in the Service of Beauty:  
 But now crown'd with Conquest I hang up my Arms,  
 My Harp which campaign'd it in midnight Alarms;  
 Here fix on this Wall, here my Ensigns of Wars,  
 By the Statue of Venus, my Torches and Bars,  
 And Arrows which threaten'd by Cupid their Liege,  
 War, War on all Doors, that would hold out a Siege.  
 O Goddess of Cyprus, and Memphis that know  
 Nor the Coldness or Weight of Love-chilling Snow,  
 With an high-lifted Stroke, yet gently severe,  
 Avenge me on Chloe the proud and the fair.

ODE

9. *O, quæ beatam.*] Horace having consecrated his Arms to Venus, addresses his Prayer to her, and instead of a solemn, irrevocable Oath never to engage himself to Chloe more, he only complains of her Cruelty, and begs that she may be punished, yet even this Punishment must be very gentle. He intreats the Goddess to strike her tenderly, *tangit*, and he is afraid lest she should redouble her Blows, *femel*. These are not very strong Signs that the Poet was quite sincere either in his Repentment or Conversion.

S A N.

## ODE XXVI. To VENUS.

ONCE I was gay, and great in Charms,  
 Success still waited on my Arms,  
 In Venus' Battles bravely stout,  
 I fought, and conquer'd when I fought:  
 But now my Arms and wanton Lyre,  
 Whose Tunes could spread Harmonious Fire,  
 Whose moving strokes could soon impart  
 Soft Wishes to the tender Heart,  
 My Torches, Leavers, Darts and Bows,  
 That broke the Doors that did oppose,  
 That did all Obstacles remove  
 Which hinder'd my pursuit of Love,  
 In Venus' Shrine unheeded lie  
 With all my Love's Artillery.  
 Great Goddess, who o'er Cyprus reigns,  
 And scorching Memphis burning Plains,  
 Let coy and scornful Chloe know  
 The fury of thy Cupid's Bow;  
 And let her smart for her Disdain,  
 Enflame her Breast, and I shall love again.

ODE

K k 2



## ODE XXVII. AD GALATEAM NAVIGATURAM.

## ODE XXVII. TO GALATEA.

[By another Hand.]

IMPIOS paræ recinentis omen  
 Ducit, & prægnans canis, aut ab agro  
 Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,  
     Foetæ vulpes;  
 Rumpit & serpens iter institutum,  
 Si per obliquum similis sagittæ  
 Terruit mannos. Ego cui timebo  
     Providus auspex,  
 Antequam stantes repetat paludes  
 Imbrium divina avis imminetum,  
 Oscinem corvum prece fuscitabo  
     Solis ab ortu.  
 Sis licet felix ubicunque mavis,  
 Et memor nostri, Galatea, vivas;  
 Namque nec lævus vetat ire picus,  
     Nec vaga cornix.  
 Sed vides quanto trepidat tumultu  
 Pronus Orion? Ego quid sit ater  
 Adriæ, novi, sinus; & quid albus  
     Peccet Iapyx.

20  
Hostium

LET the ill-boding noise Jay  
 Salute the Guilty on their Way;  
 Let Foxes, as they pass along,  
 And Wolves accost them, big with Young.  
 5 Let Snakes, as swift as Arrows, thwart  
 The Road, and make their Horses start;  
 But you no Guilt, no Danger know,  
 Why should I be concern'd for you?  
 I'll summon from the Eastern Skies  
 10 The Crow, e'er to the Fens he flies;  
 And bid him change his croaking Strain,  
 And not forebode or Wind or Rain.  
 May Galatea happy be,  
 And kindly still remember me!  
 15 May no rude Pye, or luckless Crow,  
 Bode ill Success, where'er you go!  
 But see! Orion's setting Star  
 Portends a mighty Tempest near;  
 Too well the raging Seas I know,  
 And what the adverse Winds can do.

May

This is allowed by all the Commentators to be one of the most difficult Odes in Horace, by our not being able to discover either the Person to whom it is addressed, or any Circumstances of her Voyage. Mr. Sanadon imagines, that it is written to Lelia Galla, the Wife of Posthumus, who was chosen by Augustus, soon after their Marriage, to go with Tiberius into Armenia, where that Prince was ordered to reinstate Tigranes on his Throne. Propertius reproaches Posthumus, in the eleventh Elegy of his third Book, for leaving Galla; and some time after writes to him in Galla's Name, *Hæc Arethusa suo mittit mandata Lycotæ*, under the feigned Names of Lycotas and Arethusa. These Letters had their just Effect upon Posthumus, who permitted Galla to go to him, and when she was on the Point of embarking, Horace writes this Ode to her, in which he wishes her all favourable Omens, yet represents the Dangers to which she was going to expose herself.

The Reader must determine for himself, what Likeness and Resemblance there are in this Story to the Subject of this Ode, or what Probability in the conjectural Discovery.

Yers. 1. *Paræ.*] This was a kind of Bird of bad Au-

gury to us unknown. The Romans carried this Superstition even to Extravagance, and it were ridiculous to search for the Reasons of these Examples of it, which Horace hath collected.

S.A.N.

2. *Ducit.*] Unlucky Presages do not engage a Traveller to continue in his Road; Mr. Sanadon therefore thinks, that *ducit* must be construed *comitatur*, conducts him on his Way.

3. *Agro Lanuvino.*] Mr. Sanadon thinks, that his Scheme very happily explains this Passage, which has perplexed all other Commentators, and that Horace mentions *Lanuvium* particularly, because it was situated on the Road to Brundisium, where Galatea was to embark.

5. *Rumpit & serpens iter institutum.*] By the usual Manner of construing this Passage, it is a very happy Wish to the guilty Traveller, and the Gods are very kind to him, in deterring him from a Journey, which must be unfortunate to him. *Rumpere* must therefore be understood *trojicere* to cross or thwart the Road.

Rumpit

## ODE XXVII. TO GALATEA.

**F**IERCE from her Cubs the ravening Fox,  
Or Wolf from steep Lanuvian Rocks,  
Or pregnant Bitch, or chattering Jay,  
Ill-omen'd guide the Guilty on their Way;

Serpents, like Arrows, side-long thwart  
The Road, and make their Horses start;  
But whom I hold in Friendship dear,  
For them I view the doubtful Skies with Fear;

And bid the chaunting Raven rise,  
When Phoebus gilds his orient Skies,  
E'er speeds the Shower fore-boding Crow,  
To Lakes, whose languid Waters cease to flow.

Happy may Galatea prove,  
Nor yet unmindful of our Love;  
For now no luckless Pye prevails,  
Nor vagrant Crow forbids the swelling Sails,

But see, what Storms tumultuous rise,  
While prone Orion sweeps the Skies;  
Too well I know the Adrian Main,  
And Western Winds, perfidiously serene,

Oh

## ODE XXVII. TO GALATEA.

By Mr. HARE.

**T**HE pregnant Bitch, the chatt'ring Jay,  
The grizzly Wolf, and Fox with Young  
Shall meet the Wicked in their Way,  
And inauspicious lead along:

Impetuous Serpents fright their Steed  
As cross the Road they fiercely dart,  
And break their Journey; but succeed  
You charming Mistress of my Heart.

E'er to the Marshes flies away  
The Bird that speaks a Tempest nigh,  
I careful Augur trust to pray  
A luckier from the Eastern Sky.

Where-e'er you go may Bliss attend,  
And, Galatea, think on me;  
Joyful attain your Journey's End,  
Nor one unhappy Omen see.

But look, Orion is but low,  
And threatens Tumults in the Seas;  
The Rage of *Adria* well I know,  
And Treach'ry of the wanton Breeze.

Be

*Rumpit*, as Mr. Bentley assures us, is the Reading of a very ancient Manuscript, *codex insigni vetustate*. The common Editions read *ducat* and *rumpat*, which hath caused all the Difficulty of these Strophes. The little Knowledge which the Commentators had of this Ode has made it appear one of the most disfigured in the Manuscripts and Editions. The present Corrections have been received by Doctor Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon.

11. *Of cinem corvum*.] Authors, who have written upon the Auguries of the Ancients, give such very different Accounts of them, that we cannot with Certainty determine to what Quarter of the Heavens their Augurs turned their Faces in these Ceremonies, and perhaps they had not any regular, uniform Method. In general we may conclude, that all Omens from the East, whether on their right or left Side, were always thought prosperous; *corvi*, *sc. ab ortu occident clarâ voce, presentem felicitatem significabant*. *Faustum habebatur si quid a solis ortu prodiret*. The Crow therefore, which the Poet intends to call from the East, is to give Galatea a fortunate Omen of her Voyage. S. A. N.

15. *Namque nec lævus vitat*.] We have here two Corrections, and both necessary. Mr. Cuninghame has reformed the Beginning, and Dr. Bentley the End of this Line. *Teque nec* makes the Sense difficult, and *neque te* disorders the Measure of the Verse. *Vitat* is in the Vatican Manuscript, and has been received by Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon.

19. *Novi*.] Horace knew the Adriatic Sea in his Voyage to Athens, when he went to study Philosophy there; and a second time in his Return to Italy, after the Battle of Philippi.

21. *Cæcos motus orientis Austri*.] Some Interpreters explain *cæcos* unknown, as all the Motions of the Winds are unknown. Others think that Horace means *nocturnos*, because the South-Wind is more violent in the Night than the Day. *Noctu Austri, interdiu Aquilo vehementior*.

PLIN.

24.

Hostium uxores puerique cæcos  
Sentiant motus orientis Auftri,  
Æquoris nigri fremitum, & trementes  
Verbere rupes.

Sic & Europe nîveum doloso  
Credidit tauro latus, & scatentem  
Belluis pontum, mediasque fraudes  
Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, &  
Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ,  
Nocte sublustrî nihil astra præter  
Vidit & undas.

Quæ simul centum tetigit potentem  
Oppidis Cretam, ô patris, ô relictum  
Filix nomen, pietasque, dixit,  
Victa furore!

Unde? quò veni? levis una mors est  
Virginum culpæ. Vigilansne ploro  
Turpe commissum? an vitiis carentem  
Ludit imago

Vana, quæ portâ fugiens eburnâ  
Somnium ducit? meliusne fluctus  
Ire per longos fuit, an recentes  
Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvenum  
Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro, &  
Frangere enitar modo multum amati  
Cornua monstri.

Impudens

24. *Trementes verbere rupes.* ] The Text is here greatly confused. *Trementes verbere ripas, tremantis verbera ripæ, trementes verbera ripas*; all of which form the same Sense. As it is not natural, that they who are in the main Ocean should feel the Trembling of the Shores, Mr. Sanadon reads *rupes* instead of *ripas*, which properly signify the Banks of a River, not the Shores of the Sea. This is not the first Place where the Copyists have mistaken one of these Words for the other.

25. *Sic & Europe.* ] Galatea was preparing to embark, because the Skies were serene, and the Seas calm; but Horace tells her that Europa was deceived by the same Serenity of the Skies, and Calmness of the Seas; that she soon had reason to repent of her Boldness, when she saw nothing round her but Stars and Waves. Such is the Force and Justness of the Comparison.

34. *Cretam, ô patris.* ] The common Reading is *Cretan*

May those I hate ascend their Ship,  
When Southern Blasts infest the Deep,  
When gloomy Waves begin to roar,  
And dash against the trembling Shore!  
25 When on the Bull *Europa* rode,  
Not knowing that she prest a God,  
Breathless and pale the Dame survey'd  
The Main, where rolling Monsters play'd.  
Lately she rang'd the flowry Mead,  
30 And weav'd new Garlands for the Head;  
Now all the Scene that greets her Eyes,  
Is boundless Seas, and starry Skies.  
Arriv'd upon the *Cretan* Coast,  
Whose Shores a hundred Cities boast,  
35 Mad with despair, she cry'd, Adieu  
My Father, and my Virtue too!  
Where am I? wretched and undone!  
And can a single Death atone  
The loss of Honour and of Shame?  
40 Or am I pure, and this a Dream?  
Is it a vain Delusion sent  
From Hell, and I still Innocent?  
Could I the Meads and Flow'rs forsake,  
To swim upon a Monster's back?  
45 Had I that Bull this moment here,  
His flesh I could to pieces tear,  
And break his horns, by rage inspir'd;  
And spoil the Form I once admir'd.

Thus

*pater ô, relictum ô; or Cretam ô pater, ô relictum.* Thus the Text became difficult, as appears by the different Explanations of Doctor Bentley. Nothing can be more clear and more just than what Europa is made to say by the present Correction of Mr. Cuninghame; *Tibi patris, mihi filix nomen periiit & utrumque extinxit furor.* S. A. N.

38. *Virginum culpæ.* ] This Expression is general and modest, for the Crime of violated Virginity. In this whole Narration the Discretion of Horace is observable, in taking care not to say any thing offensive to the most delicate Modesty. Europa throws a Veil over the infamous Action which she has committed, and only gives a frightful Image of it, without daring to name it. D. A. C.

40. *Porta fugiens eburna.* ] Dreams of Falshood, according to Homer, passed through an Ivory Gate in the infernal World; and those of Truth through a Gate of Horn.

45



Oh may the rising Tempest shake  
Our Foes, and dreadful o'er them break,  
For them the black'ning Ocean roar,  
And angry Surges lash the trembling Shore.

When on her Bull Europa rode,  
Nor knew she press'd th' imperial God,  
Bold as she was th' affrighted Maid  
The rolling Monsters of the Deep survey'd.

Late for the rural Nymphs she chose  
Each Flower, a Garland to compose,  
But now, beneath the Gloom of Night,  
Views nought but Seas, and Stars of feeble Light.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan Shore,  
My Sire, she cries, -- Ah mine no more,  
For every pious, tender Name  
Is madly lost in this destructive Flame.

Where am I, wretched and undone?  
And shall a single Death atone  
A Virgin's Crime? Or do my Fears  
Deplore the guilty Deed with waking Tears?

Or am I yet, ah! pure from Shame,  
Mock'd by a vain, delusive Dream?  
Could I my springing Flowrets leave,  
To tempt through Length of Seas the faithless Wave?

While thus with just Revenge possess'd,  
How would I tear that odious Breast?  
How would I break, by Rage inspir'd,  
Those Horns alas! too fondly once admir'd?

Shameless,

Be hostile Brides and Children near,  
You distant from the dreadful Roar;  
When *Auster* joins the watry War,  
And Billows lash the trembling Shore.

*Europa* was as bold as you,  
When sweetest Flow'rs she stray'd to cull,  
Wove for her Nymphs the Garlands due,  
And tamely rode the treach'rous Bull:

But quickly own'd her pale Affright,  
When rapt by rolling Monster's Sides,  
She only saw in Dead of Night  
The Gleam of Stars, and foaming Tides.

Soon as she touch'd the *Cretan* Coast,  
*Crete* for an hundred Cities fam'd;  
O Father, Virtue, Daughter lost!  
Alas! the raving Maid exclaim'd.

Whence or where am I? Death alone  
Were too small Punishment for me;  
But have I the foul Action done  
Awake? or sleeping am I free?

Is it a wild Delusion come  
From Hell to turn a Virgin's Brain?  
Ah no! — Ah! had I not at home  
Better pick'd Flow'rs than cross'd the Main?

Oh! that the wicked Bull was here,  
That once I lov'd, but now detest;  
I'd break his tow'ring Horns; — I'd tear  
Him Limb from Limb, perfidious Beast!

Impudent

to the Language a Music expressive of the Thought. Perhaps it would be difficult to express the following Description in any smoother Words than those which Mr. Pope hath chosen:

The hoarse, rough Verse should like the Torrent roar.

50. *Impudens*.] Double Impudence; to suffer herself to be dishonoured, and to survive that Dishonour; even her continuing to live, is a Continuation of her Crime. Yet in all her Despair and Horror of Mind, she preserves so much of

45. *Si quis inforem.*] All these Emotions are natural. Europa finds herself equally criminal and unfortunate, and the Monster who had abused her becomes the first Object of her Repentment. She then reflects upon herself, and determines to expiate her Crime by an immediate Death. Mr. Saunderson observes, that Horace, to express the Violence of her Rage, has frequently repeated the Letter R, as in another beautiful Instance, *Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambe*.

Poets have indeed improved the Art of making Sounds an Echo to the Sense; but there is in very many Instances, a kind of natural Agreement between Sounds, and Things represented by them, which, without our intending it, gives

Impudens liqui patrios pectates :  
 Impudens Orcum moror. ô Deorum  
 Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem  
     Nuda leones.

Antequam turpis macies decentes  
 Occupet malas, teneræque succus  
 Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro  
     Pascere tigres.

Vilis Europe, pater urget absens :  
 Quid mori cessas ? potes hæc ab orno  
 Pendulum zonâ bene te secutâ e-  
     lidere collum.

Sive te rupes, & acuta letho  
 Saxa delectant ; age, te procellæ  
 Crede veloci : nisi herile mavis  
     Carpere pensum,

Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi  
 Barbaræ pellex. Aderat querenti  
 Perfidum ridens Venus, & remisso  
     Filius arcu.

Mox ubi luit satis ; Abstineto,  
 Dixit, irarum, calidæque rixæ ;  
 Cùm tibi invisus laceranda reddet  
     Cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis ?  
 Mitte singultus ; bene ferre magnam  
 Disce fortunam : tua sectus orbis  
     Nomina ducet.

Thus from my Father's Realms I fly !  
 Dare to do ill, but dare not die !  
 Hear me, some kind propitious Pow'r,  
 Let some wild Beast this Wretch devour.  
 Expose my lovely Form a Prey  
 To Tygers, as they range this Way,  
 When Hunger prompts them to their Food,  
 E'er they have stain'd their Jaws with Blood.  
 Make haste to die, unhappy Maid !  
 Thy Father will thy Crimes upbraid ;  
 This Girdle and yon bending Tree  
 Shall soon conclude thy Destiny :  
 Or from these Rocks rush headlong down,  
 And in the raging Ocean drown ;  
 Yourself from Shame and Bondage save,  
 How can a Princess be a Slave ?  
 Venus and Cupid, as the Dame  
 Thus mourn'd, to her Assistance came ;  
 The Boy his Bow unbent, the Queen  
 Of Beauty all in Smiles was seen.  
 Awhile she rally'd with the Fair ;  
 Then thus at last, fond Maid ! forbear  
 Thy Rage, and give thy Passion o'er ;  
 This hated Bull is in thy Pow'r.  
 Forget thy Sighs, and think of Love ;  
 'Tis great to be the Wife of Jove :  
 The World's best Part shall speak thy Fame,  
 And be distinguish'd by thy Name.

## ODE

## ODE

Woman, as to dwell with Pleasure upon the Description of her Person, and to be more anxious for the Loss of her Beauty, than the Loss of her Life. But, as Mr. Dacier more politely observes, she perhaps wishes to die before she loses her Beauty, that she may punish the Cause of her Guilt and her Misfortunes.

53. *Antequam turpis.* ] Victims were fatted in the richest Pastures for the Altar, and Europa considers herself as if she were intended for a Sacrifice. S. A. N.

58. *Quid mori cessas ?* ] The Gods are regardless of her Prayers ; neither Lions nor Tigers appear to devour her, and now the dreadful Image of her absent Father presents itself to her disordered Imagination, and condemns her to Death. S. A. N.

59. *Zonâ bene te secuta.* ] Hanging was the common Death of ancient Heroines in Tragedy and History. Arface

in Heliodorus ; Jocasta and Antigone, in Sophocles ; Phædra, in Euripides ; Amata in Virgil, and the Wife of Mithridates in Plutarch, died in this Manner. D. A. C.

60. *Elidere collum.* ] *Ledere collum*, which is the usual Reading, is a very weak Expression in the violent Passion here described, and it would be difficult to find a single Instance in all Antiquity, where it signifies to strangle. *Elidere collum* is frequently used in this Sense by Latin Writers ; it appears in some ancient Manuscripts, and in several of the best Editions of our Author.

61. *Rupes & saxa.* ] *Rupes acutis saxis in mare prominentes.* Rocks, which rise above the Seas, and are pointed for Death. S. A. N.

64. *Pensum.* ] Was properly a certain Quantity of Wool, which was every Day given to Female Slaves for their Talk. It

Shameless, my Father's Gods I fly;  
 Shameless, and yet I fear to die.  
 Hear me some gracious heavenly Power,  
 Let Lions dire this naked Corse devour.

My Cheeks ere hollow Wrinkles seize,  
 Ere yet their rosy Bloom decays,  
 While Youth yet rolls its vital Flood,  
 Let Tygers fiercely riot in my Blood.

But hark! I hear my Father cry,  
 Make haste, unhappy Maid, to die,  
 For if a pendant Fate you chuse,  
 Your faithful Girdle gives the kindly Noose;

Or from the Rocks an headlong Death,  
 Behold the pointed Stones beneath;  
 Or plunge into the rapid Wave,  
 Nor live, on haughty Tasks, a Spinster-Slave,

Born as Thou art of Royal Line,  
 Some rude Barbarian's Concubine.  
 Here the perfidious-smiling Dame,  
 And idle Cupid to the Mourner came.

A while She rallied with the Fair,  
 Then with a grave and serious Air,  
 Indulge, she cries, thy Rage no more,  
 This odious Bull shall yield him to thy Power.

Yet sigh no more, but think of Love,  
 For know Thou art the Wife of Jove.  
 Then learn to bear thy future Fame,  
 When Earth's wide Continent shall boast thy Name.

## ODE

It was weighed, from whence it was called *pensum*, which afterwards became a Name for any regular and ordinary Work. From hence the Proverb *perfolwere pensum*, to do our Duty.

CRUQ.

66. *Pellex*.] We may remark here the different Genius of Languages; *Pellex* in Latin, was always applied to Women, as in English we use the Word Concubine, in regard to Men. *Pellices Jovis* would be as incorrect in Latin, as the Concubines of Juno in English.

*Aderat querenti*.] After this passionate Discourse the Poet presents a calmer Picture to his Reader, where the Figures form a very pleasing Opposition of Sentiments, Actions, and

Impudent Strumpet, thus to lose  
 My Fame and Country at a Time,  
 I would not live; — ye Gods, I chuse  
 To feed fierce Lions for my Crime:

Come Lions, Tygers, on me fly,  
 E'er blooming Beauty pine away;  
 E'er my pale meagre Cheeks deny  
 The luscious Moisture to your Prey.

But Wretch to suffer why so slow?  
 Thy injur'd Sire demands thy Breath;  
 O'er yonder Tree thy Girdle throw,  
 And quickly do the Work of Death.

Or, if yon Rocks beneath thee please,  
 Well-sharpen'd for a fatal Wound;  
 Precipitate thy self on these,  
 Born by the Storm to the Profound.

Die, quickly die, unless thy Soul,  
 Thy Royal Soul, can condescend  
 To ply a foreign Mistress' Wool,  
 And on her Husband's Bed attend.

While raging thus she spoke her Woe,  
 Sly *Venus* treacherously smil'd;  
 And *Cupid* with his slacken'd Bow  
 Stood titt'ring at the Nymph beguil'd:

At length the Goddesses gently said,  
 I've laugh'd enough and you complain'd;  
 Come let your Passion be allay'd,  
 — The wicked Bull's at your Command:

Mistaken Fair, those Sobs restrain,  
 'Twas *Jove* that with you play'd the Game;  
 Learn your great Fortune to sustain;  
 Lo! half the West assumes your Name.

## ODE

Attitudes. On one side Europa disordered, and preparing to kill herself; on the other, *Venus* smiling at her Despair, and *Cupid*, perfectly contented with having triumphed over



## ODE XXVIII. Ad LYDEN.

FESTO quid potiùs die  
 Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum,  
 Lyde strenua, Cæcubum,  
 Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiz.  
 Inclinare meridiem  
 Sentis; ac, veluti stet volucris dies,  
 Parcis deripere horreo  
 Cessantem Bibuli consulis amphoram.  
 Nos cantabimus invicem  
 Neptunum, & virides Nereidum comas:  
 Tu curvâ recines lyrâ  
 Latonam, & celeris spicula Cynthiæ:  
 Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon  
 Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas, & Paphon  
 Junctis visit oloribus  
 Dicetur; meritâ Nox quoque nœniâ.

## ODE

the Sovereign of the Gods, with his Bow unstrung, as if he had nothing more to do after such a Conquest. SAN.

70. *Abstineto irarum.* ] After Venus hath sufficiently diverted herself in laughing at this unfortunate Princess, she tells her, this odious Bull shall soon be in her Power, and that she shall treat him with greater Mildness than what her present Rage intends. In this Reasoning, Mr. Sanadon construes *abstineto* in the Future Tense, *abstinebis*; a Manner of Expression frequently used by the Latin Authors.

75. *Scelus orbis.* ] Horace follows the poetical Tradition, for it is more probable, that Europe took its Name from a Province of Northern Macedonia, called *Europia*. The Ancients divided the whole Earth into two Parts, Europe and Asia. SAN. DAC.

## ODE XXVIII.

Horace, who was an Enemy to the Noise and Tumult of a public Festival, writes to Lyde to let her know that he intended to retire to her House from the Croud and Hurry of Neptune's Feast, which was celebrated, according to the Roman Calendar, on the twentieth of July. Pliny tells us, that in Athens the twenty-eighth Day of every Month was sacred to Neptune.

Verf. 4. *Munitæque adhibe vim, &c.* ) The Wisdom of Sobriety always on its Guard against Surprise. Horace ad-

## ODE XXVIII. To LYDE.

TO the Sea-potent Monarch how shall we  
 Due Honour on his Festal pay?  
 Now, *Lyde*, let thy choice *Cæcubian* flow;  
 For decent Mirth is Wisdom's Friend.  
 See'st not how prone the Sun's declining Ray?  
 Yet Thou, as if wing'd Time stood still,  
 Art slow to hasten down the ling'ring Cask  
 Which, mark'd with *Bibulus's* Name,  
 Like it's inglorious Consul loves Repose.  
 Alternate we great *Neptune's* Praise  
 Will tuneful sing, and Train of *Nereid* Nymphs  
 That spread abroad their azure Locks:  
 Touch'd by thy skilful Hand, th' harmonious Lyre  
*Ladona*, and th' unerring Darts  
 Of *Cynthia* shall resound; the smiling Queen,  
 Whose Sway the shining *Cyclades*  
 And *Cnidos* own; whom to the *Paphian* Isle  
 Her Snow-white Swans delight to bear.  
 Nor will we, for the Joys which she bestows,  
 Ungrateful leave the Night unsung.

## ODE

vices her to storn the Camp of Sobriety with Wine, and to drive away its Guards, Temperance, Moderation, Severity, Frugality, and Thirst. *Adhibere vim* is only a different Manner of expressing *tormentum admoveere*. CAU.

8. *Cessantem Bibuli.* ) The Poet calls his Cask idle, in allusion to *Bibulus*, who shut himself up in his House during his whole inactive Consulship with *Julius Cæsar*; or the Epithet may be applied to *Lyde*, who seems to have been a little perplexed with the Invitation which Horace proposed, and in no mighty Hurry to execute his Orders. DAC. SAN.

16. *Dicetur meritâ Nox, &c.* ) The Poet says, that *Venus* shall be celebrated in the last Song, *summo carmine*, and he adds, that they will also sing to the Goddesses of the Night, in Gratitude for the Pleasures which they had enjoyed, to let *Lyde* know that he designed to spend Part of the Night with her.

## ODE XXVIII. To LYDE.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

SAY, what shall I do on the Festival Day  
Of Neptune? Come, Lyde, without more Delay,  
And broach the good Creature, invaulted that lies,  
Cast off all Reserve, and be merry and wise.  
The Evening approaches, You see, from yon Hill,  
And yet as if Phœbus, though winged, stood still,  
You dally to bring Us a Cup of the best,  
Condemn'd, like its Consul, ignobly to rest.

We tuneful alternate, the Sea-potent King,  
And Nereids, with Ringlets of Azure shall sing.  
From the sweet-sounding Shell thy Hand shall araife  
Latona's, and swift-darting Cynthia's Praise;  
The gay-smiling Goddess of Love and Delight,  
Who rules over Cnidos, and Cyclades bright,  
And guiding her Swans with a soft silken Rein,  
Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad Strain.  
Then to the good Night, while Bumpers elate us,  
We'll sing a Farewel, and a decent Quietus.

ODE

## ODE XXVIII. To LYDE.

WHAT should I do at Neptune's Feast,  
What better should my Thoughts employ,  
What should I do but treat my Guest,  
And show the Greatness of my Joy?  
Wine, Lyde, Wine; scorn sober Sense,  
My Bowl is strong, and that will make a weak defence.

Dost see how half the Day is past?  
And yet, as if wing'd Time would stay,  
You still the precious Minutes waste,  
And lead me on with slow Delay,  
Wine, Lyde, Wine; to raise my Flame,  
Old lusty Wine, and seal'd with Bibulus's Name.

I'll sing great Neptune bound by Rocks,  
I'll sing the Nereids Sea-green Hair;  
And how they sit and spread their Locks  
To tempt the greedy Mariner:  
You to your Harp Latona sing,  
And Cynthia's Arrows shot from an unerring String.

Both her who drawn by murm'ring Doves  
To Paphos guides with silken Strings,  
While Cupids wait, and wanton Loves  
Fan their warm Mother with their Wings:  
Just Songs and Thanks shall praise the Night,  
For lingring long, and giving Space for gay Delight.

L 1 2

ODE

ODE XXIX. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

**T**YRRHENA regum progenies, tibi  
 Non ante verso lene merum cado,  
 Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, &  
 Pressa tuis balanus capillis  
 Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ; 5  
 Ne semper udum Tibur, & Æsulæ  
 Declive contempleris arvum, &  
 Telegoni juga parricidæ.  
 Fastidiosam desere copiam, &  
 Molem propinquam nubibus arduis: 10  
 Omitte mirari beatæ  
 Fumum & opes strepitumque Romæ.  
 Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,  
 Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum  
 Cœnæ, sinè aulæis & ostro, 15  
 Solicitam explicuere frontem.  
 Jam clarus occultum Andromedæ pater  
 Ostendit ignem; jam Procyon furit,  
 Et stella vefani Leonis;  
 Sole dies referente siccos. 20  
 Jam

We may say of the Odes of Horace, what has been said of the Orations of Demosthenes, the Iambic Poems of Archilochus, and the Letters of Atticus, that the longest are not the least beautiful. To support one continued Flight of Poetry deserves its Praise, but Horace in this Ode rises without ceasing, until he has gained a Point of Elevation to which no other Poet ever soared. Such is the Judgment of Scaliger, who seldom praises without Reason.

We cannot exactly fix the Date of this Ode, but it seems, with some Probability, to have been written in July 733, when Mæcenas was sole Governour of Rome. S A N.

Verf. 2. *Non ante verso.*) The Ancients placed their Casks upon the Bottom, and were therefore obliged to bend them forward when they poured out their Wine. *Cadum vertere* and *crateras vertere* are Expressions of the same Kind. T O R R.

6. *Ne semper udum Tibur.*) Mæcenas could command the Prospect of the three Cities, which Horace names, from his House upon the Æsquilian Hill, where Nero afterwards sat to behold the Burning of Rome. The Fall of Houses was so frequent, occasioned by their being built so high, that Augustus published a Law, which forbade them to be raised above seventy Foot.

12. *Strepitumque Romæ.*) We may compute how great the Noise of a City must have been, which reckoned three Millions of Inhabitants; whose Circuit, according to Pliny, including the Suburbs, was forty-eight Miles; and where

ODE XXIX. *To MÆCENAS.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**D**ESCENDED of an ancient Line,  
 That long the *Tuscan* Sceptre sway'd,  
 Make haste to meet the generous Wine,  
 Whose Piercing is for Thee delay'd:  
 The rosy Wreath is ready made;  
 And artful Hands prepare  
 The fragrant *Syrian* Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.  
 When the Wine sparkles from afar,  
 And the well-natur'd Friend cries, *Come away*;  
 Make haste and leave thy Business and thy Care,  
 No mortal Int'rest can be worth thy Stay.  
 Leave for a-while thy costly Country Seat;  
 And, to be great indeed, forget  
 The nauseous Pleasures of the Great: }  
 Make haste and come:  
 Come and forsake thy cloying Store;  
 Thy Turret that surveys, from high,  
 The Smoke, and Wealth, and Noise of *Rome*;  
 And all the busy Pageantry  
 That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:  
 Come give thy Soul a loose; and taste the Pleasures of  
 the Poor.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich to try  
 A short Vicissitude, a Fit of Poverty:

A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,  
 Where all is plain, where all is neat;  
 Without the stately spacious Room,  
 The *Persian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,  
 Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

The Sun is in the *Lion* mounted high;  
 The *Syrian* Star  
 Barks from afar;

And with his sultry Breath infects the Sky;  
 The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'n's above  
 us fry.

The



## ODE XXIX. To MÆCENAS.

DESCENDED from an ancient Line,  
That once the Tuscan Sceptre sway'd,  
Haste thee to meet the generous Wine,  
Whose piercing is for Thee delay'd.  
For Thee the fragrant Essence flows,  
And for Mæcenas breaths the blooming Rose.

From the Delights, Oh, break away,  
Which Tibur's marshy Prospect yields;  
Nor with unceasing Joy survey  
Fair Æsula's declining Fields;  
No more the verdant Hills admire  
Of Telegon who kill'd his aged Sire.

Forfake, my Lord, the joyless Feast,  
Where Appetite in Surfeit dies,  
And from the tower'd Structure haste,  
That proudly threatens to the Skies;  
From Rome and its tumultuous Joys,  
Its Clouds, and Smoke, and Opulence, and Noise.

To frugal Treats, and humble Cells,  
With grateful Change the Wealthy fly,  
Where health-preserving Plainness dwells,  
Far from the Carpet's gaudy Dye.  
Such Scenes have charm'd the Pangs of Care,  
And smooth'd the clouded Forehead of Despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous Sire  
Now darts his hidden Beams from far;  
The Lion shews his madning Fire,  
And barks fierce Procyon's raging Star,  
While Phœbus, with revolving Ray,  
Brings back the Burnings of the thirsty Day.

Fainting

the Houses might be raised seven Stories, each of them ten Foot high. Lampridius tells us, that Heliogabalus collected ten thousand Pound Weight of Cobwebs in Rome.

13. *Plerumque gratæ*, &c.) This Description of a tranquil Life, a frugal Table, and an House that has no other Ornament than an elegant Decency, forms an agreeable Di-

## ODE XXIX. To MÆCENAS.

MY noble Lord of Royal Blood,  
That from the Tuscan Monarchs flow'd,  
I have a Cask ne'er pierc'd before;  
My Garlands wreath'd, my Crowns are made,  
My Roses pluck'd to grace thy Head;  
As fair and sweet as e'er *Præneste* bore.

Make haste, my Lord, and break away  
From all the Shackles of Delay,  
From watry Tibur's Fields retreat:  
Let not low Æsula delight,  
Nor let her Vales detain thy Sight,  
Or Parricide *Telegonus* his Seat.

From thy disgusting Plenty fly,  
Thy Palace leave, that mounts on high,  
And hides her Head in bending Clouds;  
Admire no more (but quickly come)  
The Wealth, the Noise, and Smoke of Rome,  
That happy Mansion of our future Gods.

Changes have often pleas'd the Great,  
And in a Cell a homely Treat;  
But sweet and good, and cleanly drest,  
Tho' no rich Hangings grace the Rooms,  
Or Purple wrought in Tyrian Looms,  
Have smooth'd a careful Brow, and calm'd a troubled Breast.

The Dog's and Lion's Fury rise,  
With doubled Beams they scorch the Skies;

The

verity after the tumultuous Magnificence of Rome. SAN. 17. *Jam clarus occultum ignem.*) Cepheus, with his Wife Cassiope, and his Daughter Andromeda, was placed among the Stars. He forms a Constellation in the Tail of the lesser Bear, and is situated in such a manner in the Artic Circle, that he is always above the Horizon, excepting his Head and Shoulders, which seem to descend. Horace probably designed to describe this Particularity by an Expression, *clarus* and *occultum*, which seems to include a Contradiction. But this is a Figure of speaking, called *Oxymoron*.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido  
Rivumque fessus querit, & horridi

Dumeta Sylvani; caretque

Ripa vagis taciturna ventis.

Tu civitatem quis deceat status

Curas, & orbis sollicitus times,

Quid Seres, & regnata Cyro

Bactra parent, Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus;

Ridetque, si mortalis ultra

Fas trepidat. Quod adest, memento

Componere æquus: cætera fluminis

Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo

Cum pace delabentis Etruscum

In mare, nunc lapides adefos,

Stirpesque raptas, & pecus, & domos

Volventis unâ, non finè montium

Clamore, vicinæque silvæ;

Cùm fera diluvies quietos

40  
Irritat

ron, very frequent in our Poet. Columella says that *Cepheus* rises the ninth of July, which agrees perfectly with this Passage.

TORR. SAN.

23. *Dumeta Sylvani.* ) *Sylvani* is the Nominative Case plural, and *querunt* must be understood. They who think, that Horace means the God *Sylvanus*, make him twice say the same Thing; for when the Shepherd and his Flock seek the Shades, *umbras querit*, it is an useless Repetition to say, that they seek the Thickets of *Sylvanus*. The Sylvans in Heathen Mythology were certain rural Deities of less Importance, such as *fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Sileni*, &c.

TORR. SAN.

24. *Caretque ripa vagis.* ) The Ancients believed that Mid-day was calm and silent, because the Gods then went to their Repose. We are not permitted, says a Shepherd in *Theocritus*, to play upon the Flute in the Middle of the Day; we should reverence the God *Pan*, who after fatiguing himself with Hunting, has chosen this Hour for his Repose, and You well know, that he is a choleric Deity.

25. *Tu civitatem.* ) This is a noble Compliment, that while all Nature is languishing in Idleness and Inactivity; while the Gods themselves are asleep, yet *Mæcenas* is always vigilant; always anxious for the Safety of Rome and of the Empire.

D A C.

26. *Orbis sollicitus.* ) Some Editions read *urbis*, and others *urbis*, which are equally unworthy of Horace; since they are equally useless after *civitatem* in the preceding Verse.

27. *Quid Seres.* ) The Poet would insinuate to *Mæcenas*, that he too much torments himself in guarding Rome from

The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock  
Beneath the Covert of a Rock;

And seeks refreshing Riv'lets nigh:

The Sylvans to their Shades retire,

25 Those very Shades and Streams, new Shades and  
Streams require; [ing Fire.

And want a cooling Breeze of Wind to fan the rag-

Thou what befits the new Lord May'r,

And what the City Faction dare,

And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,

And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,

Art anxiously inquisitive to know:

But God has wisely hid from human Sight

The dark Decrees of future Fate;

And sown their Seeds in Depth of Night;

He laughs at all the giddy Turns of State,

When Mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

Enjoy the present smiling Hour;

And put it out of Fortune's Power:

The Tide of Business, like the running Stream,

Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,

A quiet Ebb, or a tempestuous Flow,

And always in Extream.

Now with a noiseless, gentle Course,

It keeps within the middle Bed;

Anon it lifts aloft the Head,

And bears down all before it with impetuous Force,

And Trunks of Trees come rolling down:

Sheep and their Folds together drown:

Both House and Homestead into Seas are born,

And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,

And Woods made thin with Winds, their scatter'd Honours mourn.

Happy

Dangers to which she is no longer exposed, and preventing the Projects which her most distant Enemies might form against her.

28. *Tanaisque discors.* ) The Scythians and Sarmatians, who bordered upon this River, were frequently engaged in Wars with each other, from whence the Poet calls it *discors*.

L A M B.  
31.

Fainting beneath the sweltring Heat,  
To cooling Streams, and breezy Shades  
The Shepherd and his Flocks retreat,  
While rustic Sylvens seek the Glades.  
Silent the Brook its Borders laves,  
Nor curls one vagrant Breath of Wind the Waves.

But you for Rome's imperial State  
Attend with ever-watchful Care,  
Or, for the World's uncertain Fate  
Alarm'd, with ceaseless Terrours fear;  
Anxious what Eastern Wars impend,  
Or what the Parthians in their Pride intend.

But Jove, in Goodness ever wise,  
Hath hid, in Clouds of depthless Night,  
All that in future Prospect lies,  
Beyond the Ken of mortal Sight,  
And laughs to see vain Man oppress'd  
With idle Fears, and more than Man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present Hour;  
Enjoy the Bliss which it bestows;  
The rest is all beyond our Power,  
And like the changeful Tiber flows,  
Who now beneath his Banks subsides,  
And peaceful to his native Ocean glides,

But when descends a sudden Show'r,  
Dreadful he rolls his broken Flood,  
The Mountains hear the Torrent roar,  
And Echoes shake the neighbouring Wood,  
Then swol'n with Rage He sweeps away  
Trees, mouldring Rocks, Herds, Dwellings to the Sea.

Happy

31. *Ridet.*] This moral Sentiment is perfectly just, and Horace represents it in a Manner capable of making an Impression on us. *Trepidare* marks both the ridiculous Fears, arising from an indiscreet Apprehension of Futurity, and the superfluous Emotions of our imaginary Misfortunes, which are to us a real Matter of Torment, and to the Gods an Occasion of Laughter. Mæcenas might naturally apply to himself what is here said in general. S A N.

*Ultra fas.*) Beyond the Law of his Being; beyond the

The Swains retire to mid-day Dreams:  
The bleating Flocks avoid the Heat,  
And to the Springs and Shades retreat;  
And not one breath of Air curls o'er the Streams.

Whilst you still watch the turns of Fate,  
The careful Guardian of our State;  
Intent on what the *Mede* prepares:  
What leads the quiver'd *Persian* forth,  
What moves the *Bactrian*, and the *North*,  
Are the distracting Objects of thy Cares.

Future Events wise Providence  
Hath hid in Night from human Sense,  
To narrow bounds our Search confin'd;  
And laughs to see proud Mortals try  
To fathom deep Eternity  
With the short Line and Plummets of their Mind.

Those Joys the present Hours produce  
Take thankfully, my Lord, and use;  
All other Things like Rivers flow,  
In their own Channels thro' the Plain,  
They fall into the *Tuscan* Main,  
And bless the Country as they go:  
When Rain hath rais'd the quiet Floods,  
Whilst neighb'ring Mountains all around  
Are fill'd, and echo with the Sound,  
They whirl the eaten Rocks and Woods,  
And drown the growing Labours of the Plow.

He's

Bounds prescribed to him by Nature:

32. *Quod adest componere*) Be an Oeconomist of the present Hour. These Words include the most essential Point of Morality, and we may be bold to say, that the Maxims of all the Philosophers are Consequences of this Principle. S A N.

33. *Cætera fluminis.*) This Description of the Tiber is a perfect Image of the Vicissitude of human Life, and the Moral of it is animated with a poetical Spirit which gives it Life and Being. The Reader must observe how artfully, or rather naturally, the Poet has varied his Numbers to describe the Slowness with which the Tiber flows within his Channel, and the Rapidity with which he deluges the Country. These are Beauties which a Translator must endeavour to preserve.



Irritat amnes. Ille potens sui  
 Lætusque degit, cui licet in diem  
 Dixisse, vixi: cras vel atrâ  
 Nube polum Pater occupato,  
 Vel sole puro: non tamen irritum,  
 Quodcunque retro est, efficiet; neque  
 Diffinget, infectumque reddet,  
 Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.  
 Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &  
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,  
 Transmutat incertos honores,  
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.  
 Laudo manentem. Si celeres quatit  
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, & meâ  
 Virtute me involvo, probamque  
 Pauperiem sinè dote quæro.  
 Non est meum, si mugiat Africis  
 Malus procellis, ad miseras preces  
 Decurrere, & votis pacisci,  
 Ne Cypriæ Syriæque merces  
 Addant avaro divitias mari;  
 Tum me biremis præsidio scaphæ  
 Tutum per Ægæos tumultus  
 Aura ferat, geminusque Pollux.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,  
 He who can call *To-day* his own;  
 He who secure within can say,  
 To-morrow *do thy worst*, for I have liv'd *To-day*;  
 Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,  
 The Joys I have possess'd in spite of Fate are mine.  
 Not Heav'n itself upon the Past has Pow'r,  
 But what has been has been, and I have had my Hour.

Fortune, that with malicious Joy,  
 Does Man her Slave oppress,  
 Proud of her Office to destroy,  
 Is seldom pleas'd to bless.  
 Still various, and unconstant still,  
 But with an Inclination to be Ill;  
 Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,  
 And makes a Lottery of Life,  
 I can enjoy her while she's kind;  
 But when she dances in the Wind,  
 And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,  
 I puff the Prostitute away:  
 The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd.  
 Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm:  
 And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

## ODE

45. *Non tamen irritum, &c.*) The Poet here uses three Expressions, which rise in Strength above each other; *irritum efficere*, to make ineffectual; *diffingere*, to change; *infectum reddere*, to destroy.

53. *Laudo manentem.*) These Sentiments are not of any particular School, but the universal Dictates of Reason which ought to regulate all true Philosophy. Perhaps the Emperor Adrian had this Passage of Horace in view, when he coined the Money, which Torrentius mentions, with this Motto, *FORTUNÆ MANENTI*.

54. *Resigno quæ dedit*) Is a figurative Expression. *Resignare* properly signifies to *unseal* or *open*, in Opposition to *signare*. It is here to be understood, *reddere*, *resituere*, to restore.

LAMB.

57. *Non est meum, &c.*) Whether we understand *procellis Africis*, the Storms of the African Seas, or those which the South-West Wind *Africus* brings upon the Italian Ocean, the Sense is the same, and Horace only means a violent Tempest. To prove that he is prepared for all Events, he places himself in Circumstances most proper to make trial of his Virtue. He can suppose the Vessel, in which are all his Hopes, and all his Fortunes, in the midst of a Tempest, yet he can thank the Gods for his single Preservation, without complaining of the Loss of his Wealth.

TORR. SAN.

What is't to me,  
 Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,  
 If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;  
 If the Mast split, and threaten Wreck;  
 Then let the greedy Merchant fear,  
 For his ill-gotten Gain;  
 And pray to Gods that will not hear,  
 While the debating Winds and Billows bear  
 His Wealth into the Main:  
 For me, secure from Fortune's Blows,  
 (Secure of what I cannot lose)  
 In my small Pinnace I can sail,  
 Contemning all the blust'ring Roar;  
 And running with a merry Gale,  
 With friendly Stars my Safety seek  
 Within some little winding Creek,  
 And see the Storm ashore.

ODE

Happy the Man, and He alone,  
 Who Master of himself can say,  
 To-day at least hath been my own,  
 For I have clearly liv'd To-day;  
 Then let To-morrow's Tempests rise,  
 Or purer Suns o'erspread the chearful Skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void  
 The Joy that wing'd the flying Hour,  
 The certain Blessing once enjoy'd  
 Is safe beyond the Godhead's Power;  
 Nought can recall the acted Scene,  
 What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

But Fortune, ever-changing Dame,  
 Indulges her malicious Joy;  
 Constant she plays her haughty Game,  
 Proud of her Office to destroy;  
 To-day to me her Bounty flows,  
 Instant to others she the Bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,  
 But if she shake her rapid Wings,  
 I can resign, with careless Ease,  
 The Gifts her worthless Favour brings,  
 Then folded lie in Virtue's Arms,  
 And honest Poverty's undower'd Charms.

When the Mast cracks beneath the Wind,  
 I make no mercenary Prayers,  
 Nor with the Gods a Bargain bind,  
 With future Vows and present Tears,  
 To save my Wealth from adding more  
 To boundless Ocean's avaricious Store;

While in my little Barge I ride,  
 Secure amid the foamy Wave,  
 Calm will I stem the threatening Tide,  
 And fearless all its Tumults brave;  
 Even then perhaps some kinder Gale,  
 While the Twin Stars appear, shall fill my joyful Sail.

ODE

He's Master of himself alone,  
 He lives that makes each Day his own:  
 He lives that can distinctly say,  
 It is enough, for I have liv'd to Day:  
 Let *Jove* To-morrow smiling rise,  
 Or let dark Clouds spread o'er the Skies:  
 He cannot make the Pleasure void,  
 Nor sower Sweets I have enjoy'd,  
 Nor call that back which winged Hours have born  
 away.

Still Fortune plays at fast and loose,  
 And still maliciously jocose,  
 Her cruel Sport she urges on;  
 Now smiles on me, on me bestows,  
 And then upon another throws  
 Vast Heaps of Wealth, and takes them back as soon.

Whene'er she stays with what she brings  
 I'm pleas'd, but when she shakes her Wings,  
 I straight resign my just pretence;  
 I give her back her fading Gold:  
 My self I in my Virtue fold,  
 And live content with Want and Innocence.

When spreading Sails rough Tempests tear,  
 I make no lamentable Prayer;  
 I do not bargain with the Gods,  
 Nor offer costly Sacrifice,  
 To save my precious *Tyrian* Dyes  
 From adding Riches to the greedy Floods.

E'en 'midst these Storms I'll safely ride,  
 My Bark shall stem the highest Tide;  
 Tho' Tempests toss, and th' Ocean raves,  
*Castor* shall gather gentle Gales,  
 And *Pollux* fill my spreading Sails,  
 And bear me safe thro' the *Ægean* Waves.

ODE

Plato called *τίχρας ἐμπορίας*, a Merchant's Traffick, and  
 by *Perfius preces emaces*, Prayers of Purchase.

60. *Syria*.) This Reading is in some Manuscripts, and  
 in one ancient Edition. Horace frequently mentions the  
 Merchandise of Syria, but never of Tyre, whose Trade was  
 greatly

M m

58. *Miseras preces*.) These conditional Prayers, which  
 Virtue blushes for, and which the Gods disregard, are by

## ODE XXX. Ad MELPOMENEN.

**E**XEGI monumentum ære perennius,  
 Regalique situ pyramidum altius;  
 Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
 Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
 Annorum series, & fuga-temporum.  
 Non omnis moriar; multaque pars mei  
 Vitabit Libitinam. Usque ego postera  
 Crescam laude recens; dum Capitolium  
 Scandet cum tacita virgine Pontifex.  
 Dicar, quâ violens obstrepat Ausidus,  
 Et quâ pauper aquæ Daunus agrestium  
 Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens,  
 Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos  
 Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam  
 Quæsitam meritis, & mihi Delphicâ  
 Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

greatly lessened in his time, especially after it had been ruined by Augustus, to punish the Tyrians for their Engagements with Anthony. We are obliged to Mr. Cuninghame for the Correction, and it has been received by Mr. Sanderson.

## ODE XXX.

Horace collected his Lyric Poetry, by Command of Augustus, into three Volumes, when probably he placed this Ode at the End of them. It is natural that every Artist should applaud Himself at the finishing any Work, in which he hath succeeded; yet is it more pardonable in Works of Genius, since they are, if such an Expression may be allowed, an Emanation of our Souls; and as they are most intimate, so are they consequently most dear to Us. But independently of Right, the Poets, whether good or bad, have ever maintained themselves in Possession of this Custom, and the Judgment of Posterity can alone determine between the Merit of some, and the Presumption of others. S A N.

Verf. 1. *Exegi monumentum.* ] This Monument might perhaps have done more Honour to the Poet, if it had been raised by any other Hand. But we must not reckon too exactly with Poets upon the Article of Vanity. Ovid has imitated Horace in an Epilogue, which he added to his Metamorphoses during his Exile, and perhaps his whole Intention was to contract in nine Verses what is here a little more enlarged. However, the Sentiments are the same, and in the same Order. S A N.

2. *Pyramidum.* ] The Pyramids are still remaining to shew what Wonders an insolent Vanity of Kings, and an abject Slavery of Subjects, can produce. *Piromi* signifies, in the Ægyptian Language, a Man, and probably was a Title given to their Heroes or Kings.

## ODE XXX. To MELPOMENE.

By Mr. JABEZ HUGHES.

**I**'VE rais'd a Monument, by far  
 More firm than Brass, nor swelling high,  
 Ægypt's proud Pyramids that mate the Sky,  
 With this in Grandeur can compare.  
 Not beating Show'rs, nor Boreas' Sway  
 That sweeps a blustering Circuit wide,  
 Nor flowing Years, nor Time's incessant Tide  
 The solid Fabrick shall decay,  
 Or down the Deluge bear the steadfast Pile away.  
 I shall not, all extinguish'd, wholly die,  
 My better Part shall Fate defy,  
 And while the sacred Rites remain,  
 And with the silent Virgin's Train  
 The Priest ascends the Capitol,  
 My Praise shall flourish fresh, and Destiny controul  
 Where *Ausidus*'s ample Flood  
 Rolls his full Wave with rapid Current strong,  
 And shallow *Dæmus* mildly floats along,  
 Tho' lowly born of humble Blood,  
 I shall be noble styl'd, who in my Song,  
 First fitted to th' Italian Mood  
 Æolian Verse, and taught my Lyre  
 The Measures that gay Mirth inspire.  
 Then Muse, advance, and boldly claim  
 The merited Reward of Fame,  
 Assume the Pride to Merit due,  
 And willing crown thy shaded Brow,  
 With the fair Wreath of *Phæbus*' living Bough.

3. *Quod non imber edax.* ] Pindar speaks in a more Lyric Tone of the Treasure of his Hymns:

Τὸν ἔτι χιμῆριος ὄμβρος ἱπταλὸς ἰδὼν  
 Ἐριβόρμῃ νηπίας στρατὸς ἀμείλιχος,  
 Οὐτ' ἀνιμὸς ἐς μυχρὸς αἰὼς  
 Ἀεὶ παμφέρον χερσὶ τυπτομένης.

Nor wintry Showers that fearful rend  
 The teeming Clouds, and violent descend  
 Like armed Hosts in dread Array;

Nor



## ODE XXX. To MELPOMENE.

MORE durable than Brads, the Frame  
Which here I consecrate to Fame;  
Higher than Pyramids that rise,  
With royal Pride, to brave the Skies;  
Nor Years, though numberless the Train,  
Nor Flight of Seasons, wasting Rain,  
Nor Winds that loud in Tempests break,  
Shall ere its firm Foundation shake.  
Nor shall the funeral Pyre consume  
My Fame; that nobler Part shall bloom,  
And with unfading Youth improve,  
While to th' immortal Fane of Jove  
The Vestal Maids, in silent State,  
Ascending on the Pontiffe wait.  
Where Ausidus with deafning Waves,  
And rapid Course impetuous raves;  
And where a poor, enervate Stream,  
From banish'd Daunus takes its Name,  
O'er warlike Realms who fix'd his Throne,  
Shall Horace, deathless Bard, be known,  
Who first attempted to inspire,  
With Grecian Sounds the Roman Lyre.  
With conscious Pride, O Muse divine,  
Assume the Honours justly thine,  
With laurel Wreaths my Head surround,  
With which the God of Verse is crown'd.

Nor Winds, tempestuous in their Course,  
Shall drive with irresistible Force,  
These Treasures to the Sea.

7. *Libitinam*.] This was the Goddess who presided over Funerals. She is called *Venus infera* or *Epithymia* in some ancient Epitaphs, and reckoned among the infernal Deities. A Place in Rome, as the ancient Scholiast informs us, was called *Libitina*, where the Undertakers lived, who received a certain Piece of Money for every Person who was buried, from whence they knew the Number of their Dead.

9. *Cum tacita virgine*.] The Pontiffe or high Priest alone pronounced any Words concerning Religion in public Sacrifices, and the Vestal Virgins, who attended him to the Capitol, were obliged to preserve a solemn Silence. The Prediction of our Poet is now accomplished far beyond the Term he proposed. The Capitol is fallen; The Religion of the Romans continues no longer, yet the Poems of Ho-

## ODE XXX. To MELPOMENE.

THIS finish'd; I have rais'd a Monument  
More strong than Brads, and of a vast Extent;  
Higher than *Egypt's* stateliest Pyramid,  
That costly Monument of Kingly Pride;  
As high as Heav'n the Top as Earth the Basis wide;  
Which eating Showers, nor North-wind's feeble Blast,  
Nor whirling Time, nor Flight of Years can waste:  
Whole *Horace* shall not die, his Songs shall save  
The greatest Portion from the greedy Grave:  
Still fresh I'll grow, still green in future Praise,  
'Till Time is lost, and *Rome* itself decays;  
'Till the Chief-Priest and silent Maid no more  
Ascend the Capitol, and *Jove* adore:  
Where violent *Ausid* rolls thro' humble Plains,  
And where scorch'd *Daunus* rul'd the lab'ring Swains,  
There shall my Fame resound, there all shall cry  
'Twas I, the great from mean Descent, 'twas I  
That first did dare to bind the *Grecian* Song,  
And unknown Numbers in the *Roman* Tongue:  
Muse, take thy Merits due, and proudly raise  
Thy Head, and gladly crown my Brows with Bays.

race preserve all their original Strength and Beauty. We may now be bold to say, that their Destiny is blended with that of the World, and they can only perish in one common Ruin.

12. *Agrestium regnavit popularum*.] Is an Ellipsis, where *rex* must be understood. *Quà regnavit Daunus rex popularum agrestium*. Horace uses this Epithet *agrestis* for *bellicosus*, as in another Ode he calls *Daunia militaris*.

*Ex humili potens*.] Mr. Dacier, who believes that Horace intends here his own Meanness of Birth, wonders what Doctor Bentley was thinking of, when he applied these Words to Daunus. Yet Festus tells us, that this Prince was an Illyrian of Distinction, who being obliged to leave his Country established a Colony in Italy, which he called by his own Name. Perhaps the River which Horace seems to describe as a poor, feeble Stream, in opposition to the rapid, violent Ausidus, was named Daunus from its first Monarch.

13. *Princeps Æolium carmen*.] In this Poem, which ought to be the last of his Lyric Works, the Poet shews that he has preserved his Resolution of imitating Alceus and Sappho, which he mentioned in his first Ode. Nor is it probable, that he could have so frequently boasted of being the first who formed himself upon an Imitation of the Grecian Poets, if the Public had not in general acknowledged his Claim.

SAN.

M m 2

The End of the THIRD BOOK.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

THE FOURTH BOOK

## CARMINUM

OF THE

## ODES

LIBER QUARTUS.

OF

HORACE.

ODE I. *Ad VENEREM.*

INTERMISSA, Venus, diu

Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ

Sub regno Cynaræ: desine, dulcium

Mater sæva Cupidinum,

Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus

Jam durum imperiis: abi,

Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

Tempestivius in domo

Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Comeffabere Maximi;

Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum;

Namque &amp; nobilis, &amp; decens,

Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,

Et centum puer artium,

Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ;

The greater Part of the Odes in this Book were written in the five or six last Years of our Poet's Life; but the Commentators, by mistaking the Sense of a Passage in Suetonius, have imagined that it was composed, as it now appears, by Command of Augustus some Years after the third. *Scripta quidem ejus usque adeo probavit, mansuraque perpetuo credidit, ut non modo seculare carmen componendum injunxerit, sed & Vindelicam victoriam Tiberii Drusique privignorum, e-  
intervallo quartum addere.* But since it is apparent that some Odes in this were written before others in the preceding Books, the Historian can only mean, that Horace had not published them until this Time; or that he joined to those, which were composed by particular Command of Augustus, some which had never appeared before.

We find in an ancient Manuscript, quoted by Torrentius, that this Book was inscribed to Fabius Maximus,

CARMINUM LIBER QUARTUS  
AD FABIIUM MAXIMUM.

*Translated by Mr. BROMWICH.*ODE I. *To VENUS.*RENEW'ST thou, *Venus*, then the War  
Long-intermitted? spare thy Suppliant, spare!

Alas! I am not what I was

10 Beneath fair *Cynara's* gentle Reign. Then cease,

Too cruel Mother of the Loves,

To bend whom now his fiftieth Winter leaves

Unpliant to thy soft Commands:

But go where Prayers of flatt'ring Youth invite;

15 To *Paul* a seasonable Guest,

Thy purple Cygnets to his Palace guide;

There revel, if thou seek'st t' enflame

A Bosom worthy thy pure Fire. For he,

Of noble Birth and graceful Mein,

Ne'er silent in th' Unhappy's Cause, whose Bloom

An hundred winning Arts adorn,

Shall far and wide thy awful Banner wave:

And

Verf. 2. *Rursus.*] Horace had solemnly renounced all his amorous Gallantries at the Age of Forty; but he afterwards fell in Love with *Glycera*, and at fifty Years of Age is again *rursus*, engaged in his present Passion.

3. *Bonæ Cynaræ.*] The Commentators differ about the Meaning of this Epithet. Some understand it in general as the Language usually spoken of the Dead; others that it means

# THE FOURTH BOOK.

By the Rev. Mr. PHILIP FRANCIS.

## ODE I. To VENUS.

**A** GAIN new Tumults fire my Breast?  
Ah spare me, Venus, let thy Suppliant rest;  
I am not now, alas! the Swain,  
I was in Cynara's good-natur'd Reign.  
Fierce Mother of the Loves, no more  
Attempt to bend me to thy charming Power,  
Harden'd with Age; but swift repair  
Where Youth invokes Thee with the soothing Prayer.  
Would you enflame with young Desire,  
A Bosom worthy of thy purest Fire,  
To Paulus guide, a welcome Guest,  
Thy purple Swans, and revel in his Breast.  
Noble of Birth, and graceful made,  
Nor silent when Affliction claims his Aid,  
The Youth of hundred conquering Arts  
Shall wave thy Banners wide o'er female Hearts;

But

means Cynara's Good-nature; or lastly her particular Regards for Horace in loving him without a View to Interest, or Presents.

*Quem scis immunem Cynara placuisse rapaci.*

EPIST. 14. Lib. 1.

Who without Gifts could pleasing prove  
To Cynara's rapacious Love.

This Instance of her Affection makes Mr. Dacier think that Horace was not very old when he courted her.

4. *Define dulcium mater seva.*] We may well imagine why the Poet calls Venus cruel, yet it is not so easy to account for his calling the Loves *dulces*, who are at least as cruel as their Mother. But this Epithet rather signifies tender, and very well agrees with the Cupids, who were always represented as Children.

D A C.

*Cupidinum.*] Some Account of the Cupids hath been already given in the nineteenth Ode of the first Book. But we must not examine the Genealogies of the Heathen Gods with too much Rigour, for probably they were Emblems which ought to be physically explained.

# THE FOURTH BOOK.

By Mr. CREECH.

## ODE I. To VENUS.

**L**ONG interrupted War  
Thou, Venus, dost again renew,  
And former Hate pursue;  
Oh spare, for Pity, Venus, spare!

I am not what I was  
In lovely Cynara's easy Reign,  
When Heat warm'd ev'ry Vein,  
And manly Beauty fill'd my Face.

Cease, Queen of soft Desires,  
To bend my Mind grown stiff with Age,  
And fifty Years engage  
To crackle in thy wanton Fires.

But Youth and Beauty hear,  
Go where their tender Wishes call,  
And let their Sighs prevail;  
Go free young Virgins of their Fear.

There is a noble Game,  
In Paulus' House, go drive thy Doves,  
And revel with thy Loves,  
His Heart deserves thy choicest Flame:

For he is great in Charms,  
The chiefest Honour of the Bar,  
He'll make successful War,  
And spread the Glory of thy Arms.

When

7. *Mollibus imperiis.*] The Poet is so little able to support the Fatigues of a Love Warfare, that he cannot bear whatsoever is most easy and gentle in the Empire of Venus.

D A C.



Et, quandoque potentior  
 Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,  
 Albanos prope te lacus  
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe citreâ.  
 Illic plurima naribus  
 Duces thura; lyræque & Berecynthiæ  
 Delectabere tibiæ  
 Mistis carminibus, non finè fistulâ.  
 Illic bis pueri die  
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum  
 Lauantes, pede candido  
 In morem Saliûm ter quatient humum.  
 Me nec foemina, nec puer  
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,  
 Nec certare juvat mero,  
 Nec vincere novis temporâ floribus.  
 Sed cur, heu, Ligurine, cur  
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?  
 Cur facunda parum decoro  
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?  
 Nocturnis te ego somniis  
 Jam captum teneo; jam volucrem sequor  
 Te per gramina Martii  
 Campi; te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

ODE

9. *Purpureis ales oloribus.* ] This Expression is remarkable. Venus is called a Bird because her Chariot was drawn by Birds. The Word *purpureis* hath given much Pain to the Commentators, who with various Corrections read *fulguris*, *marmoris*, *Porphyreis*. The Ancients called any strong and vivid Colour by the Name of Purple, because that was their richest Colour.

16. *Late signa feret militiæ tuæ.* ] The Poet tells Venus that Fabius shall extend her Empire, and it is a Compliment to this noble Roman to be appointed the Standard-Bearer of Venus, for the handsomest and the bravest Men were always chosen for that Commission.

D A C.

18. *Potentior largis muneribus riserit æmuli.* ] Maximus had probably some Rival who endeavoured to weaken his Advantages of Birth, Wit and Beauty, by prodigious Expences and magnificent Presents; but it is impossible to guess at the particular Persons or Circumstances to which Horace alludes. The Words may be differently construed, either *riserit potentior muneribus*, or *potentior riserit muneribus*. Mr. Dacier chuses the first, and the Translator the second as a more natural and easy Construction. If he shall succeed in his Passion, and be able to laugh at the Presents of his wealthy Rival, &c.

And when more potent, by thy Aid,  
 Than all his Rival's num'rous Gifts he smiles,  
 Of purest Marble thou shalt stand  
 20 Beneath a Citron Roof, near *Alba's* Lake:  
 There grateful Odours shalt respire  
 From thy heap'd Altar; while the warbling Flute  
 And *Berecynthian* Cornet join  
 The Lyre's soft Harmony, with lenient Airs  
 25 To charm thine Ear: There twice each Day,  
 Of Youths and Virgins, hymning thy just Praise,  
 A blooming Choir the sprightly Dance,  
 In *Salian* Measures, shall around thee tread.  
 Me, manumis'd from Beauty's Pow'r,  
 30 No more the Hopes of mutual Love deceive;  
 E'en *Bacchus'* Joys no longer please,  
 Nor round my Brow to wreath the new-blown  
 Rose:  
 But why, ah! Fair one, down my Cheek  
 35 Thus steals th' involuntary Tear? Ah! why,  
 In unbecoming Silence lost,  
 Thus dies Perswasion on my fault'ring Tongue?  
 Thee, in my Dreams, now seiz'd I clasp  
 With visionary Joy; now swift pursue,  
 As thro' the flow'r-besprinkled Lawn,  
 Or purling Stream, you, cruel! take your Flight.

ODE

19. *Albanos prope te lacus.* ] The City of *Alba* was built between a Mountain and a Lake, which *Livy* says was in a large Forest. Horace promises that *Maximus* shall erect a Temple near this Lake, because perhaps he had a House there; but Mr. Dacier thinks, that the Promise might have been more agreeable to the Goddess, from the Memory of her Grandson *Ascanius*, who had built the City. As this Particularity could not enter into a Translation with any Grace nor be with Ease intelligible to an English Reader, it is omitted.

20. *Sub trabe citreâ.* ] Some Editions read *Cypriâ trabe*, but although *Cyprus* abounded in Wood, yet it seems to have been Wood only proper for building Ships. On the contrary, the Citron-Tree, particularly that of the Forest of Mount *Atlas*, was so valuable, that it was employed in making the richest Furniture. The Promise therefore to Venus was not a little considerable, and yet it had not been the only Temple of this Wood erected to the Gods.

But if thy powerful Aid he prove,  
And laughs at Rivals, who with Gifts make Love,  
Thou in a citron Dome shalt stand,  
Form'd by the Sculptor's animating Hand;  
There shall th' abundant Incense flame,  
And Thou transported scent the rising Steam,  
While all the Powers of Music join  
To raise the-Song with Harmony divine.  
There shall the Youths and Virgins pay  
To Thee their grateful Offering twice a-day.  
Like Salian Priests the Dance shall lead,  
And many a mazy Measure round Thee tread.  
For me, alas! those Joys are o'er,  
For me the vernal Garland blooms no more;  
No more the Feats of Wine I prove,  
Nor the delusive Hopes of mutual Love.  
But why, ah! Fair One, still too dear,  
Steals down my Cheek th' involuntary Tear?  
Or why, thus falter o'er my Tongue,  
These Words which once harmonious pour'd along?  
Swift through the Fields, and purling Streams,  
I follow Thee in visionary Dreams,  
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy Charms,  
And now you burst, ah cruel, from my Arms.

ODE

TORR.

21. *Plurima naribus duces thura,* ] *Ducere* is applied to whatever we swallow, whether by the Nose or Mouth. The Poet promises nothing but Incense to Venus, because no Sacrifice of Blood was offered to her; yet he does not think it sufficient to promise her a Statue, Incense, and a Temple, but assures her that her Temple shall be filled with Worshippers, Music and Dancing.

*Lyrae & Bercynthiae.* ] The Music in the Temples was usually composed of a Voice, one Lyre, one or two Flutes, and a Flagelet. There was at Delos a Statue of Apollo, who held in his left Hand his Bow and Arrows, and in his right the three Graces, with each an Instrument in her Hand. The first held a Lyre, the second a Flagelet, and the third a Flute.

26. *Pueri cum virginibus.* ] The Ancients had not any Children educated to sing in their Temples, nor employed any Theatrical Performers, but chose from the best Families a certain Number of young People of both Sexes, who sang until others were elected to succeed them. DAC.

32. *Novis floribus.* ] The Commentators understand by *novis floribus*, Flowers newly gathered for Crowns in their Entertainments; but Mr. Dacier, without condemning this Explication, thinks the Words may be better applied figuratively to Crowns, which were worn as Marks of new

When he, the lovely, smiles,  
When he the happy Man shall prove,  
And win by naked Love  
His giving Rival's costly Spoils;

Of Cedar grac'd with Gold,  
A stately Pile shall proudly rise  
As glorious as the Skies,  
And thy blest Image gladly hold;

Before thee, thrice a day,  
With Incense sweet thy Shrine shall smoke,  
And Boys and Maids invoke,  
And dance, and praise thee as they pray;

In wanton Order move,  
While Pipe, and Flute, and charming Lyre  
Compose the joyful Quire,  
And naked all, and fit for Love,

No Maids, no wanton Boys,  
No empty Hopes of mutual Love.  
My feeble Passions move,  
Or quicken my dead Soul to Joys:

E'en Crowns and Wine displease,  
I cannot laugh and drink all Night,  
Old Age doth cramp Delight,  
And lead me down to lazy Ease.

But Ah? what's this, my dear!  
Dear *Ligurine*, ah! tell me why  
These Drops forsake my Eye,  
And tender Sighs fan ev'ry Tear?

Why doth my flowing Tongue  
In unbecoming Silence fall?  
And why do Sighs prevail,  
And in the midst surprize my Song?

Thee, thee, my lovely Boy,  
Now, now I clasp, and now in Dreams  
Pursue o'er Fields and Streams;  
Thee, thee, my Dear, my flying Joy.

ODE

## ODE II. Ad ANTONIUM IULUM.

PINDARUM quisquis studet æmulari, I-  
ule, ceratis ope Dædalea

Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus

Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

Quem super notas aluere ripas,

Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo

Pindarus ore;

Laurea donandus Apollinari,

Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos

Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur

Lege solutis:

Seu Deos, regesque canit, Deorum

Sanguinem; per quos cecidere iusta

Morte Centauri; cecidit tremenda

Flamma Chimæra:

Amours. Thus Horace, by saying he had quitted these Crowns, would tell us that he had long ceased to love.

35. *Cur facunda.*] If we could doubt that Horace was of an open, free, companionable Chearfulness, this Passage were sufficient to prove it. Perhaps Augustus called him, in this Character, *Homuncionem lepidissimum.*

## ODE II.

A great Prince, who can reckon a great Poet among his Subjects, does not need either Brass or Marble to perpetuate his Memory. Every Step which he makes to Glory shall be marked with a Monument as illustrious as durable. But a Poet who is conscious of his own Abilities, and would preserve a Reputation of Integrity, is happy in finding a Prince whom he may praise without dishonouring himself. Augustus and Horace equally enjoyed these uncommon Advantages.

This Emperor had been in Gaul, where his Presence put a stop to the Progress of the Sicambri, and supported the Conquests of Tiberius and Drusus over the Rhæti and Vindelici. He was expected with much Impatience at Rome, where a magnificent Triumph was preparing for him. The Return of this Prince, after a Campaign so glorious, gave occasion to our Poet to compose four Odes in which we see that the Maturity of an advanced Age had not lessened the Fire of his earliest Youth. We are indebted to Julius Antonius for the two first, who had engaged him to write them; and Augustus was so charmed with them that he proposed the Subject of the two others himself.

It is probable, that this Ode was written the latter End of the Year 740, when Augustus was expected at Rome; but the Affairs of Gaul, Germany and Spain, obliged him

## ODE II. To ANTONIUS JULUS.

By Mr. COWLEY.

PINDAR is imitable by none:

The *Phoenix* Pindar is a vast Species alone,  
Whoe'er but *Dædalus* with waxen Wings could fly,  
And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?

What could he who follow'd claim,  
But of vain Boldness the unhappy Fame,  
And by his Fall a Sea to name?

*Pindar's* unnavigable Song,  
Like a swoln Flood from some steep Mountain pours  
along,

The Ocean meets with such a Voice  
From his enlarged Mouth, as drowns the Ocean's  
Noise.

So *Pindar* does new Words and Figures roll  
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique* Tide,

Which in no Channel deigns t' abide,  
Which neither Banks nor Dikes controul.

Whether th' immortal Gods he sings,  
In a no less immortal Strain,  
Or the great Acts of God-descended Kings,  
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.

Each rich embroider'd Line,  
Which their triumphant Brows around  
By his sacred Hand is bound,  
Does all their starry Diadems outshine.

Whether

to defer his Return for some Months.

Verf. 1. *Pindarum quisquis.*] This Character of Pindar particularly regards his *Dithyrambics*; and the Judgment of Horace is the Judgment of all Antiquity. Plato, whom we can hardly suspect of flattering the Poets, acknowledges in Pindar something above mortal; and Alexander had so great Respect for his Memory, that when he took the City of Thebes, he ordered the House, in which the Poet had lived, to be preserved, and saved all who remained of his Family from the general Massacre. It is true, that the Length of his Digressions, which often makes him lose Sight of his Subject, have disgusted some modern Critics; but as we have only some Odes which he wrote upon those who carried the Prizes in the solemn Games of Greece, it is little surprising



ODE II. To ANTONIUS JULUS.

WHO emulous of Pindar's Flight upsoars,  
On waxen Wings like Icarus explores  
His pathless Way, and from the vent'rous Theme,  
Shall leave to azure Seas his falling Name.

As when a Torrent Flood, high swol'n with  
Showers,

Down from a steepy Mountain headlong pours,  
So in profound, unmeasurable Song

The deep-mouth'd Pindar foaming pours along.

Well He deserves Apollo's hallow'd Crown,

Whether new Words He rolls enraptur'd down

Impetuous through the Dithyrambic Strains,

Free from all Laws, but what Himself ordains;

Whether in lofty Tone sublime He sings

The deathless Gods, or God-descended Kings

By whom the Centaur Race were crush'd to Hell,

And dire Chimæra Flame-expiring fell;

Or

ODE II. To ANTONIUS JULUS.

HE that to equal Pindar tries,  
With waxen Wings he vainly flies  
Too near exalted Fame;

And must expect a Fate like his  
Who fell, and gave the Sea a Name.

As violent Rivers, swoln with Rain,  
Break o'er the neighb'ring fruitful Plain

With an impetuous Stream;  
So Pindar doth all Banks disdain,  
And overflows the highest Theme.

In all he doth deserve the Crown,  
Whether he rushes boldly on,

And rous new Words along;  
Through lawless Dithyrambics thrown;  
Or thunders in a looser Song:

Or Gods, or Gods next Kindred, Kings,  
In mighty Numbers mighty Things,

Or valiant Heroes Names  
That kill'd the Centaurs, nobly sings,  
And quench'd the fierce Chimæra's Flames.

Or

surprising that, in Subjects so confined and so uniform, he should frequently throw himself into a Wandering upon the Praises of the Heroes, from whom his own are descended, and of the Gods who were Founders or Protectors of the Cities from whence they came. Besides, the Fables of these Gods were as interesting to the People then, as they are to us indifferent.

SAN.

2. *Iule.* ] Julius Antonius was Son of the Triumvir and Fulvia. Augustus honoured him with the highest Employments in the State, and with the Government of several Provinces: He received him into his Alliance by marrying him to his Niece, yet Anthony ungratefully violated the House of his Benefactor by corrupting his Daughter Julia, and engaged in a Conspiracy against his Person. He prevented the Punishment of this Ingratitude by a voluntary Death.

5. *Monte decurrens.* ] It were not possible to find a Comparison more proper to figure to us the Character of a Poet always great in his Designs, sublime in his Sentiments, pompous in his Descriptions, rapid in his Style, bold in his Figures, and strong in his Expressions. Horace, in drawing this Character of Pindar, becomes a Pindar himself, and while he assures us that his Original is inimitable, he has drawn the Copy with so much Life, that we are apt to think his Modesty alone has given the Preference to the Grecian.

SAN.

7. *Fervet.* ] This Verb is properly applied to the Agitation of Fire, but it is also used to express the Motion of Waters, which seem to boil by their Rapidity. The Translator hath endeavoured to preserve his Author's Image by the Word *seaming*.

10. *Audaces dithyrambos.* ] We have already spoken of this kind of Poetry, which the Epithet *audaces* particularly characterises. The Dithyrambic demands a greater Boldness than any other poetical Composition, and is indeed the only one, in which a Lyric Irregularity may be happily indulged. This Irregularity has been fatal to the modern English Imitators, who abandoning themselves to a Wildness of Imagination, and a Licentiousness of Numbers, usually give us a fantastic Confusion instead of a noble Disorder. Mr. Sanadon makes the same Remark upon French Poetry.

*Nova verba.* ] Dithyrambic Poets had no more Right of making Words than any other Writers, but they had a greater Liberty of forming double or compounded Words, by joining together those already known and established; These are what Horace calls new Words.

SAN.

We may form a Character of Dithyrambic Poets from some Expressions of the Ancients concerning them. Suidas tells us that they talk much of Clouds and Meteors, from whence Aristophanes says they are nourished by the Clouds. Perhaps this Character gave rise to the Proverb, *He who drinks Water can never be a good Dithyrambic Poet.* As to compounded Words, the Greeks used them boldly both in

N n

Prose

Sive quos Elea domum reducit  
 Palma cœlestes, pugilemve equumve  
 Dicit; & centum potiore signis  
     Munere donat:  
 Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum  
 Plorat; & vires, animumque, moresque  
 Aureos educit in astra, nigroque  
     Invidet Orco.  
 Multa Diræum levat aura cycnum,  
 Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos  
 Nubium tractus: ego, apis Matinæ  
     More modoque,  
 Grata carpentis thyma per laborem  
 Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique  
 Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus  
     Carmina fingo.  
 Concines majore poëta plectro  
 Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroces  
 Per sacrum clivum, meritâ decorus  
     Fronde, Sicambros:

Whether at *Pisa's* Race he please  
 To carve in polish'd Verse the Conqu'rors Images,  
 Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,  
 20 Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous Song:  
 Whether some brave young Man's untimely Fate  
 In Words worth dying for he celebrate,  
     Such mournful, and such pleasing Words,  
 As Joy to his Mother's and his Mistress Grief affords:  
 25 He bids him Live and Grow in Fame,  
     Among the Stars he sticks his Name:  
 The Grave can but the Dross of him devour,  
 So small is Death's, so great the Poet's Power.

Lo, how th' obsequious Wind, and swelling Air  
 30 The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear  
 Into the Walks of Clouds, where he does play,  
 And with extended Wings opens his liquid way.  
     Whilst, alas, my tim'rous Muse  
 Unambitious Tracts pursues;  
 Does with weak unballast Wings,  
 About the mossie Brooks and Springs,  
 About the Trees new-blossom'd Heads,  
 About the Gardens painted Beds,  
 About the Fields and flowry Meads,  
 And all inferior beauteous Things,  
     Like the laborious *Bee*,  
 For little Drops of Honey fly,  
 And there with humble Sweets contents her Industry.

\* But you, whom nobler Genius fires,  
 Shall soar aloft, and in immortal Lays  
 Teach list'ning Nations what the God inspires,  
 Pleas'd to rehearse triumphant *Cæsar's* Praise;  
 When up the sacred Way, with Laurel crown'd,  
 He leads in Chains the fierce *Sicambrian* bound.  
     Greater

\* The Remainder by another Hand.  
 gave him what he asked, upon which he began his Ode in  
 this Manner:

It is not mine with forming Hand  
 To bid a lifeless Image stand

For

Prose and Verse; the Latins were more reserved, and in modern Languages a frequent, or injudicious Use of them, is one of the principal Sources of a frigid Style.

12. *Numeris lege solutis.* ] The Author of an Epitaph on Plautus says *numeri innumeri* in the same Sense. These two Passages had less perplexed the Learned, if they had more Knowledge of the ancient, irregular Versification. The Dithyrambic Liberty dispensed with the Poet's following any uniform Cadence; however he was not allowed to make new Verses by a new Form of Measures, but he might use any which had been already received, without being obliged to preserve a regular Return of Distichs or Strophes. SAN.

13. *Scu Deos, regesque canit.* ] After his Dithyrambics Horace mentions Pindar's Hymns to the Gods, and Panegyrics on his Heroes. D A C.

18. *Cœlestes.* ] Mr. Dacier wonders how Doctor Bentley could apply this Epithet both to the Horse and the Hero; we have heard, says the Critic, of an Horse that was made a Consul, but never of one that was ranked among the Gods with the Title of *cœlestis*. However, we find that the Horses were rewarded with an equal Share of poetical Glory, nor had any Reason to envy their Drivers.

19. *Centum potiore signis.* ] Perhaps this Passage alludes to a Story of Pindar, told by his Scholiast. When Pytheas had conquered in the Nemean Games, his Friends desired Pindar to write an Ode upon his Victory. The Poet demanding three Minæ, (somewhat about ten Pounds) they told him they could erect a Statue of Brass at that Price. Some Time afterwards they acknowledged their Fault, and

Or whom th' Olympic Palm, victorious Prize,  
Immortal crowns, and raises to the Skies,  
Wrestler or Steed — with Honours that outlive  
The mortal Fame, which thousand Statues give:

Or sings some hapless Youth in plaintive Lay,  
From his fond, weeping Bride, ah! torn away,  
His Manners pure, his Courage, and his Name,  
Snatch'd from the Grave, He vindicates to Fame.

Thus when the Theban Swan attempts the Skies,  
A nobler Gale of Rapture bids Him rise;  
But as a Bee, which through the shady Groves,  
Feeble of Wing with idle Murmurs roves,

Sits on the Bloom, and with unceasing Toil  
From the sweet Thyme extracts his flow'ry Spoil,  
So I, weak Bard! round Tibur's lucid Spring,  
Of humble Strain laborious Verses sing.

'Tis thine with deeper Hand to strike the Lyre,  
For Cæsar's Glory shall his Bard inspire,  
When He, with Laurel crown'd, the Meed of War,  
Drags the fierce Gaul at his triumphal Car;

Than

For ever on its Base;

But fly, my Verses, and proclaim

To distant Realms, with deathless Fame,

That Pytheas conquer'd in the rapid Race.

25. *Multa Dircaum.*] When Pindar rises into the Clouds, he has always Force enough to maintain and continue his Flight: When he descends from this Elevation, it is not that his Strength fails; his Descent has nothing of a Fall, and he has always Vigour sufficient to rise again. D A C.

29. *Per laborem plurimum.*) The Language of Horace is very different from what is usually spoken by modern Poets. He acknowledges that his Poems had cost him infinite Labour; but if we believe these Gentlemen, their Works are all *extempore*. However this is certain, that we cannot employ too much Time in producing a good Piece, nor too little in composing a bad one. S A N.

33. *Majore poeta plectro.*] Antonius is not only raised above Horace, but equalled even to Pindar; and that these Praises are not without Foundation, is a great Part of their Value. Anthony was a Poet, and in an Age when Poetry was in its highest Honour, and Estimation. Birth and Fortune did not then possess the Place of all Kinds of Merit;

Or praised him that swiftly rode,  
And, crown'd, return'd almost a God

From the *Olympian* Race;

Or Verses on the Brave bestow'd,  
More sounding and more strong than Brass.

Or softly sings, with pious grief,  
A Youth snatch'd from his weeping Wife,

And bears their Names on high,  
Their virtuous Manners, pleasant Life,  
And doth forbid their Loves to dye.

The *Theban* Swan vast whirls of Air  
Thro' highest Regions swiftly bear,

When he designs to rise,  
When he his lofty Head doth rear  
And shoots it thro' the cloudy Skies.

I, like a *Bee*, with Toil and Pain,  
Fly humbly o'er the flowry Plain,

And with a busy Tongue,  
The little Sweets my Labours gain  
I work at last into a Song.

But you shall sing in higher Strains  
What Conquests mighty *Cæsar* gains,

How great his Pomp appears,  
When justly Crown'd he leads in Chains  
The *German* Trophies of his Wars.

Greater

Men of Letters had the Happiness of finding Erudition and Taste among the Great, to whom they presented their Works. S A N.

36. *Sicambres.*) This Triumph, which the Poet promises, and which was designed for the Return of Augustus, was never carried into Execution. To avoid the Honours intended for him, he entered Rome in the Night, without informing the Senate of his Arrival. He went the next Day to the Capitol, and taking the Laurels off his Statues placed them at the Feet of Jupiter.



Quo nihil majus meliusve terris  
Fata donavere, bonique Divi;  
Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
Tempora prisca.

Concines lætosque dies, & urbis  
Publicum ludum, super impetrato  
Fortis Augusti reditu, forumque  
Litibus orbem.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)  
Vocis accedet bona pars; & ô sol  
Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto  
Cæsare felix.

Tumque dum procedit, Iô triumphæ  
Non semel dicemus, Iô triumphæ,  
Civitas omnis; dabimusque Divia  
Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ;  
Me tener solvet vitulus, relicta  
Matre qui largis juvenescit herbis  
In mea vota:

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes  
Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,  
Quâ notam duxit, niveus videri,  
Cætera fulvus.

## ODE

37. *Quo nihil majus meliusve.*) This Verse includes the greatest Praise that can be given to Princes, who never can be truly great, except they join Greatness and Goodness together. Augustus possessed these two valuable Qualities in an eminent Degree, for we must not judge of his Character by the first Years of his Reign: the Cruelties which he then exercised should be imputed to the Necessity of the Times, which hindered him from appearing what he really was; and if we must allow that his Exercise of Power at first was that of a Tyrant, rather than of a King, we may be bold to say that the End of it had more of a God than a Man. Seneca therefore can never be excused who calls the Clemency of Augustus, a wearied Cruelty, *lassam crudelitatem*.

42. *Super impetrato.*) During the Absence of Augustus Vows were made to the Gods for his Return, which the new Consuls repeated in 741 by Decree of the Senate, as appears by Medals and Inscriptions.

45. *Tum meæ si quid.*) The Poet now beholds the Return of Augustus; he fancies himself in the midst of the Festival, and he can no longer contain his Joy, which breaks forth into redoubled Acclamations. His Expressions are spirited and natural; he speaks the Language of the Heart, and the

Greater than whom, indulgent Heaven  
No Blessing to Mankind hath giv'n,  
Nor can it's Mercy on the World bestow;  
Tho' to our Wish the Age of Gold  
Again restor'd, we should behold  
It's happy Hours in smiling Radiance flow.

The public Joys and Sports of Rome,  
To welcome her lov'd Hero Home,  
In never-dying Strains thou shalt express;  
From wrangling Wars the Forum free,  
While ev'ry Heart and Tongue agree  
For Cæsar's Safety the just Gods to bless.

I too, if any patient Ear,  
Amidst the gen'ral Joy, to hear  
My rude, but grateful Song will not disdain,  
O Sun, will cry, so bright before  
Ne'er shone thy Beams, as now that you restore  
Augustus to our longing Arms again!

United Shouts of Triumph round  
The glad Procession shall exulting rise;  
Of Triumph we'll repeat the Sound,  
While Clouds of fragrant Incense shade the Skies.

Twice Ten large Bulls, as many lowing Kine  
Shall bleed, to pay thy gen'rous Vow;  
A tender Calf, just wean'd, discharges mine,  
That in fresh Pastures joys to grow.

Whose Horns just budding into Sight,  
With Cynthia's silver Crescent may compare;  
Cover'd, except one Star of White,  
Which on his Forehead shines, with golden Hair.

## ODE

Heart is always eloquent.

49. *Tumque dum procedit.*) The Manuscripts read *teque* or *teque dum procedis* or *procedit*. Doctor Bentley has had Patience to refute all Explications of our Interpreters; some of which are impertinent, others trifling, and all unworthy of Horace. The Correction therefore seems necessary, and *tum* in the preceding Strophe ought naturally to have *tumque* in the Beginning of this. Such are the Reasons with which Mr.

SAN.

Than whom the Gods ne'er gave, or bounteous  
Fate

To Human-kind a Gift more good or great,  
Nor from their Treasures shall again unfold  
Though Time roll backward to his ancient Gold.

Be thine the festal Days, the City's Joys,  
The Forum silenc'd from litigious Noise,  
The public Games for Cæsar safe restor'd,  
A Blessing oft with pious Vows implor'd.

Then if my Voice can reach the glorious Theme,  
Thus will I sing, amid the loud Acclaim —  
Hail brightest Sun; in Rome's fair Annals shine,  
Cæsar returns — immortal Praise be thine.

As the Procession awful moves along,  
Let Shouts of Triumph fill thy joyful Song,  
Repeated Shouts of Triumph Rome shall raise,  
And to the bounteous Gods our Altars blaze.

Of thy fair Herds twice ten shall grateful bleed;  
While I, with pious Care, one Steering feed:  
Wean'd from the Dam, o'er Pastures large He roves,  
And for my Vows his rising Youth he proves;  
His Horns, like Luna's bending Fires, appear,  
When the third Night she rises to her Sphere;  
And, yellow all the rest, one Mark there glows  
Full in his Front, and bright as Winter Snow.

## ODE

Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon support the Correction. *Pro-*  
*edit* must be applied to Cæsar.

57. *Fronte curvatos.* Horace admirably succeeds in De-  
scription of whatever is natural, from whence he loves this  
kind of Painting.

Greater than him no Age can know,  
Nor, if they would, the Gods bestow;

No, they can bless no more,  
If they their Bounty strove to show,  
And would the Golden Age restore:

Then thou shalt sing our feasting Days,  
Our City's Joy, and public Plays,

At Cæsar's with'd Return:

Then thou shalt sing how Strife decays,  
And Courts their peaceful Clients mourn.

And there, if any patient Ear  
My Muses feeble Song will hear,

My Voice shall sound thro' Rome:

Thee, Sun, I'll sing, thee, lovely fair;  
Thee, thee, I'll praise when Cæsar's come.

As you, great Poet, march along,  
From ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue

A joyful Sound shall move,

*Io Triumphe* be the Song,

Whilst Incense smokes to Gods above:

Ten fair large Bulls, ten lusty Cows  
Must die, to pay thy richer Vows;

Of my small Stock of Kine

A Calf, just wean'd, now youthful grows.

In Pastures fat, to fall for mine:

Unus'd to push doth wildly run,

And as the third-day's rising Moon

So bend his tender Horns;

All over Red, but where alone

A milky spot his front adorns.

## ODE

## ODE III. Ad MELPOMENEN.

QUEM tu, Melpomene, semel  
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,  
 Illum non labor Isthmius  
 Clarabit pugilem; non equus impiger  
 Curru ducet Achaïco  
 Victorem; neque res bellica Deliis  
 Ornatum foliis ducem,  
 Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,  
 Ostendet Capitolio:  
 Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt,  
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ,  
 Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.  
 Romæ, principis urbium,  
 Dignatur soboles inter amabiles  
 Vatum ponere me choro;  
 Et jam dente minus mordeor invido,  
 O testudinis aureæ  
 Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas:  
 O mutis quoque piscibus  
 Donatura cycni, si libeat, sonum:  
 Totum muneris hoc tui est,  
 Quod monstror digito prætereuntium  
 Romanæ fidicen lyræ.  
 Quod spiro, & placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

## ODE

They who have Taste for whatever is delicate and natural in Poetry; for whatever is noble and elegant in Style, or flowing and harmonious in Numbers, must acknowledge that there is not any thing in Greek or Latin more finished and complete than this Poem. Such is the Judgment of all the Commentators, but Scaliger is so charmed with it, that he assures us he would rather be Author of it than be King of Aragon.

Verf. 1. *Melpomene*.] Horace thanks the Muses for their Favours to him even in the Hour of Birth, and would thus insinuate to us that he had received in the first Moments of Life whatever distinguished him afterwards. Such is that Happiness of Genius, that Spirit of Poetry, which Art and Study may improve, but which Nature alone can give; while the happy Possessor of these Blessings is insensible to the Glories either of Peace or War, which the rest of Mankind pursue with so much Danger and Fatigue. SAN.

4. *Non equus impiger*.] The Commentators explain this Passage in two different Senses, both of which perhaps Horace had in View. It is indifferent to the Construction

## ODE III. To MELPOMENE.

By Bishop ATTERBURY.

HE, on whose natal Hour the Queen  
 Of Verse hath smil'd, shall never grace  
 The Isthmian Gauntlet, or be seen  
 First in the fam'd Olympic Race:  
 He shall not after Toils of War,  
 And taming haughty Monarchs' Pride,  
 With laurel'd Brows conspicuous far,  
 To Jove's Tarpeian Temple ride:  
 But Him, the Streams which warbling flow  
 Rich Tibur's fertile Vales along,  
 And shady Groves, his Haunts, shall know  
 The Master of th' Æolian Song.  
 The Sons of Rome, majestic Rome!  
 Have plac'd Me in the Poet's Quire,  
 And Envy, now or dead or dumb,  
 Forbears to blame what They admire.  
 Goddess of the sweet-sounding Lute,  
 Which thy harmonious Touch obeys,  
 Who canst the finny Race, tho' mute,  
 To Cygnet's dying Accents raise,  
 Thy gift it is that all, with ease,  
 My new, unrivall'd Honours own;  
 That I still live, and living please,  
 O Goddess, is thy Gift alone.

## ODE

whether we understand the Chariot, in which the Victors were carried home from the Olympic Games, or that in which they won the Prize. The Word *ducet* seems to incline to the first Meaning, as it is often used to signify a processional Pomp.

9. *Ostendet Capitolio*.] The Word *ostendet* is borrowed from the Ceremonies and Solemnities which were made for Pomp and Ostentation. The Conqueror was shewn in his Triumph in the Capital of the Empire, where he received the Homage of the World. *Ostentationalis miles* signifies a Soldier dressed for a Review; *Ostentationale vestimentum* is the Habit which he wore. TORR.

17 *Testudinis aureæ*.] Horace uses the Epithet *aureæ* to signify



ODE III. To MELPOMENE.

By Mr. OLDISWORTH.

THE Youth, whose Birth the kindly Muse  
With an indulgent Aspect views,  
Shall neither at the Barrier shine,  
Nor the Olympick Garland win,  
Nor drive the Chariot o'er the Plain,  
Nor guide with Skill the flowing Rein;  
No Laurel Wreaths for Battels won,  
Shall the triumphant Victor crown,  
When to the Capitol he leads,  
And on the Necks of Monarchs treads;  
But Tibur's Streams and verdant Glades,  
The limpid Spring, and gloomy Shades,  
Shall fill his never-dying Lays,  
And crown him with immortal Praise.  
Amidst her other vocal Sons,  
Me Rome, the Prince of Cities, owns  
A Master of the tuneful Lyre,  
And seats me in Apollo's Quire.  
The vulgar Criticks I disdain,  
And Envy grinds her Teeth in vain.  
O Goddess of the golden Shell!  
Whose Hands in artful Notes excel;  
Mute Fishes, when inspir'd by Thee,  
Can mate the Swan in Harmony:  
To thee my Fame and Praise I owe,  
When pointing Crowds, where-e'er I go,  
Gaze and admire, and cry, That's He!  
The Prince of Lyrick Poetry!  
For (if I please) I please by Thee.

ODE

signify any thing bright, beautiful, or lovely. *Copia aurea, filus aureum, mediocritas aurea.* The Poets have in the same Manner used the Words *roseus* and *purpureus*, for as Gold is the most precious of Metals, so a Rose is the sweetest of Flowers, and Purple is the richest of Colours.

SAN.

18. *Dulcem quæ strepitum.* ] *Strepitus* properly signifies a disagreeable Noise, but as this was too rude to express the Sounds of the Muse's Lyre, Horace hath softened it, by the Figure Oxymoron, with the Epithet *dulcis*.

*Temperas.* ] This Verb is derived from *temper*, and holds

ODE III. To MELPOMENE.

AT whose blest Birth propitious Rays  
The Muses shed, on whom they smile,  
No dusty Isthmian Game  
Shall stoutest of the Ring proclaim,  
Or to reward his Toil  
Wreath Ivy Crowns, or grace his Head with Bays.

Nor Victor, Laurel round his Brows,  
In an Achean Chariot ride:  
No glorious Fetas of War  
His happy Skill, and Arms declare,  
When he hath broke the Pride,  
And baffled dreadful Threats of haughty Foes.

But fruitful Tibur's shady Groves,  
Its pleasant Springs and purling Streams,  
Shall raise a lasting Name,  
And set him high in sounding Fame,  
For Lyric Verse the noblest Themes,  
Great as his Mind, and various as his Loves.

Rome, Empress of the Nations, writes,  
Writes me among the Lyric Train;  
And hence I Honour raise,  
Immortal Love and lasting Praise  
Secure from Fears and Pain,  
For sharp-tooth'd Envy now but faintly bites.

Sweet Muse, that tun'st the charming Lyre,  
And draw'st soft Sounds from stubborn String,  
That can'st the Envious please,  
And soften Fury into Ease,  
Teach silent Fish to sing,  
And Tunes as sweet as dying Swans inspire.

'Tis thine, sweet Muse, thy Gift alone,  
That as I walk all cry 'tis he  
That warms with Lyric Fire,  
'Tis he that tunes the Roman Lyre;  
And that I please, I own,  
Suppose I please, I have it all from thee.

ODE

## ODE IV. DRUSI LAUDES.

Q UALEM ministrum fulminis alitem  
 (Cui rex Deorum regnum in aves vagas  
 Permisit, expertus fidelem  
 Jupiter in Ganymede flavo)  
 Olim juvenas, & patrius vigor  
 Nido laborum propulit inscium;  
 Vernisque jam nimbis remotis,  
 Insolitos docuere nifus  
 Venti paventem; mox in ovilia  
 Demisit hostem vividus impetus;  
 Nunc in reluctantes dracones  
 Egit amor dapis atque pugnae:  
 Qualemve lætis caprea pascuis  
 Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere  
 Jam jamque depulsum leonem,  
 Dente novo peritura, vidit:

Videre

its first Signification here for *tempora & modos statuere*, to regulate the Times and Cadences of Music. S A N.

19. *Mutis piscibus.*] The Commentators explain this Passage as if Horace alluded to a proverbial Expression among the Greeks, which we have almost translated into English, *As mute as a Fish*. But the Poet, with a better Spirit, asserts the Power of the Muse, who by forming the Lyre of the Shell of a Tortoise, (from thence called *Tef-tudo*) had really given to a Fish a Voice more harmonious than that of Swans. The Reader may find a Dissertation upon this Passage, and on the ancient Lyre, in a Letter to the Royal Society by Mr. Molyneux, from whom this Note is taken.

21. *Totum muneris hoc tui est.*] The Praises which Horace gives himself in this Ode are happily tempered by the Correction *si placeo*, and by his Acknowledgements that all his poetical Abilities are a Present from the Muses. We should allow something for this Instance of Modesty because it is not usually a favourite Virtue among Poets. S A N.

22. *Quod monstror digito prætercunium.*] This Mark of Honour among the Greeks and Romans is in Europe taken for an Affront, and in Persia the Person, who shews the Prince to another in this Manner, hath his Hand cut off upon the Spot for his Crime. D A C.

## O D E IV.

This Poem is so perfectly finished that it has disarmed even the terrible Criticism of Scaliger, and obliged him to confess that Horace excels himself and all Greece in this whole Ode. The first Part of it is of a Strain almost beyond Pindaric; the Middle is elevated by a noble, just, pathetic

## ODE IV. The Praises of DRUSUS.

[By another Hand]

A S the wing'd Minister of Thund'ring Jove,  
 To whom he gave his dreadful Bolts to bear,  
 Faithful Assistant of his Master's Love,  
 5 King of the wand'ring Nations of the Air,  
 When balmy Breezes fan'd the vernal Sky,  
 On doubtful Pinions left his Parent Nest,  
 In slight Essays his growing Force to try,  
 10 While inborn Courage fir'd his gen'rous Breast:  
 Then darting with impetuous Fury down,  
 The Flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd Foe;  
 Now his ripe Valour to Perfection grown  
 The scaly Snake and crested Dragon know:  
 15 Or, as a Lyon's youthful Progeny,  
 Wean'd from his savage Dam and milky Food,  
 The grazing Kid beholds with fearful Eye,  
 Doom'd first to stain his tender Fangs in Blood:  
 Such

Morality; and the Conclusion is wrought with a masculine and vehement Eloquence.

Augustus had demanded two Poems from Horace; one upon the Secular Games; another on the Conquests of Drusus and Tiberius in Pannonia. He begins in this Ode with the Praises of Drusus, because it was his first Campaign, and because he was more beloved by Augustus and the Romans than Tiberius.

The Victory of Drusus over the Vindelici was gained in the Month of August 739; but it was not celebrated until the Return of Augustus in March 741. Horace was then fifty-three Years of Age. S A N.

Verf. 1. *Qualem ministrum.*] The Beginning of this Ode is a little difficult by a long Parenthesis which interrupts the Sense down to the seventeenth Line. *Rheti & Vindelici videre Drusum sub Alpibus bella gerentem, qualem, &c.*

*Ministrum fulminis.*] Pliny tells us that the Fiction of the Eagle's carrying Jupiter's Thunder, was founded upon an Experience that this is the only Bird which is never destroyed by Lightning. But this Experience appears very doubtful, and the Title seems rather to be given it, for its remarkable Strength and Swiftnefs. It was employed to carry Ganymede to Heaven, whom the Gods, as Xenophon informs us, thought worthy of Immortality for an Understanding and Wisdom far above his Age.

ODE IV. *The Praises of DRUSUS.*

By MR. DUNKIN.

AS the majestic Bird of towering Kind,  
Who bears the Thunder through th' ætherial Space,

(To whom the Monarch of the Gods assign'd  
Dominion o'er the vagrant, feather'd Race,  
His Faith approv'd, when to the distant Skies,  
From Ida's Top he bore the Phrygian Prize)

Sprung from his Nest, by sprightly Youth inspir'd,  
Fledg'd, and exulting in his native Might,  
Novice to Toils, but as the Clouds retir'd,  
And gentler Gales provok'd a bolder Flight,  
On failing Wings through yielding Air explor'd  
Unwanted Paths, and panted while he soar'd:

Anon to ravage in the fleecy Fold,  
The glowing Ardour of his princely Heart  
Pour'd the beak'd Foe; now more maturely bold  
With Talons fierce precipitant to dart  
On Dragons fell, reluctant in the Fray;  
Such is his Thirst for Battle, and for Prey.

Or as a Lion through the Forest stalks,  
Wean'd by the tawny Dam from milky Food;  
A Goat descries him from her flow'ry Walks,  
First doom'd to stain his youthful Jaws with  
Blood:

So

7. *Vernisq̃ue jam nimis remotis.*] This Passage has been very ill treated; it hath been altered, abused, defended, and all of them without necessity. The vulgar Reading *verni*, which the Commentators applied to *venti*, appearing in all the common Editions, gave occasion to Scaliger to treat our Author with too just a Severity. An Eagle, says he, does not bring forth its Young until the Beginning of Spring; it broods on them during thirty Days; in the Month of August they are scarce able to fly for Prey, and are yet very feeble in September; the Poet therefore greatly mistakes when he says, that a young Eagle is strong enough in Spring to seize its Prey, or to fight with Dragons.

Instead of enquiring how weakly Torrentius and Mr. Dacier have defended their Poet against the Critic, let us correct the Text according to several ancient Manuscripts, and

ODE IV. *The Praises of DRUSUS.*

[By another Hand]

THE Royal Bird, (to whom the King of Heav'n  
The Empire of the feather'd Race has giv'n,  
For Services already done,  
The Rape of Priam's Son)  
With high paternal Virtues fill'd,  
Tho' young, and from the Nest unskill'd,  
His first Attempt with trembling Pinions tries,  
Then down the sweeping Wind with rapid Swift-  
ness flies,  
And 'midst the frighted Lambkins bears away,  
With mighty Force his trembling Prey;  
Or deeps his Beak in Serpent's Blood,  
Eager of Battle and of Food.

The Lion, Prince of Brutes, his Dam forsakes,  
And through the shaggy Herd wild Slaughter makes,  
Chacing some Goat along the Plain,  
That flies, but flies in vain;

Such

the Sense will be plain and just; that in the End of Spring the Eagle leaves his Nest to try his Wings, to prove his first Flight, and attempts no more.

S A N.

9. *Mox in ovilia.*] It may be worth remarking with how much Judgment Horace hath formed these Images. The Eagle, by an Impetuosity natural to his Kind, soon leaves his Nest; but not daring to venture far, he waits until the Clouds are entirely dispersed, and being no longer apprehensive of Storms, he abandons himself by Degrees to the Winds, which teach him to fly. Some Months afterwards finding his Pinions stronger, and receiving less Nourishment from those who brought him forth, he is pressed by Hunger and his natural Impetuosity to seek his Prey, and then makes his first Flight at Lambs and Sheep; at last being satisfied that his Strength is equal to his Courage, he dares to attack the most terrible of his Enemies. Nothing can be more just than this Gradation, and it is marked not only by the Actions, but by the Propriety of the Terms. *Patrius vigor propulit; vividus impetus demisit; amor dapis atque pugnae egit; Jam, mox, and nunc* naturally divide these three Actions, and give to each of them its proper Time.

D A C.

11. *In reluctantibus dracones.*] Pliny describes an Eagle's Combat with a Dragon as most doubtful and dangerous. The Dragon, by a malignant Avidity, searches for an Eagle's Eggs, who therefore seizes him, wherever they meet.

O O.

B U.



Videre Rhœtis bella sub Alpibus  
 Drusum gerentem Vindelici; quibus  
 Mos unde deductus per omne  
 Tempus Amazoniâ securi  
 20 Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli:  
 Nec scire fas est omnia. Sed diu  
 Latèque victrices catervæ  
 Confiliis juvenis repressæ,  
 Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles  
 25 Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus  
 Possset, quid Augusti paternus  
 In pueros animus Neronis.  
 Fortes creantur fortibus & bonis:  
 Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum  
 Virtus; nec imbellem feroces  
 Progenerant aquilæ columbam.  
 Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,  
 Restitue cultus pectora roborant:  
 30 Utcunque defecere mores,  
 35 Dedecorant bene nata culpæ,

Such *Drusus*, young in Arms, his Foes beheld,  
 The *Alpine Rhæti*, long unmatched in Fight;  
 So were their Hearts with abject Terror quell'd;  
 So sunk their haughty Spirit at the Sight.

Tam'd by a Boy, the fierce *Barbarians* find  
 How guardian Prudence guides the youthful Flame,  
 And how great *Cæsar's* fond paternal Mind  
 Each gen'rous *Nero* forms to early Fame!

A valiant Son springs from a valiant Sire:  
 Their Race by Mettle sprightly Coursers prove;  
 Nor can the warlike Eagle's active Fire  
 Degenerate to form the tim'rous Dove.

But Education can the Genius raise,  
 And wise Instructions native Virtue aid;  
 Nobility without them is Disgrace,  
 And Honour is by Vice to Shame betray'd.

Let

Quid

But the Dragon rolling himself round his Wings, they frequently fall down together to the Earth.

15. *Jam jamque.*] This Place is acknowledged by all the Commentators to be faulty, nor have they spared their Corrections. Some are divided between *mane* and *nocte*, others read *late* and *sponte*. Neither of the two first Words is preferable to the other, as appears by the Refutations of those who dislike either of them; besides, Morning and Night are equally indifferent to the Action which the Poet describes. *Late* has an Air of a Glossary, *ex glossa irrepfit*, says Mr. Cuninghame, and *sponte* makes a manifest Contradiction with *depulsus*. The present Correction *jam jamque*, which is due to Mr. Kuster, is received by Mr. Sanadon, and is of sufficient Authority, since it is used by Cicero, Seneca, and Valerius Flaccus to express a Time past.

17. *Rhætis bella sub Alpibus.*] This Reading appears in an ancient Manuscript, and has been received by all the late Reformers of the Text of Horace. The Poet could not justly say, that the Rhæti and Vindelici both saw Drusus in Arms, for Velleius expressly tells us, that the Rhæti were conquered by Tiberius. *Alpes Rhætæ* is used for *Rhætica* or *Rhætorum*, as *venena Colcha*, *Maura jacula*, *Italum cæ-lum*.

19. *Quibus mos unde deductus.*] The four following Verses are entirely prosaic, and unworthy of this Poem, yet Horace might have had his Reasons for writing them, although he knew their Faults. Perhaps it might have been a common Question, arising in Conversation upon the Conquests of Drusus, from whence the Rhæti were armed with

Axes like the Amazons. Perhaps these four Lines were written in Ridicule of some Poet of that Time, who in celebrating this Victory of Drusus had amused himself in searching into the Origin of this Custom, or had given some ridiculous Reasons for it. These are but Conjectures, yet it is better to have Recourse to Conjectures than to condemn a great Poet too lightly.

Thus Mr. Dacier endeavours to defend Horace, who, in Mr. Sanadon's Opinion, better defends himself against this impertinent Parenthesis, and all the Manuscripts. This Critic therefore strikes it out as unworthy of the Poet, and absolutely foreign to his Subject. The Verb *obarmare* is unknown to all Authors of pure Latinity, and although this Reason alone were not sufficient for rejecting it, yet he thinks, that it may justly render it suspected in a Passage which is so wholly liable to suspicion. *Sed*, which appears at the End of these bad Verses, cannot agree with *videre Drusum bella gerentem*. The Connexion demands that we should read *et*, and they who added this Parenthesis would not have changed it into *sed* but to avoid using *omnia et*, which they could not reconcile to the Verse. They have likewise given themselves no little Trouble to find by what Adventure these Axes passed from the Amazons to the Vindelici; and Servius, or his Compilers, have formed an Alliance between these Nations purely imaginary, and of which there are not any Traces in History. It seems beyond all Probability, that the Poet, in one of his boldest Flights, should be phlegmatic enough to form this cold and useless Parenthesis, which neither forms any Connexion of Profody, with the Verses preceding or following, and which may be wholly taken away without disordering either the Measures

So Drusus look'd, tremendous to his Foes,  
Beneath the frozen Height of Alpine Snows.

The Rhætian Bands beheld him such in War,  
Those daring Bands, who with triumphant Joy  
Were wont to spread their baneful Terrours far,  
Tam'd by the Conduct of the martial Boy,  
Felt what true Courage could atchieve, when led  
By bright Example, and by Virtue bred;

Felt how Augustus with paternal Mind  
Fir'd the young Neros to Heroic Deeds.  
The Brave and Good are Copies of their Kind;  
In Steers laborious, and in generous Steeds  
We trace their Sires, nor can the Bird of Jove,  
Intrepid, fierce beget th' unwarlike Dove.

Yet sage Instructions, to refine the Soul,  
And raise the Genius, wondrous Aid impart,  
Conveying, inward as they purely roll,  
Strength to the Mind, and Vigour to the Heart:  
When Morals fail, the Stains of Vice disgrace  
The fairest Honours of the noblest Race.

How

or the Strophe.

Although the present Editor was not bold enough to strike these Lines out of the original Text, yet he could not think them worth translating.

23. *Diu lateque*.] Every Word is of Weight in these Lines, and as exact as if they were written in Coldness of Understanding, not a Warmth of Imagination. Drusus was young; his Enemies were accustomed to conquer, and had spread their Victories on every Side; *diu lateque victorias* *catervas*; his Success was not an Effect of an happy Temerity, but of a Conduct equal to his Valour; *consiliis repressis*.  
S A N.

24. *Repressæ*.] We should read neither *revinctæ* nor *revictæ*: The first has no Meaning; the second is a Term of Law never used in War. The Reading which this Edition follows, and which Mr. Sanadon received, appears in several Manuscripts, and in the Scholiast, from whence Doctor Bentley first altered the Text. It is probable, that some young Grammarian, fond of Antitheses and the Play of Words, fancied it was prettier to read *revictæ*, in Opposition to *victorias*.

25. *Mens rite, quid indoles*.] The Poet unites the Qualities of the Understanding, *mens*, and the Qualities of the Heart, *indoles*; the first is the Cause of that Conduct, which, in the preceding Verse, is called *consilia*; and the other is the Source of Courage. *Rite* is a religious Term, and used here as if the Palace of Augustus were the Temple of a God, from whence the Poet calls it *fausta penetralia*.

Such Drusus did in Arms appear,  
When near the Alps he urg'd the War:  
In vain the Rhæti did their Axes wield,  
Like Amazons they fought, like Women fled the  
Field:  
But why those savage Troops this Weapon chuse,  
Confirm'd by long establish'd Use,  
Historians would in vain disclose:  
For who of Men all Secrets knows?

At length, when crush'd by the young Warri-  
our's Hand,  
They knew what Heroes, under *Cæsar* train'd,  
Could do; to whom the Sire bequeaths  
His Soul; in whom he breaths.  
The royal Bird of mighty *Jove*  
Never brings forth a tim'rous Dove:  
To valiant Fathers valiant Sons succeed;  
Thus Bulls from Bulls descend, and martial Horses  
breed.  
Yet the best Blood by Learning is refin'd,  
And Virtue arms the solid Mind;  
Whilst Vice will stain the noblest Race,  
And the paternal Stamp efface.

*Metaurum's*

*Penetrale* was an Apartment in which the Statues of their domestic Gods were placed. D A C.

27. *Quid Augusti paternus*.] Tiberius Nero died in the same Year in which he had yielded his Wife Livia to Augustus, and by his last Will named that Prince not only a Guardian of Tiberius, who was then four Years old, but of Drusus who was born three Months after his Mother was married to Augustus. In this Manner the Emperor was a second Father to both the Neros.

The People suspected that Augustus had some Correspondence with Livia while she lived with her first Husband, and had made a Proverb, *Happy the Parents whose Children are born three Months after Marriage*. From whence Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace, to avoid the seeming to mean this scandalous Report has made use of the Name of Tiberius, with that of Drusus. But perhaps the Poet never thought of such a Delicacy.

30. *Est in juvenis, est in equis*.] Mr. Sanadon reads, *Fortis creantur fortibus; et bonis est in juvenis, &c.* He thinks the Expression more just, and he is supported by the greater Number of Manuscripts, and by the ancient Venetian Edition.

33. *Doctrina sed vim*.] Courage and Virtue descend to

Quid debeas, ô Roma, Neronibus,  
 Testis Metaurum flumen, & Asdrubal  
 Devictus, & pulcher fugatis  
 Ille dies Latio tenebris;  
 Qui primus almâ risit adoreâ;  
 Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,  
 Ceu flamma per tædas, vel Euris  
 Per Siculas equitavit undas.  
 Post hoc secundis usque laboribus  
 Romana pubes crevit, & impio  
 Vastata Poenorum tumultu  
 Fana Deos habuere rectos:  
 Dixitque tandem perfidus Annibal;  
 Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,  
 Sectamur ultro, quos opimus  
 Fallere & effugere est triumphus.  
 Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo  
 Jactata Tusci æquoribus, sacra,  
 Natoque, maturosque patres  
 Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes;

40

45

50

55

Duris

us from our Ancestors, but Education forms them into Strength and Perfection. This Education the Poet expresses by *doctrina, recti cultus*, and *mores*; when they fail, *utcumque defecere*, this Happiness of Birth is disgraced and corrupted by Vice and Folly.

BOND.

37. *Quid debeas, ô Roma.* ] Our geometrical, methodical Poets may look upon these ten last Strophes as the Wandering of an irregular Imagination. In all the Sciences Reason directs the Understanding, but it is by different Ways that she leads it to the End which she proposes. She dictates upon Parnassus other Lessons than what would be agreeable to the School of Archimedes, nor can we accuse the Lyric Poet, who speaks in this Ode, of having transgressed the Rules of his Art. After saying, that Drusus inherits the Valour of his Ancestors, he chuses the most illustrious of them, who had saved the Republic by putting a Stop to the Fortune of the most dreadful of her Enemies. He dwells upon this Victory so glorious to the House of Drusus, and yet takes Care to return to his Subject in the last Strophe. If this be wandering, it is the Wandering of Reason. SAN.

*Neronibus.* ] Claudius Nero, being encamped in Lucania in View of Hannibal, went with six thousand Foot and a thousand Horse to join his Colleague Salinator, and oppose the Passage of Asdrubal who was bringing a considerable Reinforcement to his Brother. This Diligence preserved Italy, for Asdrubal was defeated near the River Metaurus; and Nero, returning to his Camp before the Carthaginians perceived that he had been absent, ordered Asdrubal's Head to be thrown into Hannibal's Camp, who cried out, *Agnos-*

Let red *Metaurus* stain'd with *Punic* Blood,  
 Let mighty *Asdrubal* subdu'd confess,  
 How much of Empire and of Fame is ow'd  
 By thee, O *Rome*, to the *Neronian* Race.  
 Of this be Witness that auspicious Day,  
 Which after a long, black, tempestuous Night,  
 First smil'd on *Latium* with a milder Ray,  
 And cheer'd our drooping Hearts with dawning  
 Light;

Since the dire *African* with wasteful Ire  
 Rode o'er the ravag'd Towns of *Italy*,  
 As through the Pine Trees flies the raging Fire,  
 Or *Eurus* o'er the vext *Sicilian* Sea.

From this bright *Æra*, from this prosp'rous Field  
 The *Roman* Glory dates her rising Pow'r;  
 From hence 'twas giv'n her conqu'ring Sword to  
 wield,

Raise her fall'n Gods, and ruin'd Shrines restore.

Thus *Hannibal* at length despairing spoke:  
 "Like Stags to rav'nous Wolves an easy Prey,  
 "Our feeble Arms a valiant Foe provoke,  
 "Whom to elude and 'scape were Victory;  
 "A dauntless Nation, that from *Trojan* Fires,  
 "Hostile *Ausonia*, to thy destin'd Shore  
 "Her Gods, her infant Sons, and aged Sires  
 "Thro' angry Seas and adverse Tempests bore.

"As

*co Fortunam Carthaginis.* I acknowledge the Fate of Carthage.

Horace hath chosen this Action, not only because it was one of the most important performed by the Family, but because Drusus and Tiberius were descended from both those Consuls. Valerius Maximus, speaking of the Quarrel between these two great Men during their Censorship, cries out with Reason, If any God had told them, that their Blood, after having flowed through the Veins of so many illustrious Persons, should unite to form our Prince, (Tiberius) the Safety of the State, they would have renounced their Hatred, and joined in the strictest Amity, that they might leave to their common Descendant their Country to be preserved, which they themselves had preserved. D. A. C.

38.



How much the Grandeur of thy rising State  
Owes to the Nereos, Rome imperial, say;  
Witness Metaurus and the dismal Fate  
Of vanquish'd Asdrubal, and that glad Day,  
Which first auspicious, as the Darkness fled,  
O'er Latium's Face a Tide of Glory shed.

Through wide Hesperia's tow'ring Cities, crush'd  
With hideous Fall and Defolation dire,  
Impetuous, wild the Carthaginian rush'd;  
As through the pitchy Pines destructive Fire  
Devours its Course, or howling Eurus raves,  
And posting sweeps the mad Sicilian Waves.

The Roman Youth, still growing by their Toils,  
Have reap'd the Harvest of the vengeful Sword,  
And seen those Temples, which were once the Spoils  
Of Tyrian Rapine, to their Gods restor'd;  
When faithless Hannibal at length express'd  
The boding Sorrows of his anxious Breast:

Like Stags, of coward Kind, the destin'd Prey  
Of ravening Wolves, we unprovok'd defy  
Those, whom to baffle is our fairest Play,  
The richest Triumph we can boast, to fly;  
For mark that Race, from burning Troy which bore  
Their Sons and Sages to the Latian Shore:

That

38. *Metaurum flumen.* ] For the River Metaurus, as we find in this Author *Medum flumen*, and *Rhenum flumen*.

40. *Fugatis Latio tenebris.* ] This Day really dissipated the Darkness which covered Italy: the Romans had been defeated in several Battles, and if Asdrubal had joined his Brother the Fate of Rome had been inevitable. In all Authors the Word *Darkness* signifies Misfortune, Ruin, and Perdition; as the Word *Light* is used to express Happiness, Victory and Safety. D. A. C.

41. *Aima rigit adorea.* ] *Adorea* was properly a Distribution of Corn, which was made to the Soldiers after a Victory, from whence it was used for Victory itself.

45. *Secundis usque laboribus.* ] Horace might very justly say, that the Roman Armies, *Romana pubes*, were successful after the Defeat of Asdrubal, for from that Time they were in a Condition not only of resisting Hannibal, but even of revenging upon Africa the Calamities which the Carthaginians had brought upon Italy. T. O. R. R.

46. *Impio tumultu.* ] *Impious*, because Hannibal had never spared even the Temples of the Gods. It has been remarked, that the Word *tumultus* was usually applied to ci-

*Metaurum's* bloody Waves and Banks shall tell,  
How *Asdrubal* by Roman Valour fell,  
What *Rome* to *Nero's* Offspring owes:  
A nobler Sun arose,  
Smiling, with Triumph, on that Day,  
Which chac'd our Clouds and Foes away;  
Who, like a Flame, all *Italy* o'er-ran,  
Swift as the Eastern Wind that skims along the Main:  
'Twas then the Pow'rs above began to bless  
Our Troops with Conquest and Success;  
The Gods, by impious Hands defac'd,  
Once more erect, their Altars grac'd.

At last perfidious *Hannibal* thus spoke;  
We, like the Stag, the brinded Wolf provoke;  
And when Retreat is Victory,  
Rush on tho' sure to die.  
When *Troy* was sack'd, this People came  
Thro' *Tuscan* Seas, and *Grecian* Flame;  
Their Gods, their Parents, and their Children bore  
From *Ilium's* ruin'd Walls to the *Ausonian* Shore:  
Now

vil Wars, and perhaps it is used here, because this War was in Italy, and that Hannibal had engaged many Cities and Provinces in his Party. D. A. C.

48. *Deos rectos.* ] While the Carthaginians carried Fire and Sword thro' Italy, destroying the Temples and whatever was most sacred, the Gods seem'd overthrown, and insensible to their Outrage; *jacebant Dii*, but the Valour of *Claudius Nero* raised them again to the Defence of Italy and Rome. S. A. N.

50. *Cervi luporum præda.* ] This Elogium of the Romans is in itself magnificent, but it becomes infinitely more valuable in the Mouth of Hannibal. It is surprising that our Poets know not how to form such Harangues as this, which are usually the most beautiful Parts of Horace, into their Lyric Poems; but apparently they are sensible of the Difficulty, and unwilling to venture their Reputation. S. A. N.

53. *Quæ cremato fortis ab Illo.* ] The Trojans collected Strength from their Misfortunes, and the Poet shews, by this Instance of Hannibal, that the Romans had not degenerated from their Ancestors.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus  
 Nigræ feraci frondis in Alcido,  
 Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso  
 Ducit opes animumque ferro.  
 Non Hydra secto corpore firmior  
 Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem,  
 Monstrumve submisere Colchi  
 Majus, Echioniæve Thebæ.  
 Merces profundo, pulchrior evenit:  
 Luctere, multâ proruit integrum  
 Cum laude victorem, geritque  
 Proelia conjugibus loquenda.  
 Carthagini jam non ego nuntios  
 Mittam superbos: occidit, occidit  
 Spes omnis, & fortuna nostri  
 Nominis, Asdrubale interemto.  
 Nil Claudiæ non perficient manus;  
 Quas & benigno numine Jupiter  
 Defendit, & curæ sagaces  
 Expediunt per acuta belli.

63. *Monstrumve.* ] Two Prodigies perfectly alike were performed in two different Countries. Jason sowed the Teeth of a Dragon in Colchis, and Cadmus did the same in Boeotia two hundred Years afterwards. The Teeth were instantly transformed into Men, who destroyed each other. Echion, with four others who remained of those sown by Cadmus, assisted him in building the Walls of Thebes, from whence the Poet calls it Echioniæ Thebæ. CRUQ.

66. *Multa proruit integrum.* ] *Integer* either signifies a Man who never fought, or who never was conquered, and in either Sense may be applied to Asdrubal.

*Proruit . . . geritque.* ] This Reading is of several ancient Manuscripts, and better agrees with *evenit*. SAN.

68. *Conjugibus loquenda.* ] These Words will bear a different Meaning according to their different Construction: Either that Pleasure which a Soldier takes in recounting the Particulars of his Wars to his Wife; or that these Wars shall be a Subject of Grief to the Wives who shall lament the Death or Captivity of their Husbands, taken Prisoners or slain by the victorious Romans.

69. *Carthagini jam non ego.* ] After the Battle of Cannæ, Hannibal sent his Brother Mago to Carthage with the News of his Victory. He talked in very pompous Terms of Hannibal's Success, and ordered all the Rings, which had been taken from the Roman Knights, to be thrown before the Gate of the Senate-House, that the Senators might compute from thence the Number of the Slain. To this Story the Poet alludes. LAMB.

"As on high *Algidus* the sturdy Oak,  
 "Whose spreading Boughs the Axe's Sharpness  
 feel,  
 60 "Improves by Loss, and thriving with the Stroke,  
 "Draws Health and Vigour from the wounding  
 Steel.  
 "Not *Hydra* sprouting from her mangled Head  
 "So tir'd the baffled Force of *Hercules*,  
 65 "Nor *Thebes*, nor *Colchis* such a Monster bred,  
 "Pregnant of Ills, and fam'd for Prodigies.  
 "Plunge her in Ocean, like the Morning Sun,  
 "Brighter she rises from the Depths below:  
 70 "To Earth with unavailing Ruin thrown,  
 "Recruits her Strength, and foils the wond'ring  
 Foe.  
 "Ah! now no more my haughty Messenger  
 75 "Shall bear the joyful Tale of Victory:  
 "Lost, lost is all our long Renown in War!  
 "With *Asdrubal* our Hopes and Fortune die!

## ODE

What shall the *Claudian* Valour not perform,  
 Which Pow'r divine guards with propitious Care,  
 Which Wisdom steers thro' all the dang'rous  
 Storm,  
 Thro' all the Rocks and Shoals of doubtful War?

## ODE

73. *Nil Claudiæ non.* ] It is no longer Hannibal who speaks, but the Poet who resumes the Subject of his Ode, nor are these Words to be applied only to Claudius Nero, but to all his Descendants, and particularly to Drusus. TORR.

74. *Benigno numine Jupiter.* ] By the first Actions of Drusus the Poet judges, that there was not any Success, which the Romans might not promise themselves from the Valour of this young Prince. He founds his Prediction upon the Protection of the Gods, who were the peculiar Guardians of his House, and upon the Virtues which Drusus had shewn in such dangerous Occasions. Thus he gives us a noble Precept of Morality, that in Affairs in which we are best assured of the Assistance of the Gods, we ought not to neglect whatever depends upon our own Labours to procure Success. SAN.

That Race, long tost upon the Tuscan Waves,  
Are like an Oak upon the woody Top  
Of shaded Algidus, bestrow'd with Leaves,  
Which, as keen Axes its green Honours lop,  
Through Wounds, through Losses no Decay can feel,  
Collecting Strength, and Spirit from the Steel.

Not Hydra stronger, when dismember'd, rose  
Against Alcmena's much-enduring Son,  
Grieving to find, from his repeated Blows,  
The Foe redoubled, and his Toil begun.  
Nor Colchos teem'd, nor Echionian Thebes  
A feller Monster from their bursting Glebes.

In Ocean plunge them, up they buoy more bright;  
At Arms oppose them, they shall rout your Train  
In Force united, and approv'd in Fight,  
With total Ruin on the dusty Plain,  
And Battles wage, to be the future Boast  
Of their proud Comforts o'er our vanquish'd Host.

To lofty Carthage I no more shall send  
Vaunts of my Deeds, and Heralds of my Fame;  
My boundless Hopes, alas! are at an end  
With all the flowing Fortune of our Name:  
Those boundless Hopes, that flowing Fortune all  
Are dash'd, and bury'd in my Brother's Fall.

The Claudian Race, those Favourites of the Skies,  
No Toil shall damp, no Fortitude withstand  
Superior they to Difficulties rise,  
Whom Jove protects with an indulgent Hand,  
Whom cautious Cares, preventing Wiles afar,  
Guides thro' the Perils of tumultuous War.

## O D E

76. *Per acuta belli.*] *Acuta belli* does not signify the  
Stratagems and Arts, but the Dangers of War. The Me-

Now, like an Oak on some cold Mountain's Brow,  
At every Wound they sprout and grow;  
The Ax and Sword new Vigour give,  
And by their Ruins they revive.

Thus *Hercules*, for matchless Valour fam'd,  
With fruitless Blows the fertile *Hydra* tam'd;  
For as one Head the Hero slew,  
The Monster spawn'd a new;  
And thus the *Dragon's* Teeth, when sown,  
Were to a *Martial* Harvest grown.  
If to the Seas you trust this happy Race,  
They gather Strength, and Pow'r, and Riches from  
the Seas.

If to the Field their warlike Troops they lead,  
They fill their Foes with Awe and Dread;  
Their Matrons sing their warlike Feats,  
And ev'ry Tongue their Fame repeats.

No more the Herald shall to *Carthage* bear  
The happy Tidings of Success in War:  
Farewell to Fortune and Renown,  
For all our Hopes are gone;  
With *Asdrubal* my Honour dy'd,  
And *Carthage* perish'd by his Side.  
The *Roman* Youth may march triumphant on,  
For with auspicious Smiles the Gods their *Drusus*  
crown;

Great *Jove* still condescends to bless his Arms,  
And saves him from impending Harms;  
With Conduct, far above his Years,  
The Toils of War and Camps he bears.

## O D E

taphor is taken from a Person who travels in a Road where  
the Stones are sharp and pointed. We find *incerta belli*,  
and *subita belli* in Tacitus and Livy. *Negotia* must be un-  
derstood in all these Manners of speaking. T O R R.



ODE V. *Ad AUGUSTUM.*

**D**IVIS orte bonis, optime Romulæ  
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:  
Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum  
Sancto concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ;  
Instar veris enim, vultus ubi tuus  
Affulsit populo, gravior it dies,  
Et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido  
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora  
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo  
Dulci distinet à domo,

Votis, ominibusque, & precibus vocat;  
Curvo nec faciem litore demovet:  
Sic desiderii ista fidelibus  
Quærit patria Cæsarem.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat:  
Nutrit prata Ceres, almaque Fauſtitas:  
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ:  
Culpari metuit fides:

20  
Nullis

We can imagine nothing more tender than the Sentiments of this Ode, in which the Poet not only shews the Love and Veneration of the Romans for Augustus, and with what Impatience they wish for his Return, but tells him why they adore him, and by this means draws a beautiful Picture of that Happiness which they enjoyed under his Reign.

The second Ode of this Book was composed upon the Hopes of seeing him return to Rome, and this was written upon his Delay. The first is animated with a Pindaric Spirit of Joy and Triumph; the second is filled with Sentiments of Tenderneſs and Affection. One is the Fruit of the Imagination; the other is the natural Expression of the Heart.

The Consuls of the Year 741, made their public Vows for the happy Return of their Emperor, and perhaps this Ode was written upon the Day of the Ceremonies. S A N.

Verſ. 1. *Divis orte bonis.* ] Whom the propitious Gods have given to Human Kind. *Divis bonis*, is here an Ablative absolute, and does not depend upon *orte*, which some Interpreters think; as if the Poet means that Augustus was descended from the Gods, from Venus and Cæſar, whom the Romans had deified.

D A C.

ODE V. *To AUGUSTUS.*

**R**ome's and the World's great Patron, the best Gift  
Propitious Heav'n e'er gave, why this Delay?  
Not so you bade the sacred Senate hope  
Your timely Presence, oh return!

5 Thy Country's Light, illustrious Prince, restore:  
For when, like Spring, you to the public Gaze  
Effulge benign, the Day more lovely shews,  
And brighter Suns attest their Joy.

10 As a fond Mother, when the envious South,  
Beyond the Billows of Carpathia's Main,  
From his wish'd Home her only Son with-holds  
Beyond his annual Stay, with Vows,

And Prayers, and Omens urges his Return;  
Nor from the Shore once takes her longing Eyes:  
15 So, smit with like impatient, fond Desires,  
Her Cæſar faithful Rome demands.

Now safe the Ox thro' flow'ry Pastures roves;  
Ceres with golden Plenty crowns our Fields;  
In Peace the Merchant plows the briny Deep;  
And Faith unviolated reigns.

No

3. *Maturum reditum pollicitus.* ] Augustus was absent from Rome about two Years and a half; and his Promise of a speedy Return made his Absence more insupportable. S A N.

13. *Votis, ominibusque, & precibus.* ) This Description, if applied to Augustus, is perfectly true and historical; for the Romans offered Vows publicly and solemnly to the Gods for his Return.

17. *Tutus bos etenim.* ) The Reasons of that Love which the Romans had for Augustus, were the Peace and Happiness of his Reign; and however beautiful the Picture is, we cannot say there is any Flattery in it; at least, Historians speak in the same Language. In his twentieth Year, says Velleius, all his Wars both civil and foreign were ended; Peace returned, and the Fury of Arms ceased; the Laws resumed their Power; Justice recovered its Authority, and the Senate its Majesty; the ancient Form of the Republic was restored; the Fields began to be cultivated, Religion to be revered, and every Man's Property secured.

*Prata perambulat.* ) This Correction was made by Mr. Faber, and is received into the Text by Mr. Sanadon. It is confessed that the Repetition of *rura* has a disagreeable Effect.

## ODE V. To AUGUSTUS.

PROFITIOUS to the Sons of Earth  
 (Best Guardian of the Roman State)  
 The heavenly Powers beheld thy Birth,  
 And form'd thee glorious, good and great;  
 Rome and her holy Fathers cry, thy Stay  
 Was promis'd short, ah! wherefore this Delay?

Come then, auspicious Prince, and bring,  
 To thy long gloomy Country, Light,  
 For in thy Countenance the Spring  
 Shines forth to cheer thy People's Sight;  
 Then hasten thy Return, for Thou away,  
 Nor Lustre has the Sun, nor Joy the Day.

As a fond Mother views with Fear  
 The Terrours of the rolling Main,  
 While envious Winds, beyond his Year,  
 From his dear Home her Son detain;  
 To the good Gods with fervent Prayer she cries,  
 And catches every Omen as it flies;

Anxious she listens to the Roar  
 Of Winds that loudly sweep the Sky;  
 Nor fearful from the winding Shore,  
 Can ever turn her longing Eye;  
 Smit with as faithful and as fond Desires,  
 Impatient Rome her absent Lord requires.

Safe by thy Cares her Oxen graze,  
 And yellow Ceres cloaths her Fields:  
 The Sailor plows the peaceful Seas,  
 And Earth her rich Abundance yields:  
 While nobly conscious of unsullied Fame,  
 Fair Honour dreads th'imputed Sense of Blame.

By

Effect, and even makes the first Phrase useless, *bos rura perambulat*, which is contained by Supposition in *nutrit rura Ceres*; for to say, that Ceres nourishes the Harvest, and brings it to Maturity, is to suppose that the Earth has been cultivated. Besides, *perambulare* can never signify any La-

## ODE V. To AUGUSTUS.

Great Hero's Son, Rome's gracious Lord,  
 How long shall we thy Absence mourn!  
 Thy promis'd self at last afford,  
 Rome's sacred Senate begs: Return.

Great Sir, restore your Country Light;  
 When your auspicious Beams arise,  
 Just as in Spring, the Sun's more bright,  
 And fairer Days smile o'er the Skies.

As tender Mothers wait their Sons  
 Whom Storms have tost above a Year,  
 And ev'ry nimble Day that runs  
 They load with Vows and pious Fear:

They ne'er their Eyes from th' Shores remove,  
 Longing to see their Sons restor'd;  
 Thus Rome, inspir'd with loyal Love,  
 Expects her great, her gracious Lord.

The Ox doth safely Pastures trace,  
 And fruitful Ceres fills our Plains,  
 The Merchant sails o'er quiet Seas,  
 And unstain'd Faith and Virtue reigns.

No

bour so severe as the plowing of Bullocks; for this Verb, in its proper Signification, can only mean an easy Motion, free from Pain and Trouble.

18. *Almaque Faustitas.* ] This Goddess was the Grace of Heaven, *Faustitas divina*; by which was understood a pure Air and wholesome Showers; *aque salubres & Jovis auree.* LE FEVRE.

20. *Culpari metuit fides.* ) The Verb *metuere* does not mean an Impossibility of any Fact, but an attentive Apprehension, and exact Circumspection that it shall not happen. *Gratia rixarum metuens*, The Graces who avoid all Occasions of Quarrels. *Cassitas metuens alterius viri*, is a conjugal Fidelity, which is alarmed at whatever attempts to corrupt it: and *Fides quæ culpari metuit*, is an Honesty which is ever upon its Guard against being seduced. SAN.

P p

Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris:  
 Mos & lex maculosum edomuit nefas:  
 Laudantur simili prole puerperæ:  
 Culpam pœna premit comes.

Quis Parthum paveat? quis gelidum Scythen? 25  
 Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit  
 Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare? quis feræ  
 Bellum curet Iberiæ?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis;  
 Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores:  
 Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris  
 Te mensis adhibet Deum:

Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero  
 Defuso pateris; & Laribus tuum  
 Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris,  
 Et magni memor Herculis.

Longas ô utinam, dux bone, ferias  
 Præstes Hesperia, dicimus integro  
 Sicci manè die, dicimus uvidi,  
 Cùm sol Oceano subest.

No more polluted the chaste Mansion mourns:  
 Exempl'd Law hath each bold Crime subdu'd;  
 Sons like the Father the glad Mother praise;  
 And Punishment still Guilt o'ertakes.

Who now the Parthian? who the Scythian fears?  
 Or who, while Cæsar reigns, the Giant Race  
 Which from her Warlike Loins Germania pours;  
 Or what the fierce Iberian threats?

In his own Vineyard each interrs the Day;  
 30 Weds to the Widow'd Elm the Vine; then pleas'd  
 Seeks his Repast, and, when the second Board  
 Is crown'd, hails thee a God! with Pray'r

Invokes thee, and Libations pure; thy Name  
 In solemn Hymns with his Domestic Gods  
 35 Delighted chants; as grateful Greece of old  
 Her Castor and great Hercules.

Oh, may'st Thou long, illustrious Chief, indulge  
 These happy Festals to th' Hesperian Shore!  
 Each Morn we pray, and, with Lyæus dew'd,  
 When to the Ocean Sol retires.

## ODE

## ODE

21. *Nullis polluitur.*) Horace often complains of the Corruption of Manners in his Time, and attributes to the frequent Adulteries those Calamities with which Italy was afflicted. Augustus by his domestic Example contributed greatly to correct the Licence and Disorders of the Romans; and his Laws of Adultery, Chastity, and Marriage perfected, what he had so happily begun. D A C.

23. *Laudantur.*) This Expression appears too general; for in strict Construction, it must signify either that the Children resembled their Mothers, or were like each other: But neither of these is the Poet's Meaning. S A N.

The Ancients had a good Opinion of a Woman's Virtue, whose Children resembled her Husband, and they pretended even to know the real Fathers by this Resemblance. Hesiod reckons it among the Felicities of good Men, that their Wives bear Children in their Likeness; and Theocritus imagines that the Child will betray the Mother's Wandering. We have been long convinced that this Opinion is false; but perhaps our Women, says Mr. Dacier, are not happier by the Discovery; for if we do not suspect a Wife's Virtue when her Children are not like her Husband, so we do not take it as a Proof of her Chastity that they really resemble him.

25. *Quis Parthum paveat.*) Augustus had either subdu-

ed, or reduced to Peace the whole East, North, and West. The East is marked by Parthia; the North by Scythia and Germany, and the West by Spain. Dion reckons the Reduction of Spain, by sending Colonies thither, to be one of the happiest Successes of Augustus in this Expedition. S A N.

29. *Condit quisque diem*) *Condere diem*, as in Virgil *condere soles*, is properly to interr the Day; to finish or pass it entirely: for the Metaphor is taken from an Intermment of a dead Body. D A C.

31. *Et alteris te mensis.*) The Romans used two Tables in their Entertainments; the first for Meat, the second for Fruits. At the second Table they sung Hymns, performed their Libations, &c. After the Battle of Actium the Senate decreed that Libations should be made to Augustus, not only in private, but public Feasts, and the Year following they ordered that he should have a Place in the Hymns among the Gods.

34. *Et Laribus tuum miscet numen.*) The Lares were not only the tutelary Deities of particular Persons, but of the whole Empire, and the Romans by numbering Augustus among these Gods, declared that each Person acknowledged him to be the Master and Guardian of his Family. D A C.



By Thee our wedded Dames are pure  
From foul Adultery's Embrace;  
The conscious Father views secure  
His own Resemblance in his Race:

Thy chaste Example quells the spotted Deed,  
And to the Guilt thy Punishments succeed.

Shall Romans fear the Parthian's Flight,  
Or Scythia's freezing Armies dread,  
Or Germans, horrible of Might,  
Enormous Youth! to Battle bred,  
Or rising fierce in War the Sons of Spain,  
If Cæsar live secure, if Cæsar reign?

Safe in his Vineyard toils the Hind,  
Weds to the widow'd Elm his Vine,  
'Till the Sun sets his Hill behind,  
Then hastens joyful to his Wine,  
Drinks up his wearied Spirits, and implores  
Thy Godhead to protect and bless his Stores.

To Thee He chaunts the sacred Song,  
To Thee the rich Libation pours;  
Thee, plac'd his Household Gods among,  
With solemn daily Prayer adores;  
So Castor and great Hercules of old  
Were with her Gods by grateful Greece enroll'd.

Gracious and good, beneath thy Reign  
May Rome her happy Hours employ;  
And grateful hail thy just Domain  
With pious Hymns and festal Joy:  
Thus with the rising Sun we sober pray,  
Thus in our Wine beneath his setting Ray.

ODE

35. *Ut Græcia Castoris.* ) The Construction of this Sentence hath been greatly mistaken by some Interpreters, who join *memor* with *Hercules*. *Ut Græcia memor miscet Diis nomen Castoris & Herculis.* D A C.

No base Adult'ry stains our Race,  
Strict Law hath tam'd that spotted Vice;  
The Child can show his Father's Face;  
Pain waits on Sin, and checks its Rise.

Who doth the dreadful Germans fear,  
The Scythian Rage, or Partbian Bow,  
Or who the threat'ning Spaniards War,  
Whilst Cæsar lives, and rules below?

In his own Hills each sets his Sun;  
To Widow Elms he leads his Vine,  
And chearful, when his Toils are done,  
Invokes thee o'er a Glass of Wine:

To thee our Prayers and Wines do flow,  
To thee, the Author of our Peace,  
As much as grateful Greece can show  
To Castor, or great Hercules:

Long may you live, your Days be fair,  
Bestow long Feasts, and long Delight!  
This is our sober Morning Prayer,  
And these our drunken Vows at Night.

ODE

37. *Longas & utinam.* ) The Romans in their present happy Condition, could only pray to Augustus for a Continuance of his Protection, and of their Felicity. It is remarkable, that this Verse and half the next are taken from the Hymns which were addressed to the Emperor, as manifestly appears by *dicimus integro*, &c. As this gives an inexpressible Grandeur and Beauty to the Ode, it is surprising that the Commentators never perceived it. D A C.

38. *Dicimus integro.* ) The following Lines prove the Remark in the last Note; for it is not Horace alone, but all the Romans who join in the Hymn; *dicimus*. He adds, that it was sung at the Hours when they addressed themselves to the Gods: In the Morning to demand their Assistance for the Day; and in the Evening to return Thanks for the Blessings received, and to make their Libations.

*Integro die.* ) *Integer dies* is properly a Day of which there has not been one Moment used; such as the *solidus dies* in the first Ode. The Expression is remarkable. D A C.

## ODE VII. Ad TORQUATUM.

**D**iffugere nives; redeunt jam gramina campis,  
 Arboribusque comæ:  
 Mutat terra vices; & decrescentia ripas  
 Flumina prætereunt.  
 Gratia cum Nymphis, geminisque fororibus audet  
 Ducere nuda choros.  
 Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, & alumnus  
 Quæ rapit hora diem.  
 Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas,  
 Interitura, simul  
 Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: & mox  
 Bruma recurrit iners.  
 Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia Lunæ:  
 Nos ubi decidimus

Quò

The Reader may find the sixth Ode in the *Carmen Seculare*.

Horace hath taken from Alcæus this Kind of Measure, nor has he left us any other Example of it. The Subject of this Ode is but little different from the fourth of the first Book, except in the Manner of treating it. In that, the Description of Spring is more extended and more agreeable; in this it is more lively and better applied. There we do not perceive the Poet's Design until the End of his Poem; here he shews it in the seventh Line, and supports it thro' the Remainder of the Piece. One is more enriched with Figures; the other more strengthened with Morality. They have both their Value separately, and they both shew the Fruitfulness of a Genius, which could copy itself without Repetitions, or rather knew how to imitate, without copying itself.

S A N.

Verf. 1. *Diffugere nives.* ) Horace does not amuse himself in describing the Spring; His Aim is to convince Torquatus that every thing round us puts us in mind of Death. He sets before him the various Changes that happen in Nature, and the Vicissitudes of the Seasons, according to the Precepts of a Philosophy, which pretends that a Remembrance of Death is a most pressing Motive to our Pursuit of Pleasure. This Doctrine might be well received, if it were confined within its proper Bounds.

D A C.

3. *Decrescentia ripas, &c.* ] Horace does not mean that the Rivers overflow their Banks, nor that they pass their Banks when they sink within their Channels, but that being no longer swollen by melting Snows, they flow along their Banks. We must read *prætereunt* in two Words, and refer *præter* to *ripas*. Thus *flumina eunt præter ripas; flumina secundum ripas fuunt*. *Præter* does not signify *ultra* nor *intra* but *juxta*, *prope*, *non procul*. This is the Sense in which Livy says, *Philippus maxime idoneum ad muniendum locum*

## THE ODES OF HORACE.

## ODE VII. To TORQUATUS.

By Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE.

**T**HE Snows are melted all away,  
 The Fields grow flow'ry, green and gay,  
 The Trees put out their tender Leaves,  
 And all the Streams that went astray,  
 The Brook again into her Bed receives.

See! the whole Earth has made a Change,  
 The Nymphs and Graces naked range  
 About the Fields, who shrunk before  
 Into their Caves. The empty Grange  
 Prepares its Room, for a new Summer's Store.

Lest thou should'st hope immortal Things,  
 The changing Year Instruction brings,  
 The fleeting Hour, that steals away  
 The Beggar's Time, and Life of Kings,  
 But ne'er returns them, as it does the Day.

The Cold grows soft with Western Gales,  
 The Summer over Spring prevails,  
 But yields to Autumn's fruitful Reign,  
 As this to Winter-Storms and Hails;  
 Each Loss the hasting Moon repairs again.

But

*credidit esse præter amnem Aëum.*

S A N.

6. *Nuda.* ] The Graces and Nymphs in the fourth Ode make Part of the Equipage of Venus; here they have the whole Honour of the Season. The Epithet *Nuda* shews a negligent Modesty; for the Graces are always most beautiful, when they appear without any foreign Ornaments. Perhaps *Gratiæ decentes* means only the same Character in a different Expression; or *nuda* may be understood in its proper Sense, as the Graces were sometimes painted naked.

S A N.

7. *Monet annus* ] This is a Kind of Proposition, the Proofs of which are deduced through the Remainder of the Poem, where the Poet shews by all the Changes of Nature, that every thing is subject to Mortality, and that the Death of Man is inevitable.

S A N.

9. *Proterit æstas interitura.* ] These figurative Expressions are all very strong, and are perfectly beautiful in Lyric Poetry, which permits, or rather demands this Boldness. The Year is a Field of Battle, where the Seasons pursue, and fight, and destroy each other. At first they conquer; afterwards

afterwards

## ODE VII. To TORQUATUS.

THE Snow dissolves, the Field its Verdure  
spreads,

The Trees high wave in Air their leafy Heads;  
Earth feels the Change; the Rivers calm subside,  
And smooth along their Banks decreasing glide;  
The elder Grace, with her fair Sister-Train,  
In naked Beauty dances o'er the Plain;  
The circling Hours that swiftly wing their Way,  
And in their Flight consume the smiling Day;  
Those circling Hours and all the various Year,  
Convince us, nothing is immortal here.

In vernal Gales cold Winter melts away;  
Soon wastes the Spring in Summer's burning Ray;  
Yet Summer dies in Autumn's fruitful Reign,  
And freezing Winter swift returns again.

The Moon renews her Orb with growing Light,  
But when we sink into the Depths of Night,  
Where

afterwards they are vanquished; they perish in their Turns,  
and rise the next Year mutually to destroy one another.

S A N.

12. *Recurrit iners.* ] These two Words, which contain a Contrariety of Ideas, form a beautiful Image here, because it is natural. Horace frequently uses this Figure, by Rhetoricians, called *Oxumoron*, which always awakes the Reader's Attention by an Appearance of Contradiction. *Aman- deperdere. Vultu risit invito. Splendide mendax. Lene tormentum. Dulce periculum, &c.*

C U N.

13. *Damna caelestia.* ] This *damna caelestia* is very difficult, for which Reason the Commentators take no Notice of it. Horace calls *damna* the Seasons which follow and destroy each other, because in proportion as the Heavens change, they really seem to suffer some Loss; but the Moon repairs their Losses, by bringing round the Months, and hastening the Return of the Seasons.

D A C.

Mr. Sanadon thinks, that Horace calls the Vicissitude of the Seasons the Losses of Heaven, which he ought rather to call *damna terrestria* the Losses of the Earth, since Man alone loses by these Changes. It is a figurative and poetical Language, where the Cause is taken for the Subject; and *caelestia damna* signifies *damna quæ oriuntur a caelo*, the Losses that we suffer by the Motion of the Heavens, which take from us successively the most agreeable Seasons.

14. *Nos ubi decidimus.* ] The Seasons return and are renewed, but Man dies once, and for ever. There is a beautiful Passage in the third Idyllium of Moschus upon the Death of Bion, which perhaps our Poet had in his View.

## ODE VII. To TORQUATUS.

THE Snows are gone, and Grass returns again,  
New Leaves adorn the Widow Trees,  
The unswoln Streams their narrow Banks contain,  
And softly roul to quiet Seas:

The decent *Nymphs* with smiling *Graces* join'd,  
Now naked dance i'th' open Air,  
They frolick, dance, nor do they fear the Wind  
That gently wantons thro' their Hair.

The nimble Hour that turns the circling Year,  
And swiftly whirls the pleasing Day,  
Forewarns thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care,  
Nor cramp thy Life with long Delay:

The Spring the Winter, Summer wastes the Spring,  
And Summer's Beauty's quickly lost,  
When drunken *Autumn* spreads her drooping Wing,  
And next cold Winter creeps in Frost.

The Moon, 'tis true, her Monthly Loss repairs,  
She streight renews her borrow'd Light;  
But when black Death hath turn'd our shining Years,  
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we shall view the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,  
And walk amongst the mighty Dead,

Where

Αἶ, Αἶ, τὰ μαλάχαι μὲν ἵπαι κατὰ καπνὸν θλῆναι,  
\* Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σίλιννα, τὸ τ' ἐνθαλὲς ἔλοι ἀνηδον,  
\* Ὑγίον αὖ ζῶοντι, καὶ εἰς ἴθω' ἄλλο φύοντι  
\* Ἀμμις δ' οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἀνδρες,  
\* Ὅπποτε πρῶτα θάνατος, ἀνακοῖ ἐν χροῶν κοίτῃ  
\* Εὐδοκίης ἐν μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήχεται ὕπνον.

Our Plants and Trees revive; the breathing Rose,  
With annual Youth, in Pride of Beauty glows;  
But when the Master-piece of Nature dies,  
Man, who alone is great, and brave, and wise,  
No more he rises to the Realms of Light,  
But sleeps unawaking in eternal Night.



Quò pius Æneas, quò Tullus dives, & Ancus, 15  
Pulvis & umbra fumus.

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ craftina summæ  
Tempora Dî superi?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico  
Quæ dederis animo. 20

Cùm semel occideris, & de te splendida Minos  
Fecerit arbitria;

Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
Restituet pietas.

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum 25  
Liberat Hippolytum:

Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumperè caro  
Vincula Pirithoo.

## ODE

15. *Tullus dives.* ] Tullus, third King of the Romans, was so rich, that he divided a large Country, which was a Domain of the Kings, among those who wanted Land, saying that his own Patrimony was sufficient for the Sacrifices and Expences of his Family. Certainly these Riches of Tullus were unknown to Doctor Bentley when he would change *dives* into *pauper*, or apply it by a Comma to *Ancus*.  
S A N.

17. *Quis scit.* ] This is a second Motive to persuade Torquatus, not to neglect any Opportunity of Pleasure: It is even more pressing than the first; for to represent to a Man that he shall certainly die hereafter, is not so forcible a Manner of bidding him enjoy the present Hour, as if we told him, that perhaps he may die To-morrow. To defer our Pleasures is probably to lose them for ever, and Death is a Law which Nature publishes through all her Works.  
D A C.

20. *Amico quæ dederis animo.* ] To spend our Fortune is, properly speaking, to live at the Expence of our Heirs, or to be our own Heirs. Horace advises Torquatus, *ut animo morem gerat, indulgeat animo, animo obsequatur*; for these Expressions are all synonymous to this of Horace. *ἑυχὴ καὶ χάρις ἑοδαι*, to be kind to ourselves, is a common Expression among the Greeks.

These Lines are the Conclusion of the Poet's Reasoning, which is broken and lost, if we construe *amico animo*, with

But we, when once our Race is done,  
With Tullus and Anchises' Son  
(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)  
To Dust and Shades, without a Sun,  
Descend, and sink in deep Oblivion's Flood.

Who knows, if the kind Gods will give  
Another Day to Men that live  
In hope of many distant Years,  
Or if one Night more shall retrieve  
The Joys thou lovest by thy idle Fears?

The pleasant Hours thou spend'st in Health,  
The Use thou mak'st of Youth and Wealth,  
As what thou giv'st among thy Friends,  
Escapes thy Heirs, to those the Stealth  
Of Time and Death, where Good and Evil ends.

For when that comes, nor Birth, nor Fame,  
Nor Piety, nor honest Name,

Can e'er restore thee. *Theseus* bold,  
Nor chaste *Hippolitus* could tame

Devouring Fate, that spares nor Young nor Old.

## ODE

a liberal Soul; for he is by no means recommending here the Virtue of Liberality.  
D A C. S A N.

21. *Quum semel occideris.* ] Although this comes after the Conclusion, yet it is not useless. Neither Orators nor Poets are to be restrained to a logical Form of Reasoning, in which the Conclusion methodically follows the Proofs. Horace here adds a new Argument to confirm his Conclusion; that our Death shall prove perpetual and without Resource. Neither Eloquence, Nobility, Riches, Piety, Friendship, nor Innocence of Manners, shall be able to recall us from the Grave.  
S A N.

Where all the Good, the Rich, the Brave are laid,  
Our best Remains are Ashes and a Shade.

Who knows if Heav'n, with ever-bounteous Pow'r,  
Shall add To-morrow to the present Hour?  
But know, that Wealth, bestow'd to gay Delight,  
Far from thy ravening Heir shall speed its Flight;  
But soon as Minos, thron'd in awful State,  
Shall deep pronounce the solemn Words of Fate,  
Virtue, nor Birth, nor Eloquence divine  
Shall bid the Grave its destin'd Prey resign:  
Nor chaste Diana from infernal Night  
Could bring her modest Favourite back to Light;  
And Hell-descending Theseus strove in vain  
To break his amorous Friend's Lethæan Chain.

## ODE

22. *Splendida arbitria.*] Never was there a Tribunal whose Decrees were more solemn than those of the Pagan Hell. It was the Tribunal of the whole Universe; All Mankind appeared without Distinction; Judgment was pronounced upon every Action of their Lives, and Sentence instantly executed without Appeal. Such is the Force of the Epithet *splendida*. The ancient Interpreter understands *arbitria splendida* for Judgments in which Truth is fully displayed, and where there is no Place for Disguise and Falshood: But the first Sense is more natural, and the Idea more great.

S A N.

Where Tullus, where Æneas went before,  
We shall be Dust and empty Shade:

Who knows if stubborn Fate will prove so kind,  
And join to this another Day?  
What e'er is for thy greedy Heir design'd,  
Will slip his Hands, and fly away:

When thou art gone, and Minos' Sentence read,  
Torquatus, there is no Return;  
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,  
Nor Goodness shall unseal the Urn:

For chaste Hippolytus Diana strives,  
She strives, but ah! she strives in vain;  
Nor Theseus Care, and pious Force reprieves,  
Nor breaks his Dear Perithous' Chain.

## ODE

26. *Hippolytum.*] What the Poet says of Hippolytus contradicts the Fable; and what he adds of Theseus and Perithous destroys his Reasoning; since although Theseus could not bring Perithous from Hell, yet Hercules delivered Theseus. Horace through this whole Ode speaks like an Epicurean, and according to Epicurus, all the popular Opinions concerning Hippolytus, Theseus, Perithous, and many others, were all pure Chimæras and Fables.

S A N.

## ODE VIII. Ad CENSORINUM.

## ODE VIII. To CENSORINUS.

[ By another Hand. ]

DONAREM pateras, grataque commodus,  
 Censorine, meis æra sodalibus:  
 Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium  
 Graiorum: neque tu pessima munerum  
 Ferres, divite me scilicet artium  
 Quas aut Parrhæsius protulit, aut Scopas;  
 Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus  
 Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc Deum.  
 Sed non hæc mihi vis; non tibi talium  
 Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.  
 Gaudes carminibus; carmina possumus  
 Donare, & pretium dicere muneri.  
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
 Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus: non celeres fugæ,  
 Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ:

This Ode was written, either in the Time of the Saturnalia, when it was customary among the Romans to send Presents to their Friends, or in Return for something valuable which Horace had received from Censorinus, and for which he sends him a Copy of Verses. Such has been the Poet's Manner in all Ages of paying his Debts of Gratitude to his Friends.

Verf. 1. *Commodus.* ] Ovid has used this Word for *magnificus, utilis*, which seems to be the proper Sense of it here. Mr. Dacier joins it with *donarem*, and Mr. Sanadon with *sodalibus*. *Commodus donarem*, &c. or *donarem pateras & æra, commodus meis sodalibus*. Mr. Dacier translates it *willing or chearful*.

2. *Censorine.* ] There were two of this Name in Rome, Father and Son, at the same Time, and it is difficult to determine to which of them this Ode was written. Velleius gives this amiable Character of the Son, that he was born to serve and oblige Mankind.

6. *Parrhæsius.* ] Pliny says of him, that he first gave a Symmetry and just Proportion to Painting; and even in the Confession of Masters deserved the Prize for Designing elegantly and correctly. *Primus symmetriam picturæ dedit, & confessione artificum in lincis extremis palmam adeptus.*

*Protulit.* ] *Exposed to the Public.* Such was the Custom of Painters and Sculptors, when they had finished their Works.

WERE I possess of ample Store,  
 None should oblige his Friends with more;  
 I'd give 'em Plate of curious Mould,  
 5 I'd give 'em, *Martius*, Cups of Gold,  
 And add the Tripods once decreed,  
 By ancient *Greece*, the Hero's Meed.  
 Had I the Pieces to impart  
 Of *Scopas*' or *Parrhæsius*' Art,  
 10 This shady Colours skill'd to place,  
 And from the Canvas swell the Face;  
 That to the shapeless Stone to give  
 The breathing Form, and bid it live;  
 Whether a Mortal the Design  
 15 Ambitious shew'd, or Power divine;  
 These I'd bestow, and ('tis your due)  
 None shou'd have more of them than you:  
 But these 'twas ne'er my Lot to have,  
 And These you neither want nor crave;  
 Verses you love; and, since they please,  
 Such Presents I can give with Ease;  
 Nay more, — dare point their Merit forth,  
 And vouch for their superiour Worth.  
 Not Columns built in public Ways,  
 Inscrub'd with Characters of Praise,  
 Which after Death remaining give  
 Illustrious Chiefs to breathe and live;  
 Nor Threats retorted on the Head  
 Of *Hannibal*, who trembling fled;

10. *Aut animus.* ] Censorinus was already sufficiently rich in Curiosities of this kind; nor of a Spirit meanly avaricious of more; the Poet therefore promises him a Present which should not be less pleasing to his Taste, and for the Value of which he could pronounce with Certainty. *Pretium dicere muneri.*

Nor



## ODE VIII. To CENSORINUS.

WITH liberal Heart to every Friend  
 A Bowl or Cauldron would I send;  
 Or Tripod, which the Grecians gave,  
 In proud Reward, to Heroes brave;  
 Nor should the meanest Gift be thine,  
 If the rich Works of Art were mine,  
 By Scopas, or Parrhasius wrought,  
 With animating Skill, who taught  
 The shapeless Stone with Life to glow,  
 And bad the breathing Colours flow,  
 To imitate, in every Line,  
 The Form or human or divine.

But I nor boast the curious Store,  
 And you nor want, nor wish for more;  
 'Tis yours the Joys of Verse to know,  
 Such Joys as Horace can bestow,  
 While I can vouch my Present's Worth,  
 And call its every Virtue forth.

Nor Columns which the Public raise,  
 Engrav'd with monumental Praise,  
 By which the Breath of Life returns  
 To Heroes sleeping in their Urns;  
 Nor Hannibal, who trembling fled,  
 His Threats retorted on his Head,

Nor

13. *Notæ* ] Are properly Abbreviations, but are used here for Inscriptions; such as S. P. Q. R. for *Senatus, Populusque Romanus*.

T O R R

## ODE VIII. To CENSORINUS.

I Would be kind, I would bestow,  
 Dear *Censorine*, on all I know,  
 Plate, Statues, Brafs prepar'd;  
 Or Bowls the stoutest *Greeks* Reward:  
 On you, my Friend, and half my Heart,  
 Some curious Piece of noble Art;  
 Could I the famous Works command  
 Of *Scopa's* or *Parrhasius'* Hand,  
 One skill'd in Stone, and one in Paint,  
 To frame a Man, or make a Saint:  
 The Art declar'd the Frame divine,  
 And *God* appear'd in ev'ry Line.  
 But I am poor, and your Estate  
 Gives you all these, your Soul too great  
 To want such Things; but you delight  
 In noble Verse, and I can write;  
 In these I'm rich, can please a Friend,  
 And show the Worth of what I send:  
 Not stately Pillars rais'd in Brafs,  
 Nor Stones inscrib'd with public Praise,  
 Tho' such new Heat and Vigour give,  
 And make the bury'd *Heroes* live;  
 The hasty Flight, the wond'rous Fall,  
 And Threats thrown back on *Hannibal*,

Not

15. *Non celeres fugæ.* ] These Words were probably taken from the public Inscriptions on the Monuments erected to Scipio after his Death, for he would never suffer any to be rais'd for him during his Life.

D A C.

16. *Rejēctæque retrorsum minæ.* ] The Threats of Hannibal driven back from Italy, when he was obliged to fly to the Defence of Carthage.

B O N D.

Q 9

17.

Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ;  
 Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ  
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides; neque,  
 Si chartæ fileant, quod bene feceris,  
 Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ  
 Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas  
 Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?  
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum  
 Virtus & favor, & lingua potentium  
 Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.  
 Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;  
 Cælo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest  
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules;  
 Clarum Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis  
 Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates;  
 Ornatus viridi tempora pampino  
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

Nor perjur'd *Carthage* wrapt in Flame,  
 From whence young *Scipio* gain'd a Name,  
 Such Glories round him can display  
 As *Ennius*' immortal Lay;  
 And if the Muse her Aid deny,  
 Ev'n thou too must unguerdon'd die;  
 Each Virtue, which now shines so bright,  
 Sunk in Oblivion's endless Night.  
 Had *Romulus*, from *Ili*a sprung  
 And mighty *Mars*, been left unsung  
 In envious Silence, what due Praise  
 Had crown'd the Founder of our Race?  
 Or who had known the Hero's Name  
 From whom the *Roman* Empire came?  
 The Muse, by her superiour Power,  
 Snatch'd from the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,  
 Could raise great *Æacus* again,  
 And give in blissful Isles to reign.

## ODE

The Man that truly merits Praise  
 The Muse makes sacred with her Lays,  
 With pow'rful Voice forbids to die,  
 And lifts in Glory to the Sky.  
 Thus brave *Alcides* sits above,  
 A God at the high Feasts of *Jove*;  
 Fair *Leda's* Sons propitious save  
 The shatter'd Vessel from the Wave;  
*Bacchus* with Vine-Leaves wreaths his Brows,  
 And hears his Votary's humble Vows.

## ODE

17. *Non incendia.* ] Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon have altered the Text, and read *impendia*, since it is certain that *Scipio*, whom *Ennius* celebrates, was not the Destroyer of *Carthage*; nor is it possible that *Horace* could be mistaken in such a Fact. Two Reflections may save the Poet's Honour, and lead us to the real Sense of the Passage. First, it is historically true, that *Scipio* imposed a Tribute upon *Carthage*; and secondly, the Latins used the Word *impendia* to signify a Tribute; but, as it was not in common Usage, the Copyists changed it for *incendia*, which hath ever since perplexed our Commentators. Doctor Bentley advises us to strike out the whole Line; but this would be of dangerous Example.

19. *Nomen ab Africâ lucratus.* ] *Scipio* was the first of the Romans, who was honoured with the Name of a conquered Country. *Sempronius Gracchus* must be an unsuspected Witness to his Character, when he says, that he subdued *Africa*; defeated in *Spain* four of the most famous *Carthaginian* Generals; took *Syphax* Prisoner in *Numidia*; vanquished *Hannibal*; rendered *Carthage* tributary to *Rome*, and obliged *Antiochus* to retire on the other Side of Mount *Taurus*.

T O R R.

*Ennius*, who celebrated the Actions of this Hero, was born in *Calabria*, from whence this Expression, the *Calabrian* Muses. We have some Fragments of his Works, which shew a strong and masculine Spirit, but rude and uncultivated.

25. *Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum.* ] Poetry hath not only a Power of making our Names immortal, but of recalling Heroes from their Tombs, and ranking them among the Gods. Poets have given to *Æacus* that honourable Employment, which he holds in the *Elysian* Fields; by Poetry, *Hercules* is placed at the Table of *Jupiter*; *Castor* and *Pollux* are able to protect the Mariner in a Storm, and *Bacchus* hears the Prayers of his Votaries. From hence we may see what *Horace*, and all wiser Heathens, thought of the Stories and Fables of their Mythology.

L

Nor impious Carthage wrapt in Flame,  
From whence great Scipio gain'd a Name,  
Such Glories round him can diffuse  
As the Calabrian deathless Muse;  
And if the Bard his Aid deny  
Thy Virtues unrewarded die.

The Son of Mars, from Ilia sprung,  
In Silence envious left unfung,  
Where now had been the Hero's Fame  
From whom the Roman Empire came?  
The Poet's Credit, Voice and Lays  
Could Æacus immortal raise,  
Snatch'd from the Stygian Gulphs of Hell,  
Among the blissful Isles to dwell.

The Muse forbids the Brave to die,  
The Muse enthrones Him in the Sky;  
Alcides, mid the starry Pole,  
Thus quaffs with Jove the nectar'd Bowl;  
Thus Vine-crown'd Bacchus with Success  
His jovial Votaries can bless,  
And the Twin-Stars have Power to save  
The shatter'd Vessel from the gulphy Wave.

ODE

In the first Epistle of the second Book, Horace asserts the Power of Poetry in perpetuating the Memory of the brave and virtuous.

*Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,  
Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum  
Clarorum apparent.*

Moulded in Brass, with less Expression shines  
The Hero's Face, than in the Poet's Lines  
His Life and Manners.

Not impious Carthage bright in Flames,  
His Praise, who came increas'd in Names  
From conquer'd Africk, Virtues show,  
With half the Glory Verse can do:  
If Books were dumb, what small Regard  
Would Virtue meet, what mean Reward?  
And who had Rome's great Founder known,  
Tho' sprung from Mars, tho' Ilia's Son,  
If envious Silence had with-held  
His great Deferts, and Fame conceal'd?  
From Shades below, and gloomy Night,  
By Poet's Pow'r, and Force of Wit,  
Freed Æacus serenely reigns  
A mighty King in happy Plains.  
The Muse forbids great Worth to die;  
On whom she will bestows the Sky:  
Thus great Alcides carves the Feast  
With Jove himself, a noble Guest:  
Thus shining Castor kindly saves  
A feeble Ship in roughest Waves:  
And Bacchus, crown'd with Ivy, hears  
Our modest Vows, and speeds our Prayers.

ODE

26. *Virtus.*] The Power of Verse, *Virtus*; the Credit of Poets, *Fortor*, and the Harmony of their Language, *Lingua*, have established Æacus as a God in the Elysian Fields, which Horace calls the happy Islands, and in another Place, *lætas sedes*, the blissful Mansions. The Latins frequently use *divus* and *beatus* in the same Sense. T O R R.

34. *Vota bonos ducit ad exitus.*] The Poet, instead of saying that Bacchus is a God, tells us, that he crowns the Prayers of his Votaries with Success. But perhaps Bacchus, as he is God of Wine, is in a peculiar Manner willing to relieve his Worshippers, from whence a Grecian Orator calls him, the Friend of all Times and Fortunes. D A C.

Q q 2



ODE IX. *Ad LOLLIIUM.*

**N**E forte credas interitura, quæ  
 Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,  
 Non ante vulgatas per artes,  
 Verba loquor socianda chordis.

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet  
 Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,  
 Cæque, & Alcæi minaces,  
 Stesichorique graves Camenæ:

Nec, si quid olim lufit Anacreon,  
 Delevit ætas. Spirat adhuc amor,  
 Vivuntque commiffi calores  
 Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Non

Horace in this Ode celebrates the Character of an Hero; a Man of Integrity, of disinterested Honesty, and a Lover of his Country; yet the Subject of all these Praises was a Coward, a Villain, a Miser, and a Traytor. Lollius had an Appearance of Virtue, nor should we wonder that he had imposed upon Horace, since even Augustus was long deceived by Him: They, who are acquainted with Courts, are convinced that such Characters are not uncommon.

Torr. SAN.

Verf. 1. *Ne forte credas.*] The Poet hath divided this Ode into three Parts; In the first, which consists of three Strophes, he contradicts those popular Prejudices, which are equally unjust, and injurious to Authors; that the Merit of a Poet is to be judged by the Country where he was born; and that they alone are worthy of our Esteem, who have attained to the Perfection of their Art. Nothing can be more false than these Opinions; for every Country hath some excellent Spirits, and in an Inequality of Abilities we may find very different Degrees and Kinds of Merit, which yet are all worthy of our Regard.

SAN.

2. *Natus ad Aufidum.*] Our Poet's Country was anciently wild and uncultivated, where neither Poet or Poetry had ever appeared. Horace therefore mentions it as Matter of peculiar Honour to his Works, that they should live for ever although produced in a Country unknown to Apollo and the Muses.

D A C.

This Example alone were sufficient to prove that the Genius of Mankind depends rather upon Culture and Education, than the Climates where they are born. Bæotia had her Philosophers, Poets and Heroes; and Abdera, a City of Thrace, which Juvenal in contempt calls *vervecum patria*, produced several Persons who were Ornaments of the Time in which they lived.

3. *Non ante vulgatas per artes.*] Horace does not say

ODE IX. *To LOLLIIUS.*

By Mr. STEPNEY.

**V**erses immortal as my Bays I sing  
 When suited to my trembling String:  
 When by strange Art both Voice and Lyre agree  
 5 To make one pleasing Harmony.  
 All Poets are by their blind Captain led:  
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious Pride  
 To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged Head)  
 Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic Tide  
 Hath still this Praise, that none presume to fly  
 10 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high.  
 Still does Stesichorus his Tongue  
 Sing sweeter than the Bird which on it hung.  
 Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,  
 Love from ev'ry Verse does flow:  
 Still Sappho's Strings do seem to move,  
 Instructing all her Sex to Love.

Golden

that he was the most excellent Poet of his Age; this were an unpardonable Arrogance, and perhaps his Title might have been disputed. He only means that he had introduced a Kind of Poetry, by his Imitation of the Grecian Lyric Writers, until then almost unknown to the Romans.

D A C. SAN.

6. *Pindaricæ Camenæ.*] The great Idea, which Horace had of Pindar, did not hinder him from allowing the Superiority of Homer; and on the contrary, the great Veneration, which he had for Homer, did not prejudice him against the real Merit of Pindar.

D A C.

7. *Cææ Camenæ.*] Of all the Tragedies, Odes, Elegies and Epigrams, by which Simonides acquired so great a Reputation, we have only some Fragments remaining. Dionysius Halicarnassensis and Quintilian thought him superior to Pindar, and to all other Poets by a peculiar Talent of moving Compassion.

The

## ODE IX. To LOLLIVS.

WHILE with the Grecian Bards I vye,  
And raptur'd tune the social String,  
Think not the Song shall ever die,  
Which with no vulgar Art I sing,  
Though born where Aufid rolls his sounding Stream,  
In Lands far distant from poetic Fame.

What though the Muse her Homer thrones  
High above all th' immortal Quire,  
Nor Pindar's Rapture She disowns,  
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan Lyre;  
Alcæus strikes the Tyrant's Soul with dread,  
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

Whatever old Anacreon sung,  
However tender was the Lay,  
In spite of Time is ever young,  
Nor Sappho's am'rous Flames decay;  
Her living Songs preserve their charming Art,  
Her Love still breathes the Passions of her Heart.

Helen

The Reader may find the Character of Alcæus and his Writings in the thirty-second Ode of the first Book, and in the thirteenth of the second.

8. *Stesichori*.] This Poet was thus called, from having fixed the Manner of dancing to Music, and regulated the Chorus upon the Stage. His Character by Quintilian may be worth translating. His Force of Genius appears even in the Subjects which he chose; for he celebrated the greatest Wars, and the greatest Commanders, sustaining the whole Weight of the Epic Poem with his Lyre. He made his Heroes act and speak with all the Dignity of their Characters; and if he had known how to preserve himself within the

## ODE IX. To LOLLIVS.

VAIN Fear, to think those Words will die  
Which, born by *Aufid's* rowling Stream,  
With unknown Art I first did try,  
In *Lyric* Numbers join'd,  
With charming Strings to bind,  
And gently raise my noble Theme.

Tho' King in Verse great *Homer* reigns,  
And doth Equality refuse;  
Yet *Pindar* lives in lofty Strains,  
*Alcæus* nobly charms,  
The *Cæan Lyric* warms,  
With grave *Stesichorus'* stately Muse:

We read *Anacreon's* wanton Toys;  
Whilst they our Passions gently move,  
No Envy blasts, no Age destroys;  
And *Sappho's* charming Lyre  
Preserves her soft Desire,  
And tunes our ravish'd Souls to Love.

Not

Bounds of Moderation, he might have been the nearest Imitator of Homer; but he is redundant and diffusive, and although these be really Faults, yet they are Faults of too great an Abundance.

9. *Lusit Anacreon*.] This is whole Anacreon at one Stroke. No Poet better knew how to sport and trifle with a natural Elegancy and Delicacy. His Poems are instant Productions of Imagination rather than of Reflexion, and we can only wish that he had more Respect to Modesty in the Pictures which he has drawn of his Pleasures. S.A.N.

Non sola comtos arsit adulteri  
Crines, & aurum vestibus illitum  
Mirata, regalesque cultus  
Et comites, Helene Lacæna;

Primusve Teucer tela Cydonio  
Direxit arcu: non semel Ilios  
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens  
Idomeneus, Sthenelusve solus

Dicenda Musis prælia: non ferox  
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves  
Excepit ictus pro pudicis  
Conjugibus puerisque, primus.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona  
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles  
Urgentur, ignotique longâ  
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae  
Celata virtus. Non ego te meis  
Chartis inornatum filebo;  
Totve tuos patiar labores

Impune

13. *Non sola comtos.* ] The following eight Verses form the second Part of the Ode, in which the Poet shews that the greatest Actions, if not preserved by the Muses, must fall into Oblivion. *Helene Lacæna non sola arsit, mirata comtos crines, &c.* Such must be the Construction.

DAC. SAN.

14. *Et aurum vestibus illitum.* ] The Phrygians were the Inventors of embroidering with Gold. Embroiderers were therefore called *Phrygines*; their Art, *Ars Phrygionia*, and embroidered Cloaths, *vestes acu pictæ, vestes Phrygioniae*.

DAC.

16. *Helene Lacæna.* ] The Poet by this Epithet explains the Surprise and Admiration of Helen; nor was it unnatural that the Magnificence of an Asiatic Prince should strike with Wonder a Princess of Lacedæmon, whose People were educated in the Simplicity of the first Ages.

DAC.

18. *Non semel Ilios vexata.* ] Troy had been twice besieged before the Reign of Priam; first by Hercules, and afterwards by the Amazons.

SERVIUS.

24. *Conjugibus puerisque.* ] This Expression can only mean Wives and Children in general, for Deiphobus never had any other Wife than Helen, who could hardly deserve the Title of chaste, nor had he any Children by her.

DAC.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair  
More than *Helen* did ensnare;  
Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,  
And wond'ring, melted to Desire.  
Not only skilful *Teucer* knew  
To direct Arrows from the bended Yew.  
*Troy* more than once did fall,  
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.  
Was *Sthenelus* the only valiant He,  
A Subject fit for lasting Poetry?  
Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,  
Who, to save others Lives, expos'd his own?  
Was only he so brave to dare his Fate,  
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?  
No; others bury'd in Oblivion lye,  
As silent as their Grave,  
Because no charitable Poet gave  
Their well deserved Immortality.

30 Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,  
Are levell'd in th' impartial Grave,  
If they no Poet have.  
But I will lay my Music by,  
And bid the mournful Strings in Silence lie;  
Unless my Songs begin and end with you,  
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.

No

26. *Illacrymabiles.* ] Horace uses this Word in a passive Sense here, and in an active in the fourteenth Ode of the second Book.

DAC.

29. *Sepulta* ] In this Line has the same Sense with *celata* in the next. Cowardice endeavours to bury and conceal itself; but Courage would gladly appear in open Day. Yet if the Valour of the Hero shall be lost in the Forgetfulness of Time, it shall be then confounded with the Coward's Infamy, when they shall be both equally lost to Remembrance.

SAN.

30.



Helen was not the only Fair  
 By an unhappy Passion fir'd,  
 Who the lewd Ringlets of the Hair  
 Of an adult'rous Beau admir'd;  
 Court Arts, Gold Lace, and Equipage have Charms  
 To tempt weak Women to a Stranger's Arms.

Nor first from Teucer's vengeful Bow  
 The feather'd Death unerring flew;  
 Nor was the Greek the single Foe,  
 Whose Rage ill-fated Ilion knew;  
 Greece had with Heroes fill'd th' embattled Plain,  
 Worthy the Muse in her sublimest Strain.

Nor Hector first transported heard  
 With fierce Delight the War's Alarms;  
 Nor warm Deiphobus appear'd  
 Amid the tented Field in Arms,  
 With glorious Ardour prodigal of Life,  
 To guard a darling Son, and faithful Wife.

Before great Agamemnon reign'd,  
 Reign'd Kings as great as He, and brave,  
 Whose huge Ambition's now contain'd  
 In the small Compass of a Grave;  
 In endless Night they sleep, unwept, unknown,  
 No Bard had they to make all Time their own.

In Earth if it forgotten lies,  
 What is the Valour of the Brave?  
 What Difference, when the Coward dies,  
 And sinks in Silence to his Grave?  
 Nor, Lollius, will I not thy Praise proclaim,  
 But from Oblivion vindicate thy Fame.

Nor

Not only Helen's Heart was fir'd,  
 When, basely careless of her Fame,  
 She Paris' princely Train admir'd,  
 His Curls surprizing Grace,  
 His Drefs, his Art, his Face,  
 And lewdly fed her lawless Flame.

Not Teucer first drew fatal Bows;  
 Not Troy but once felt Grecian Rage;  
 Not only Sthenelus brav'd his Foes,  
 The great first-born of Fame,  
 That fought, and overcame,  
 And lives in Verse to future Age.

Not Hector first the Glory won  
 Of bravely spending Royal Blood,  
 To guard his Hopes, his darling Son;  
 Nor first profuse of Life  
 To save a Virtuous Wife,  
 And do his dying Country good.

Before that Age a thousand liv'd,  
 And sent surprizing Glories forth,  
 But none the silent Grave surviv'd;  
 In Night their Splendour's gone,  
 They fell, unmourn'd, unknown:  
 Because no Verse embalms their Worth.

What Worth doth lazy Sloth excel,  
 If 'tis with-held from sounding Fame?  
 Thy Glories I will loudly tell,  
 And in immortal Verse  
 Thy living Praise rehearse,  
 Nor suffer Age to waste thy Name.

A

30. *Non ego te meis.*] The third Part of the Ode begins here, with the Praises of Lollius. Mr. Sanadon thinks himself obliged to confess, that the Poet ought sooner to have introduced his Hero, and that he has made us wait too long for his Character; but we shall be well rewarded, says the

Critic, for waiting, since this is the noblest Part of the Poem.

32. *Totus tuos patiar labores.*] Lollius commanded the Roman Legions in Germany, Thrace and Galatia. In the German

Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas  
Obliviones. Est animus tibi  
Rerumque prudens, & secundis  
Temporibus, dubiisque rectus;

Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens  
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ;  
Consulque non unius anni,  
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honesto prætulit utili, &  
Rejecit alto dona nocentium  
Vultu, & per obstantes catervas  
Explicuit sua victor arma.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
Recte beatum; rectius occupat  
Nomen beati, qui Deorum  
Muneribus sapienter uti,

Duramque callet pauperiem pati,  
Pejusque letho flagitium timet;  
Non ille pro caris amicis,  
Aut patriâ timidus perire.

German War he lost the Eagle of the fifth Legion, and his Defeat was called the Lollian Slaughter, *Lolliana clades*; but he soon revenged the Affront, and obliged the Germans to repass the Rhine, to demand a Peace, and deliver Hostages.

39. *Consulque non unius anni.* ] This perpetual Consulship is a noble Compliment to Lollius; for the Wise and Virtuous, according to the Stoics, always enjoy the highest Employments, independant of the Suffrages of the People. Nature, says Plutarch, has marked a good Man for Magistracy, for perpetual Magistracy.

The Reader may find this Expression, *Est animus tibi Consul*, defended against the Criticism of Torrentius, and Mr. Dacier in the Notes on the fourth Ode of the third Book.

43. *Per obstantes catervas.* ] That Croud of Flatterers by whom the Great are continually surrounded, and against whom an honest Magistrate opposes his Reason, Integrity, and Courage; those Arms with which Virtue conquers our Passions.

51. *Non ille pro caris amicis.* ] Gratitude to our Friends, and Love to our Country, are the firmest Bonds of human Society; and he who feels the Shame of a dishonourable

No Pride does with your rising Honours grow,  
You meekly look on suppliant Crouds below.  
Should Fortune change your happy State,  
You could admire, yet envy not the Great,  
Your equal Hand holds an unbiass'd Scale,  
Where no rich Vices, gilded Baits, prevail.  
You with a gen'rous Honesty despise  
What all the Meaner World so dearly prize:  
Nor does your Virtue disappear,  
With the small Circle of one short-liv'd Year;  
Others, like Comets, visit and away;  
Your Lustre (great as theirs) finds no Decay,  
But with the constant Sun makes an eternal Day.

We barbarously call them blest,  
Who are of largest Tenements possess,  
Whilst swelling Coffers break their Owner's Rest.  
More truly happy those who can  
Govern that little Empire, *Man*;  
Bridle their Passions, and direct their Will  
Thro' all the glitt'ring Paths of charming Ill;  
Who spend their Treasures freely, as 'twas giv'n  
By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n;  
Who in a Fixt Unalterable State,  
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,  
And scorn alike her Friendship and her Hate.  
Who Poison less than Falshood fear,  
Loth to purchase Life so dear:  
But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,  
And seal their Country's Love with their Departing  
Breath.

ODE

Action, more sensibly than he fears Death, shall not be afraid to die in their Defence.

Such was the Character which Lollius deserved, or seemed to deserve, when the Poet wrote this Ode. So great an Opinion had Augustus of his Abilities and Integrity, that he confided to him his Grandson Caius Cæsar's Education in

Nor shall its livid Power conceal  
 Thy Toils — how glorious to the State!  
 How constant to the public Weal  
 Through all the doubtful Turns of Fate!  
 Thy steady Soul, by long Experience found  
 Erect alike, when Fortune smil'd, or frown'd.

Villains, in public Rapine bold,  
 Lollius, the just Avenger, dread,  
 Who never by the Charms of Gold,  
 Shining Seducer, was misled;  
 Beyond thy Year such Virtue shall extend,  
 And Death alone thy Consulate shall end.

Perpetual Magistrate is He,  
 Who keeps strict Justice full in Sight;  
 With Scorn rejects th' Offender's Fee,  
 Nor weighs Convenience against Right;  
 Who bids the Croud at awful Distance gaze,  
 And Virtue's Arms victoriously displays.

Not He, of Wealth immense possessor,  
 Tasteless who piles his massy Gold,  
 Among the Number of the Blest,  
 Should have his glorious Name enroll'd;  
 He better claims the glorious Name, who knows  
 With Wisdom to enjoy what Heaven bestows:

Who knows the Wrongs of Want to bear,  
 Even in its lowest, last Extreme;  
 Yet can with conscious Virtue fear,  
 Far worse than Death, a Deed of Shame;  
 Undaunted, for his Country or his Friend,  
 To sacrifice his Life — Oh glorious End.

ODE

the Art of War. He waited on the young Prince in his Expedition to the East, where he amassed immense Riches

A gen'rous Mind, in Action bold,  
 Wise in Debate, in Council grave,  
 Too strong for all attracting Gold:  
 Let Fortune frown or smile,  
 Thy Soul is constant still,  
 In either State 'tis great and brave:

Not Consul only for one Year,  
 But still the Chair as oft obtain'd  
 As equal Justice rul'd the Bar,  
 As oft as Crimes accus'd,  
 And guilty Bribes refus'd,  
 With haughty Look she nobly reign'd:

Believe not those that Lands possess,  
 And shining Heaps of useless Ore,  
 The only Lords of Happiness,  
 But rather those that know  
 For what kind Fates bestow,  
 And have the Art to use the Store:

That have the gen'rous Skill to bear  
 The hated Weight of Poverty;  
 Who more than Death will Baseness fear,  
 Who nobly, to defend  
 Their Country or their Friend,  
 Embrace their Fate, and gladly die.

ODE

by abusing the Authority of his Employment; he supported the Quarrel between Caius and Tiberius; and betrayed the Councils of his Prince to Phraates. When his Treason was publicly discovered he put an end to an infamous Life by Poison, and hath left this Moral to Posterity, that we should no more pronounce a Man perfectly virtuous than perfectly happy, before he dies.

CRUQ.

R r



## ODE X. Ad LIGURINUM.

O Crudelis adhuc, & Veneris muneribus potens,  
 Insperata tuæ cum veniet bruma superbiæ,  
 Et quæ nunc humeris involitant, deciderint comæ,  
 Nunc & qui color est puniceo flore prior rosæ,  
 Mutatus, Ligurine, in faciem verterit hispidam; 5  
 Dices, heu (quoties te speculo videris alterum)  
 Quæ mens est hodie, cur eadem non puero fuit?  
 Vel cur his animis incolumes non redeunt genæ?

## ODE

To be vain of his personal Beauty is such Folly in a Man as even Custom can never reconcile to us. Ligurinus was young, well-made, and handsome; yet he ruined all these Advantages of Nature by a ridiculous Insolence, which the Poet attempting to correct, represents an old, in opposition to the young Ligurinus; and shews him, that all this Beauty, of which he is now so vain, shall soon fall a Prey to Time and Age.

SAN. Verl. 2. *Bruma.*] The Commentators are greatly divided about the Meaning of the common Reading *pluma*. All our elder Interpreters think it signifies a *Beard*, although the Metaphor of a Feather for a Beard was never used by any of the Poets: But, besides the disagreeable Repetition, the downy Beard in this Line becomes strangely rough *hispidam* in almost the next. Mr. Dacier, who reads *pluma*, says it is an Expression, in Imitation of the Greeks and Orientals, to signify any Thing which is ready to take its Flight; *when your Pride shall fly away*: but he has declined producing his Authorities, although challenged to it by Doctor Bentley. The different Ages of Life have ever been compared to the different Seasons of the Year, and *Bruma* naturally represents the Winter of Age.

The Remainder of the Ode is a Continuation of the Metaphor, in which *deciderint comæ* and *facies hispida* are equally applicable to Winter and old Age. This conjectural Correction was proposed by Doctor Bentley, is approved of by Mr. Cunningham, and taken into the Text by Mr. Sanadon.

5. *Ligurine.*] They who read *Ligurinum* should have remarked that *dices* and *videris*, according to their Construction want a Nominative Case, and that Ligurinus may be a different Person from him to whom the Poet writes, Besides, *color vertit Ligurinum in faciem hispidam* is strangely hard and unintelligible, but *verterit* for *se verterit* or *versus fuerit* is pure Latin.

## ODE X. To LISETTA.

By Mr. MANNING.

LISETTA, why so wond'rous coy,  
 When Youth invites to Pleasure?  
 Think you that Love's a lasting Joy,  
 That one may taste at leisure?

Consider better, I advise,  
 The Question I am stating;  
 That *Beauty fades, Occasion flies,*  
*While you're the Point debating.*

Tho' now insensible as fair,  
 And all my Vows disdaining,  
 You take Delight in my Despair,  
 And mock my fond Complaining:

When Age shall seize you yet a Maid,  
 And all those lovely Tresses,  
 Where *Cupid* sits in Ambuscade,  
 And scatters thousand Graces,

Shall fall defenceless from your Head,  
 And Love his Camp remove;  
 Those sparkling Eyes look sunk and dead,  
 That now so fatal prove:

When that Vermilion on your Face,  
 That does the Rose outvy,  
 To deadly Paleness shall give place,  
 And lose its Crimson Dye:

Then (mark me) as the faithful Glass  
 The dismal Change betrays,  
 You'll cry, *How mad was I to pass*  
*So ill my youthful Days!*

But oh, too late my Fault I own,  
 (None can past Youth renew)  
 I'm ever destin'd to bemoan  
 The Joys I never knew.

## ODE X. TO LIGURINUS.

Cruel as yet, and vain of Beauty's Charms,  
 When hoary Age thine Insolence difarms;  
 When fall those Locks that on thy Shoulders play,  
 And Youth's gay Roses on thy Cheeks decay;  
 When that smooth Face shall Manhood's Roughness  
     wear,  
 And in thy Glafs another Form appear,  
 Ah why! you'll say, do I now vainly burn,  
 Or with my Wishes, not my Youth return.

## ODE

The Correction is authorised by two very ancient Manuscripts, and is received by all the late Editors except Mr. Baxter, who seems to have rejected it only because he thought it was proposed by Doctor Bentley. If the Reader shall think it just, he is obliged for it to Torrentius.

7. *Que mens est bodie.* ] Horace seems to have imitated a Passage in Terence, where an old Woman says to a young one:

*Eheu, me miseram! Cur non aut hæc mihi  
 Etas & forma est, aut tibi hæc sententia?*

## ODE X. TO LIGURINUS.

AH lovely yet, and great in Charms,  
 Ah coy, and flying from my Arms!  
 When an unlook'd for Beard shall hide  
 And scatter'd Hairs spread o'er thy Pride;  
 When all those wanton Curls shall fall,  
 Thy rosy Colour yield to Pale,  
 Thy Cheeks grow wan, thy Body pine,  
 And leave a different *Ligurine*,  
 Ah thou shalt say, whene'er the Glafs  
 Shall show thee quite another Face,  
 Ah, whilst I was a vig'rous Boy,  
 Why did I not this Mind enjoy!  
 Or since I now so freely burn,  
 Why wont my former Face return!

## ODE

Alas! unfortunate that I am! Why have I not your Youth,  
 and Beauty, or why have not You my Judgment?

R r 2

## ODE XI. Ad PHYLLIDEM.

## ODE XI. To PHYLLIS.

By Mr. HARE.

EST mihi nonum superantis annum  
 Plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,  
 Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;  
 Est hederæ vis.

Multa, quâ crines religata fulges:

Ridet argento domus: ara castis

Vincta verbenis avet immolato

Spargier agno:

Cuncta festinat manus: huc & illuc

Curstant mistæ pueris puellæ:

Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes

Vertice fumum.

Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris

Gaudiis; Idus tibi sunt agendæ;

Quid dies mensem Veneris marine

Findit Aprilem:

Jure

The Commentators think that Phyllis, to whom this Ode is addressed, was a young Slave whom Xanthias afterwards married. The Poet invites her to celebrate his Patron's Birth-Day with him, and endeavour to dissuade her from indulging a Passion for Telephus, who was otherwise engaged.

Verf. 2. *Albani.*] There were two Sorts of Albanian Wine; a sweet Kind and a rough. The first acquired Strength by Age; and the second Smoothness. At nine Years old either of them might probably have come to their Perfection.

S A N.

2. *Est in horto.*] The Commentators find it difficult to assign a Reason why Parsly, which was an Herb used in Funerals, and consequently of unlucky Omen, should be employed in Festivals, and Entertainments of Pleasure. The Ancients believed that it had a Virtue to expel the Vapours of Wine; and the Verdure of it, from whence Horace calls it *vivax*, made it pleasing to the Eye; but as there were different Kinds of it, particularly that mentioned by Pliny, which was of a poisonous Nature, it might have been differently employed, upon Occasions either of Mirth or Sadness.

That Parsly was particularly used in Funerals, we need no other Testimony than the Proverb, commonly pronounced of one dangerously sick, *δυσθαί σίλην*, *That he had need*

COME, charming *Phyllis*, be my Guest,  
 Hear what I have in Store,  
 A Cask of pleasant *Alban* Wine  
 Of nine Years old and more.

The Lily, and the blushing Rose

You'll in my Garden find,

Much Parsley there and Ivy grows

Your lovely Locks to bind.

My Parlour's clean, my Plates, my Cups

Like Silver glitter round,

My Altar claims a Lambkin's Blood

With Vervain neatly crown'd.

Each hurries to prepare the Feast,

And Men and Maidens swarm;

My Kitchen flames and smokes amain,

And all my House is warm.

But why such great ado, you ask,

Now of all Days besides?

This, fair one, is the glorious Day,

That *Venus*' Month divides.

This

of nothing but Parsly, to signify that he was a dead Man, ready for his Grave: Yet the abovementioned Distinction, of the opposite Uses of the different Kinds of it, seems without Foundation. That no only the *Apium hortense*, or *Garden Parsly*, mention'd here, was employed in forming their festal Crowns, but also the *Apium pulegium*, we are told by Horace himself. Ode 7. Lib. 2. And that all Sorts of Flowers were used in adorning the Sepulchres of the Dead is plain from Agamemnon's Daughter in Sophocles.

Ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἤλθον πατὴρ ἀχαιῶν τάφῳ,

Ὅρῃ κοδῶντις ἐξ ἀκρᾶς νοστήτης

Πηγάς γάλακτος, καὶ περιεπὶ κύκλῳ

Πάσιον δὲ ἱστὶν αἰθίῳ θύκων πατρός. Elect.



## ODE XI. To PHYLLIS.

By Mr. DUNKIN.

PHYLLIS, this Alban Cask is thine,  
Mellow'd by Summers more than nine;  
And in my Garden, for thy Head,  
My Parsly Crowns their Verdure spread;  
For Thee the glowing Ivy twines,  
My House with Plate all chearful shines.  
With Vervain chaste an Altar bound  
Now thirsts for Blood; the Victim's crown'd.

All Hands at work; my Girls and Boys,  
With busy Haste, prepare our Joys;  
Trembling the pointed Flames arise,  
Their Smoke rolls upward to the Skies.  
But why this busy, festal Care?  
This Invitation to the Fair?  
This Day the smiling Month divides,  
O'er which the Sea-born Queen presides;

Sacred

No sooner to my Father's honour'd Tomb  
I came, but copious Streams of Milk, fresh-pour'd,  
Descending flow'd; and Flowers of every Name  
Around were strew'd.

4. *Eft ideræ vis.* ] That Parsly and Ivy were often mingled in their Garlands, appears from the Shepherd in Theocritus.

Τὸ εἶφαν τιλαί με καλὰντίκα λιστὰ ποινσιῖ.

Τὰ τοι ἐγών, Ἀμαρυλλί φίλα, κισσοῖο φυλάσσω,

Ἐμπλίζας καλύκισσι καὶ ἰνὸδμοισι σελήνοισι.

Idyl. 3.

Soon, *Amaryllis*, forc'd by thy Disdain,  
These Hands shall rend the Garland which thy Swain,  
In love-sick Haste, for thy dear Brow combin'd,  
Of Ivy Leaves with verdant Parsly twin'd.

## ODE XI. To PHYLLIS.

I Keep some Casks of racy Wines  
Full nine Year's old; to crown thy Hair  
My Parsly grows; my Ivy twines  
To grace thy Head, and make thee fair:

My Rooms well furnish'd Joy proclaim,  
My Altar, crown'd with sacred Wood  
And *Vervain* chaste, expects her Lamb,  
And thirsts to drink the promis'd Blood.

All Hands at work, my Boys and Maids  
With busy Haste the Feast prepare,  
My Torches raise their trembling Heads,  
And roll dark Volumes thro' the Air:

But now to tell what Joys to Night  
I call thee to; I keep the *Ide*  
That *April's* Month, the choice Delight  
Of Sea-born *Venus*, doth divide:

A

5. *Ridet argente domus.* ] Horace frequently boasts of the Neatness and Elegance of his House; and of his Content in very moderate Circumstances of Fortune. This is the first Instance of his Wealth, and we ought not perhaps to understand him too literally, or that he means any more than that he hath employed his brightest and richest Furniture to celebrate this Festival.

S A N.

7. *Verbenis.* ] This Name was given to all kinds of Herbs, Branches, and Leaves of Trees which were plucked in consecrated Ground. Their first and principal Use was to make Crowns for Heralds, when they were sent to offer Peace, or denounce War; they were afterwards employed in all Ceremonies of Religion.

L A M B.

9.

Jure solennis mihi, sanctiorque  
 Penè natali proprio; quòd ex hac  
 Luce Mæcenas meus affluentes  
 Ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit,  
 Non tuæ fortis juvenem, puella  
 Dives & lasciva; tenetque gratâ  
 Compede victum.

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras  
 Spes: & exemplum grave præbet ales  
 Pegasus, terrenum equitem gravatus  
 Bellerophonem,

Semper ut te digna sequare; &, ultra  
 Quàm licet sperare, nefas putando,  
 Disparem vites. Age, jam meorum  
 Finis amorum,

(Non enim posthac aliâ calebo  
 Fœminâ) condisce modos, amandâ  
 Voce quos reddas: minuentur atræ  
 Carmine curæ.

## ODE

9. *Cuncta festinat manus.* ] There is a kind of Emulation, between the Master and his Servants, to shew who shall best distinguish their Zeal for Mæcenas; and the Poet hath in this Strophe well expressed the domestic Hurry of such an Entertainment. S A N.

11. *Rotantes vertice fumum.* ] The Romans made their Fires in the middle of their Rooms, with an Open above to let out the Smoke, which is here described rolling to the Top of the House. D A C.

14. *Idus.* ] Is derived from a Tuscan Word *iduarè* to divide, because they divided the Months into two equal Parts. In March, May, July and October they began the thirteenth Day, and in the other Months on the fifteenth.

15. *Menſem Veneris.* ] April was called the Month of Venus, because her grand Festival began on the first Day of that Month. D A C.

25. *Ambustus Phaeton.* ] Horace uses this Word in Railery, for *ambustus* properly signifies a Man who had been struck with Thunder, but not killed by it. The Family of the Fabii in Rome were called *Ambusti*, because one of their Ancestors had been marked with Lightning. D A C.

This happy Morn *Mæcenas* first  
 His prosp'rous Life begun,  
 A Birth-day more to be observ'd  
 By *Horace* than his own.

Your haughty *Telephus* despise,  
 He treats you with Disdain,  
 Is Captive to a wealthier Lass,  
 And hugs the Wanton's Chain.

25 The Fall of flaming *Phaethon*;  
 His Ruin from the Sky,  
 That rode th' indignant Muses Steed,  
 Say—never soar too high.

30 Converse within your proper Sphere,  
 Shun the superior still;  
 And think ambitious Avarice  
 The most destructive Ill.

35 Come last of all my wanton Loves  
 With humble Me remain,  
 (For, *Phyllis*, after Thee, I swear  
 I'll never love again.)

Tune chearful Songs, with charming Voice  
 Our festal Pleasures raise;  
 Best are the gloomy Cares of Life  
 Dispell'd by sprightly Lays.

## ODE

*Avaras spes.* ] He reproaches *Phyllis* with loving *Telephus* on account of his Wealth and Quality. D A C.

26. *Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus.* ] The Poets are not unapt to abuse the Fables of their Mythology. The Reason why *Pegasus* would not carry *Bellerophon*, was not because he was mortal; but because Jupiter had sent a Fly to sting him, and oblige him to throw off his Rider, who attempted, with an impious Curiosity, to ride to Heaven. C R U Q.

Sacred to Me, and due to Mirth,  
As the glad Hour that gave me Birth:  
For when this happy Morn appears,  
Mæcenas counts a length of Years  
To roll in bright Succession round,  
With every Joy and Blessing crown'd.

Gay Telephus exults above  
The humble Fortunes of thy Love:  
A rich and buxom Maid detains  
His captive Heart in willing Chains.

The Youth, destroy'd by heavenly Fire,  
Forbids Ambition to aspire;  
And Pegasus, who scorn'd to bear  
His mortal Rider through the Air,  
A dread Example hath supply'd  
To check the Growth of human Pride,  
And caution my presumptuous Fair  
To grasp at Things within her Sphere.

Come then my latest Love, (for I  
Shall never for another die.)  
Come learn with me to newer Lays  
Thy Voice of Harmony to raise;  
The soothing Song, and charming Air  
Shall lessen every gloomy Care.

ODE

A Day of Joy and Mirth appears,  
And almost dearer than my own;  
It shuts Mæcenas' former Years,  
And brings another gently on:

That Telephus whom you desire,  
A richer Maid and Beauty gains,  
Young, Wanton, Gay, and full of Fire,  
And holds him fast in pleasing Chains:

Burnt Phaeton checks Hopes too high,  
From Heav'n by dreadful Thunder thrown;  
And Pegasus refus'd to fly,  
And threw his mortal Rider down:

Then Phyllis stop thy rising Flame,  
And all ambitious Thoughts remove,  
'Tis Sin to hunt too great a Game,  
And fly at an unequal Love:

Come, come, my last, my dearest Miss,  
The last I can, I must adore;  
No Face shall e'er provoke a Kiss;  
And other Beauty warm no more.

Come learn, my Dear, some pleasing Song,  
Which you, with a surprising Air,  
Might warble o'er your charming Tongue;  
For Songs are good to lessen Care.

ODE



ODE XII. *Ad VIRGILIUM.*

JAM veris comites, quæ mare temperant,  
 Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ:  
 Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt  
 Hibernâ nive turgidi:  
 Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,  
 Infelix avis, & Cecropiæ domûs  
 Æternum opprobrium; quod malè barbaras  
 Regum est ultra libidines:  
 Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium  
 Custodes ovium carmina fistulâ;  
 Delectantque Deum, cui pecus & nigri  
 Colles Arcadiæ placent.  
 Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili;  
 Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum  
 Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens,  
 Nardo vina merebere:  
 Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum,  
 Qui nunc Sulpiciis accubat horreis,  
 Spes donare novas largus, amaraque  
 Curarum eluere efficax.  
 Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuâ  
 Velox merce veni: non ego te meis  
 Immunem meditor tingere poculis,  
 Plenâ dives ut in domo.  
 Verùm pone moras & studium lucri;  
 Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,  
 Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.  
 Dulce est desipere in loco.

ODE

This is the second Ode which Horace hath addressed to Virgil. In the First he endeavoured to comfort him for the Loss of their common Friend Quintilius; and in this he proposes a Party of Pleasure to Him. The Spring, which gave Occasion of writing it, is represented in all its Graces, and forms the most beautiful Part of the Ode. S A N.

Verf. 1. *Veris comites.* ] The Commentators agree that these Companions of the Spring are the Zephyrs; but probably the Poet means those Winds which Pliny calls *Ornithiæ* or *Chelidonæ*, The Bird or Swallow-Winds. They usually rise towards the Middle of February; they blow from Thrace to Italy, bringing the Swallows with them, which agrees perfectly with this Ode; and although they be

ODE XII. *To VIRGIL.**By another Hand.*

NOW, waiting on the Spring, soft Gales  
 Smooth the rough Waves, and fill the Sails;  
 The Fields are green; the River flows,  
 Disburthen'd of its Ice and Snows.

5 Now does the Nightingale return,  
 In sadly-pleasing Notes to mourn  
 Th' unhappy Boy, too rashly slain!  
 And wakens all her Grievs again.

10 The Shepherds, stretch'd the Grass along,  
 Indulge the chearful Pipe and Song:  
*Pan*, Patron of *Arcadian* Swains,  
 Well-pleas'd might listen to their Strains.

15 Heat brings on Drought: Yet, Friend, scot-free  
 Think not to quench your Thirst with me.  
 You are so us'd with Lords to dine! —  
 — I can't afford it: — Earn your Wine.

20 Clap in your Pocket Prose or Verse,  
 And freely then my Hoghead pierce:  
 Drink, till new Warmth inspire our Hopes  
 To laugh at Grand-Monarques and Popes.

25 On Terms like these if you consent,  
 Haste here, and bring th' Equivalent:  
 I am no Lord; nor think it fit  
 To sell my Wine for less than Wit.

Come, let the Press stand still a Day:  
 True Wisdom must have some Alloy,  
 To make it Sterling; Time and Place,  
 Give Folly's self a pleasing Grace.

ODE

generally thought rather cold than warm, yet this may not be true of all Countries, particularly of Rome, where the Heat is violent even at the End of February. S A N.

2. *Animæ Thraciæ.* ] The Winds frequently caused considerable Ravages in Thrace, from whence the Poets imagined that they lived in a great Cavern there, out of which they

## ODE XII. To VIRGIL.

Companions of the Spring, the Thracian Winds  
With kindly Breath impel the Bark from Shore;  
No Frost, with hoary Hand, the Meadow binds,  
Nor, swoln with Winter Snow, the Torrents roar.

The Swallow, hapless Bird! now builds her Nest,  
And in complaining Notes begins to sing,  
That, with Revenge too cruelly possess'd,  
She barbarous punish'd an incestuous King.

Stretch'd on the tender Grass the Shepherd Swain  
His reedy Pipe with rural Music fills;  
The God, who guards his Flock, approves the Strain,  
The God who loves Arcadia's gloomy Hills.

Virgil, 'tis thine with Royal Youths to feast,  
Yet, since the thirsty Season calls for Wine,  
Would you a Cup of gen'rous Bacchus taste,  
Bring you the Odours, and a Cask is thine.

Thy little Box of Essence shall produce  
A mighty Cask, that in the Cellar lies;  
Big with large Hopes shall flow th' inspiring Juice,  
Powerful to sooth our Grievs, and raise our Joys.

If such Delights can charm thy chearful Soul,  
Bring the glad Merchandise with Sweets replete;  
Nor empty-handed shall you touch the Bowl,  
Nor do I mean, like wealthy Folk, to treat.

Think on the gloomy Pyle's funereal Flames,  
And be no more with sordid Lucre blind;  
Mix a short Folly with thy labour'd Schemes;  
'Tis joyous Folly, that unbends the Mind.

O D E

they spread themselves over all the Countries of the Universe. Homer makes both Zephyrus and Boreas blow from Thrace, which would be inexplicable without this Supposition. Horace might therefore speak correctly in calling the Zephyrs *animæ Thraciæ*, although they did not blow from Thrace to Italy; for this Name in general may signify all the Winds, and when the Poet adds, *veris comites, quæ mare temperant*, he speaks particularly of the Winds which calm the Seas in Spring. This Remark is necessary to our

## ODE XII. To VIRGIL.

THE soft Companions of the Spring,  
The gentle Thracian Gales  
Spread o'er the Earth their flow'ry Wing,  
And swell the greedy Merchant's Sails:

The Streams not swoln with melted Snow

In fair Meanders play,  
To quiet Seas they smoothly flow,  
And gently eat their easy Way.

The Swallow with the Spring returns,  
And as she builds her Nest,  
Her murder'd *Itys* sadly mourns,  
And sighs, and beats her troubled Breast.

The Swallow, *Athens'* lasting Shame,  
For tho' her Cause was just,  
Her Breast conceiv'd a lawless Flame  
And ill reveng'd the Tyrant's Lust.

The Swain, whilst Flocks securely feed,  
Sits down, and sweetly plays,  
He softly blows his Oaten Reed,  
And pleaseth *Pan* with rural Lays:

The Season, *Virgil*, brings us Thirst;  
And if you Mirth design  
With noble Youths, bring Ointment first,  
And I'll provide thee racy Wine:

For one small Box of Ointment brought  
I will a Cask prepare,  
'Tis strong to tame a lofty Thought,  
Check Hopes, and wash down bitter Care.

Now if you'll make a joyful Guest,  
I'll not, as Nobles do,  
Bear all the Charges of the Feast,  
But must expect a Share from you.

Think Life is short, forget thy Fears,  
And eager Thoughts of Gain,  
Short Folly mix with graver Cares,  
'Tis decent sometimes to be vain.

Sf

O D E

## ODE XIII. In LYCEN.

AUDIVERE, Lyce: Di mea vota, Di  
 Audivere, Lyce: sis anus, & tamen  
 Vis formosa videri;  
 Ludisque & bibis impudens:  
 Et cantu tremulo, pota, Cupidinem  
 Lentum sollicitas. Ille virentis &  
 Doctæ psallere Chiæ  
 Pulchris excubat in genis.  
 Importunus enim transvolat aridas  
 Quercus, & refugit, te quia luridi  
 Dentes, te quia rugæ  
 Turpant, & capitis nives.

understanding many Passages in the Poets, when they speak of the Winds; nor is it an useless Observation, that the Ancients have not always distinguished those which they called *Chelideniæ*, *Favonii*, *Etesia*, and *Ornithiæ*, for these Names often signify only the Winds of Spring in general. We find in Lucretius *Etesia stabra Aquilonum*, because the same Winds which were called *Aquilon* in Winter, took the Name of *Etesia* in Summer. TORR. SAN.

6. *Inflex avis.* ] The Mythologists have spoken of Progne and Philomela in a Manner very little uniform. The generally received Opinion at present is, that Progne was changed into a Swallow, and Philomela into a Nightingale; but the Diversity of Opinions among the Ancients hath given the Poets a Right of varying the Fable. Virgil in the sixth Eclogue changes Philomela into a Swallow, and in the fourth Book of his Georgics he makes her a Nightingale. TORR.

*Cecropiæ domus.* ] Cecrops was Founder and first King of Athens; from him his Successors, although not of his Family, took the Title of *Cecropidæ*. Horace therefore uses the House of Cecrops for the Kings of Athens in general; thus we say the *Ptolemies* for the Kings of Egypt, and the *Cæsars* for the Emperors of Rome. TORR. DAC.

8. *Regum* ] Is the Plural for the Singular. Progne too severely punished, *malè ulta est*, the Brutality of Tereus in killing her own Son; or *male* may signify *scelerate*, *impie*. She wickedly and impiously, &c. We are not permitted to revenge one Crime by another. DAC. BAXTER.

15. *Juvenum nobilium cliens.* ] *Cliens* is here used in a larger Sense, than what it originally bears, to signify a Person who is a Favourite of the Great. The Youth who were so happy as to love and esteem this great Poet were Drusus, Tiberius, Marcellus, and perhaps, in Imitation of them, all the young Men of Quality in Rome.

## ODE XIII. To LYCE.

By another Hand.

LONG have my Prayers slow Heaven assail'd,  
 But Thanks to all the Pow'rs above,  
 That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love;  
 5 Lyce, at last they have prevail'd.  
 Now full amends by Heav'n is made,  
 For who can Providence upbraid,  
 That sees thy former Sins with hasten'd Age repaid?  
 10 Thou'rt old, and yet by awkward Ways dost strive  
 Th' unwilling Passion to revive;  
 Dost dance and drink, and thrum upon thy Lyre,  
 And all to catch some silly Country Squire.  
 Alas! in *Chloe's* Cheeks Love basking lies,  
*Chloe*, great Beauty's fairest Prize,  
*Chloe*, that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.  
 The vig'rous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,  
 Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend;  
 For Love, like other Gods, disdains  
 To grace the Shrine, that Age has once prophan'd;  
 He too laughs at thee now,  
 Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow;  
 How shou'd his youthful Fires agree with hoary  
 Age's Snow?

16. *Nardo vina merebere.* ] Torrentius, from this Passage, very whimsically fancies that Virgil was a Perfumer, or at least that the Person, to whom this Ode is written, was of that Trade. *Nardus* was an Indian Plant, whose Root was black; its Leaves large and pointed. An Oil or Essence of a very agreeable Smell was extracted from it. The Latins used *Nardus* in the Feminine Gender to signify the Plant, and *Nardum* in the Neuter, for its Oil.

17. *Onyx.* ] The Ancients gave this Name to two Kinds of Stone; the first, which was otherwise called *Alabaster*, came from the Quarries of Carmania in Persia, and from the Mountains of Arabia. It was used at first to make Phials for Essences, and Cups for drinking, but it was afterwards found large enough for incrusting Walls, and making Columns.



## ODE XIII. To LYCE.

THE Gods, the Gods have heard my Prayer;  
See, Lyce, see that hoary Hair,  
Yet You a Toast would shine:  
You impudently drink and joke,  
And lewd, with broken Voice, provoke  
Desires no longer thine;

For Love, who joys in Dimple sleek,  
Now lies in blooming Chia's Cheek,  
She tunes the melting Lay;  
From blasted Oaks the Wanton flies,  
Scar'd at thy Wrinkles, haggard Eyes,  
And Head snow'd o'er with Grey.

Nor

Columns. The other Kind was a precious Stone, with transparent Veins of a Colour resembling the Nail of a Man's Hand. Our Poet speaks of the first Sort. SAN.

18. *Sulpicius borreus*.] In the Year 633 the Romans began to drink old Wine, and several public Houses were erected where it was sold. These, which Horace mentions, either belonged to Sulpicius, or perhaps were built upon his Estate. *Sulpicia for Sulpician borrea*. SAN.

22. *Cum tuo merce*.] The Poet considers the Part which every Person furnishes towards an Entertainment as a Kind of Merchandise which Partners in Trade throw into a common Stock that they may divide the Profits. SAN.

24. *Plena dives in domo*.] These Words, and those of the next Line, *studium lucri* must be explained by *juvenum mobilium cliens*. Virgil was well received by the great Families of Rome, and probably made large Additions to his Fortune by their Friendship. SAN.

We may, with Mr. Dacier, understand these Words as spoken in Raillery to Virgil, as if he were studious of nothing but making his Fortune, and wrote Verses only for Money.

27. *Misce stultitiam*.] Horace desires Virgil to interrupt his grave and severe Studies with some cheerful Moment of Gaiety and Pleasure, which he calls Folly, *Stultitia*. DAC.

## ODE XIII.

This Ode is a Proof that Wit and Honour are not always Companions. Lyce had in her Youth refused our Poet's Addresses, and he now insults her in a cruel, outrageous Manner upon the Approach of Age and Ugliness. The Piece is animated; its Allegories just; the Versification harmonious, and Expression exact; the great Poet every where appears, but we search in vain and with Concern for the Man of Honour. His Interpreters have endeavoured to ex-

## ODE XIII. To LYCE.

THE Gods have heard, Lyce, the Gods have heard,

The Gods have heard my Prayer,  
As I have wish'd, and you have fear'd,  
You're old, yet would be counted fair:

You toy, you impudently drink, to raise  
Your lazy dull Desire,  
You strive to heighten to a Blaze,  
With your cold Breath, the dying Fire.

In vain, 'tis all in vain, coy Cupid flies,  
A better Seat he seeks,

In young soft Chloë's Face he lies,  
And gently wantons in her Cheeks:

Coy he flies o'er dry Oaks, he scorns thy Face,  
Because a furrow'd Brow

And hollow Eyes thy Form disgrace,  
And o'er thy Head Age scatters Snow.

Nor

cuse Him for a Conduct which Politeness and Morality equally condemn; but without examining the Validity of their Excuses, it were better that Horace did not need their Justification. SAN.

Verf. 2. *Audi vere*.] This Repetition has much Strength and Spirit; for it shews with what Ardour the Poet made his Vows, and with what Pleasure he sees them accomplished.

*Fis anus, & tamen vis formosa videri*,

May you live to be old, and yet desire to be thought handsome, was probably the Form of his Wish. DAC.

5. *Et cantu tremulo*.] Mr. Dacier thinks that Horace does not mean a Voice trembling with Age, but with Wantonness and Effeminacy.

6. *Psallere*.] Neither French nor English can express in one Word the *psallere* of the Greeks and Latins, which properly signifies a Person who sings and plays upon an Instrument at the same Time.

9. *Importunus*.] *Amor transvolat aridas quercus, quibus est intempestivus*. Cicero uses the Word *importunus* in the same Sense. SAN.

Mr. Dacier construes it, *unquiet; always in Motion*.

Nec Coæ referent jam tibi purpuræ,  
Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semel

Notis condita fastis

15

Inclufit volucris dies.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! quo color? heu! decens

Quò motus? quid habes illius, illius,

Quæ spirabat amores,

Quæ me furpuerat mihi,

20

Felix post Cynaram, notaque & artium

Gratarum facies? fed Cynaræ breves

Annos fata dederunt,

Servatura diu parem

Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen:

25

Poffent ut juvenes vifere fervidi,

Multo non fine rifu,

Dilapfam in cineres facem.

## ODE

12. *Capitis nives.*] From a Remark of Quintilian, too carelefsly confidered, Mr. Dacier condemns this Expreflion, *the Snows of the Head*, although he would allow, *the Snows of old Age*. Quintilian does not mean, that fuch Exprefions ought to be abfolutely condemned, but that Orators muft not indulge to themfelves thofe Liberties of very diftant Metaphors, which are pardonable in Poets. If an O-rator is apprehenfive that he is venturing upon any Sentiment, or Expreflion too hazardous, he fhould guard it by fuch Cautions as thefe, *If I may fo exprefs myfelf; If fuch a manner of fpeaking may be allowed, &c. Si quid periculofius finiffe videmur quibusdam remediis præmuniendum eft; ut ita dicam; fi liceat mihi dicere, &c.*

14. *Coæ purpuræ.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that Horace means a kind of transparent, purple Veil, made in the Ifland of Cos, which was ufually worn by the common Women of Rome; and that he laughs at Lyce for wearing it to make her appear young. We may underftand, by *Coan Purple*, any rich Drefs dyed with that Colour.

15. *Notis condita fastis.*] The *Fasti* were public Registers in which all remarkable Actions of each Year were preferved, and every Year was diftinguifhed by the Names of its Confuls. As thefe Registers were kept in Places where all People might confult them, it was eafy to know every Perfons Age; his Name and Family. Horace therefore tells Lyce, that not all her Arts of appearing young can recall the Years which were once committed to the public Records, and which they very faithfully preferve.

T O R R.

17. *Venus.*] This Word fignifies all the Charms of Beauty, fuch as thefe which the Poet particularly mentions; a Vivacity of Complexion, *Color*, and *decens motus*, the Graces of Shape, Mien, and Behaviour.

S A N.

*Quo color? heu!*] We read in the common Editions,

In vain with wondrous Art, and mighty Care,  
You ftrive your ruin'd Beauty to repair.

No far-fetch'd Silks one Minute can reftore  
That Time has added to the endlefs Score:

No, precious Stones, tho' ne'er fo bright

They fhine with their own Native Light,  
Will but difgrace thee now, and but enhance thy  
Night.

Ah me! where's now that Mein! that Face!

That Shape! that Air; that ev'ry Grace!

That Colour! whose enchanting Red

Me to Love's Tents a Captive led?

Strange turn of Fate, that ſhe

Who from my ſelf fo oft has ſtol'n poor me,  
Now, thro' the juſt Revenge of Time, ſtol'n from  
herſelf ſhou'd be.

Time was, when *Lyce's* pow'ful Face  
To *Phyllis* only gave the Place;  
Perfeft in all thofe little Tricks of Love,  
Which charm the Senses, and the Fancy move;  
But Fate to *Phyllis* a long Reign deny'd,  
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride:  
She conquer'd whilſt ſhe liv'd, and triumph'd as  
ſhe dy'd.

Thou, like ſome old Commander in Diſgrace,  
Surviving the paſt Conqueſts of thy Face,  
Now the great Buſineſs of thy Life is done,  
Review'ſt with Grief what Trophies thou haſt won;  
Damn'd to be parch'd with Luſt, tho' chill'd with Age,  
And tho' paſt Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,  
That all might Laugh to ſee that glaring Light,  
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,  
End with a Stink at laſt, and vaniſh into Night.

## ODE

*quoque color decens.* Chabotius and Cerutus began the Reformation of the Text, in referring *decens* to *motus*, and not to *color*, which Doctor Bentley not only received but juſtified.

Nor glowing Purple, nor the Blaze  
Of Jewels, can restore the Days;  
To Thee those Days of Glory,  
Which wasted, on the Wings of Time,  
Even from thy Birth to Beauty's Prime,  
Recorded stand in Story.

Ah! whither is thy Venus fled?  
That Bloom, by Nature's Cunning spread?  
That every graceful Art?  
Of Her, of Her, what now remains,  
Who breath'd the Loves, who charm'd the Swains,  
And snatch'd from me my Heart?

Once happy Maid, in-pleasing Guiles!  
Who vied with Cynara in Smiles;  
Ah tragical Survival!  
She glorious died in Beauty's Bloom,  
While cruel Fate defers thy Doom  
To be the Raven's Rival;

That Youths, in fervent Wishes bold,  
Not without Laughter may behold  
A Torch, whose early Fire  
Could every Breast with Love enflame,  
Now faintly spread a sickly Gleam,  
And in a Smoke expire.

O D E

Nor can thy costly drefs from th' Eastern Shore,  
With all the Gems it bears,  
Thy former lovely Youth restore,  
Nor bring thee back thy scatter'd Years;

Those Years, which the *Eternal* Wheel hath spun,  
And drawn beyond thy Prime,  
Thro' which swift Day hath nimbly run,  
And shut in known Records of Time.

Where is that Beauty, where that charming Air,  
That Shape, that Amorous Play?  
Oh, what hast thou of her, of Her,  
Whose ev'ry Look did Love inspire,  
Whose ev'ry Breathing fann'd my Fire,  
And stole me from myself away?

To lovely *Cynara's* Face set next in Fame  
For all that can surprize,  
For all those Arts that raise a Flame,  
And kindly feed it at our Eyes;

But hasty Fate cut charming *Cynara* short,  
That Fate that now prepares  
Old *Lyce*, old as Daws, for Sport,  
And Scorn as grievous as her Years.

When our hot Youths shall come and laugh, to see  
The Torch that burnt before,  
And kindled aged Lechery,  
To *Athes* fall'n, and warm no more.

O D E

ed. Mr. Cuninghame finished the Correction, and Mr. Sadon hath published it in his Edition.

18. *Quid habes illius, &c.* ] Horace here uses *facies* not only for the Face, but for the whole outward Appearance; as also in one of his Satires, *Quali sit facie*. When he says, *facies nota gratarum artium*, he speaks in the same Sense as when he says, *Proculius notus animi paterni*; or as *notus forme*, *notus militie*, *præstans animi*, *notus operum* in other Poets. All these figurative Expressions are so many Ellipses, where some Words must be understood. Here the en-

tire Construction must be, *facies nota ob præstantim Gratarum artium*, or *gratarum artium causâ*. Lastly, by *artes* we must understand, as the Scholiast hath well explained the Word, those graceful Motions, those delicate Endearments which please and engage us. *Artium gratarum facies dicitur, quæ oculis, nutu superciliorum, cervicis volubilitate, capitis gratia, totius denique corporis motu placet.* S A N.



## ODE XIV. Ad AUGUSTUM.

QUÆ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium,  
 Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,  
 Auguste, virtutes in ævum  
 Per titulos memoresque fastos  
 Æternet? ô, quâ Sol habitabiles  
 Illustrat oras, maxime principum,  
 Quem legis expertes Latinæ  
 Vindelici didicere nuper  
 Quid Marte posses. Milite nam tuo  
 Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,  
 Breunosque veloces, & arces  
 Alpibus impositas tremendis  
 Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.  
 Major Neronum mox grave proelium  
 Commisit, immanesque Rhætos  
 Auspiciis pepulit secundis;  
 Spectandus in certamine Martio,  
 Devota morti pectora liberæ  
 Quantis fatigaret ruinis:  
 Indomitas propè qualis undas  
 Exercent Auster, Pleiadam choro  
 Scindente nubes; impiger hostium  
 Vexare turmas, & frementem  
 Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Augustus had commanded our Poet to celebrate the Victories of Drusus and Tiberius, over the Rhæti and Vindelici; and as Tiberius might have been displeased that he had not been mentioned in the fourth Ode of this Book, he is here distinguished in a particular manner. The Praises of Drusus are confounded with those of other Heroes in the Claudian Family, but Tiberius is associated with Augustus. The two Pieces are of the same Character, and are equally animated by a Greatness of Sentiments; a Sublimity of Style, and all other Beauties of Poetry.

SAN.  
 Vers. 1. *Quæ cura Patrum.*] When Horace wrote this Ode the Senate and People had granted all Honours to Augustus, which could be decreed not only to a Man but to a God; yet Horace demands by what new Cares, by what new Dignities, the Romans should eternise his Virtues, and assure to him that Immortality which he had merited. There is somewhat infinitely noble in this Demand; and Horace alone seems capable of adding whatever was yet wanting to the Glory of Augustus.

D A C.

## THE ODES OF HORACE.

## ODE XIV. To AUGUSTUS.

By a Friend.

WHAT Honours shall our holy Senate's Care,  
 Or Rome devise, proportion'd to thy Fame?  
 What Trophies shall her Gratitude prepare,  
 What festal Joys to eternise thy Name?  
 Greatest of Princes, that, with kindly Ray,  
 The Sun e'er saw a mortal Sceptre bear!  
 As Gauls, unus'd the Latian Law to obey,  
 Now own, first broke to thy triumphal Car.  
 For more than once the fierce Genauni bled,  
 When Drusus led thy conqu'ring Legions on,  
 And more than once the swift-foot Breuni fled,  
 Their Forts, that threaten'd from the Alps, o'er-  
 Our elder Nero next, renown'd in Fight, [thrown.  
 The bord'ring Rhætians gor'd with like Disgrace;  
 Favour'd by thee soon put their Troops to Flight,  
 And to their Caverns drove the monstrous Race.  
 Like Mars conspicuous in the gen'rous Strife,  
 With what repeated Ruins did he tire  
 The Breasts that, nobly prodigal of Life,  
 Chose with their dying Liberties to expire?  
 As with the Waves th' impetuous South contends,  
 Their mystic Dance when stormy Pleiads lead;  
 So furious he upon the Foe descends,  
 And spurs thro' thickest Flames his foaming Steed.

Or

2. *Plenis honorum muneribus.*] *Munera* signifies in general the public Monuments, Statues, Inscriptions, Decrees, and whatever Honours a grateful People could pay to a Prince, by whose Goodness and Wisdom they enjoyed a perfect Felicity. These Honours are particularly specified by *Titulus* and *Fastus*, the first of which signifies all public Inscriptions upon Statues, Columns, &c. and in the *Fasti* or public Registers, were preserved all the Actions of Augustus; the Days upon which he gained his Victories; his Returns to Rome; the Decrees which ordered Festivals, Altars, Hymns, and divine Honours to him, &c.

D A C.

7. *Quem legis expertes Latinæ.*] The Construction is remarkable, *Quem Vindelici didicere quid Marte posses.* An Hellenism not ill placed in a Pindaric Ode. It was a Year and half since Drusus had conquered this People, who never had been subdued before to the Roman Power.

S A N.

9.

## ODE XIV. To AUGUSTUS.

HOW shall our holy Senate's Care,  
Or Rome with grateful Joy prepare  
Thy monumental Honours big with Fame,  
And in her festal Annals eternise thy Name?  
O Thou, where Sol with kindly Rays  
The habitable Globe surveys,  
Greatest of Princes, whose vindictive War  
First broke th' unconquer'd Gaul to thy triumphal Car.

For when thy Legions Drusus led,  
How swift the rapid Breuni fled!  
The rough Genauni fell, and, rais'd in vain  
Tremendous on the Alps, twice overwhelm'd the Plain  
Their fated Towers. With just Success  
While the good Gods thy Battle bless,  
Our elder Nero smote with deep Dismay  
The Rhoetians, huge of Bulk, and broke their  
firm Array.

Conspicuous in the martial Strife,  
And nobly prodigal of Life,  
With what prodigious Ruins he oppress'd  
For glorious Liberty the death-devoted Breast;

As, when the Pleiads rend the Skies  
In mystic Dance, the Winds arise  
And work the Seas untam'd; such was the Force,  
With which through spreading Fires he spurr'd his  
foaming Horse.

So

9. *Milite nam tuo Drusus.* ] Although the Poet had written a particular Ode upon the Victories of Drusus, yet he mentions him again, to shew that his Conquests, as well as those of Tiberius, were due to the Auspices of Augustus, and that they only executed his Commands. This Thought is afterwards more strongly expressed. *Te copias, te consiliis, et tuos præbente Divos.* SAN.

10. *Implacidum genus.* ] Strabo speaking of the Cruelty of this People tells us, that when they had taken a Town in War, they were not contented to put to the Sword all the Men who were capable of bearing Arms, but killed all Male Children; nor spared a Woman big with Child, if their Priests assured them it was a Boy. Velleius calls them *feritate truces.* DAC.

13. *Plus vice simplici.* ] Horace would describe two dif-

## ODE XIV. To AUGUSTUS.

HOW can the Senate's, how the People's Care,  
Tho' all with Gifts that swell with Honours  
strive,

A lasting Monument prepare  
To make thy Glory live,  
And thy great Name thro' future Ages bear?

O greatest Prince the circling Sun can view!  
Whom stout *Vindelici*, unlearn'd in Fear,  
From glorious Conquests lately knew

How great he is in War,  
And felt that all that Fame had told was true.

Brave *Drusus* led thy conqu'ring Legions on,  
And fierce *Genauns* a stubborn Nation broke;

The furious *Breuni's* Force o'erthrown  
Now gladly take the Yoke,  
The Glory of their Slavery proudly own.

Strong Castles fixt on Mountains vastly high,  
Almost as high as his aspiring Thought,  
With a repeated Victory

Thrown down, he climb'd; and fought  
Where Fear or winged Hope scarce dar'd to fly.

Next Elder *Nero* great in Arms appear'd,  
And *Rheti* fought; a Sight for Gods to see,  
What Slaughters broke their Souls prepar'd

For Death and Liberty,  
And led the Conqueror to high Reward.

As raging Winds, with an impetuous Course,  
When stormy Stars assist, do toss the Flood,

So fierce he breaks thro' armed Force,  
Thro' Darts and Streams of Blood,

And threat'ning Flames, he spurs his foaming Horse:

As

ferent Actions of Drusus in the same Campaign. In the first he gained a Victory over the *Vindelici*, and covered Italy from their Incurfions. Tiberius, who was at that time with Augustus, was sent to support his Brother, who then pushed his Conquests against the *Vindelici*, the *Breuni*, and *Genauni*, when the two Brothers uniting their Forces entirely subdued the Barbarians.

SAN.  
Velleius

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,  
 Qui regna Dauni præfuit Appuli,  
 Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis  
 Diluvium meditatur agris;  
 Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina  
 Ferrata vasto diruit impetu,  
 Primosque & extremos metendo,  
 Stravit humum, sinè clade victor;  
 Te copias, te consilium, & tuos  
 Præbente Divos: nam tibi, quo die  
 Portus Alexandria supplex  
 Et vacuum patefecit aulam,  
 Fortuna lustro prospera tertio  
 Belli secundos reddidit exitus,  
 Laudemque & optatum peractis  
 Imperiis decus arrogavit.  
 Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,  
 Medusque, & Indus, te profugus Scythes.  
 Miratur, ô tutela præsens  
 Italiæ, dominæque Romæ;  
 Te, fontium qui celat origines  
 Nilusque, & Ister, te rapidus Tigris,  
 Te belluosus qui remotis  
 Obstrepat Oceanus Britannis,  
 Te non paventis funera Galliæ,  
 Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:  
 Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri  
 Compositis venerantur armis.

25 Or as the horned *Aufidus*, which laves [Rain,  
 The *Daunian* Realm, when swell'd by sudden  
 He threats Destruction, with o'erflowing Waves,  
 To all the golden Labours of the Swain;  
 So 'midst the barb'rous Host, in Iron drest,  
 30 The bloodless Victor spread the Slaughter wide,  
 Mow'd down the Front, and soon the Rear oppress'd,  
 While not a *Roman* perish'd by his Side.  
 Thine were his Troops, his Counsels you bestow'd,  
 And Guardian Gods; for from that happy Day  
 35 In Suppliance low when *Alexandria* bow'd,  
 And did to thee her vacant Court display,  
 Just thrice five Years their smiling Course have run,  
 When Fortune, which still loves t' adorn thy Name,  
 Hath added this Success thus greatly won,  
 40 Confirm'd the Past, and rais'd thy future Fame.  
 Thee the *Cantabrian*, ne'er before o'ercome,  
 The *Indian*, and admiring *Mede* adore,  
 Thee, present Guardian of imperial *Rome*!  
 And *Scythia*, as *Hesperia*, owns thy Power.  
 45 Old *Nilus* that delights his Springs to hide,  
 The *Tigris* that with headlong Current pours,  
 The *Ister*, and that monster-bearing Tide  
 Which round *Britannia's* rocky Island roars;  
 Ev'n warlike *Spain* consents thy Voice to hear,  
 50 And *Gauls*, who Death despise, obey thy Nod;  
 With Arms compos'd *Sicambrians* revere,  
 Hate their lov'd Carnage, and confess the God.

## ODE

## ODE

Velleius relates the Story in another manner. But Drusus was then dead; Tiberius was Emperor, and Velleius was a most shameless Flatterer to a most execrable Tyrant.

17. *Spestandus in certamine, &c.* ] There is here an Expression hardy and proper for the most sublime Lyric Poetry, *fatigare ruinis pectora devota morti liberæ*. The same Boldness appears in the Construction. *Spestandus quantis fatigaret ruinis*, for *spestandus tum quum magnis ruinis fatigaret*. The second Line of this Strophe is of great Beauty, nor is it possible in fewer Words to unite more Nobleness of Sentiment and more Vivacity of Action, than appears in this Description of Men who never turned their Backs upon an Enemy; who were resolved either to conquer, or fall in Liberty.

20. *Indomitos exercet undas.* ] It must be acknowledged that Horace compos'd this Ode in the true Genius and Spirit

of Pindar, nor in any other has he used a greater Number of strong Terms, and hardy Constructions. The South Wind is here represented contending with the Waves, endeavouring to subdue their untameable Spirit, and taking Pleasure in tormenting and fatiguing them.

21. *Pleiadum choro.* ] This Picture of the Pleiades, who rise dancing out of the Ocean, and rend the Clouds in performing their Circuit, hath something inexpressibly pleasing and noble. The Pleiades are a Constellation of seven Stars in the Head of the Bull, not in his Tail, as Pliny believed. They are fabled to have been the seven Daughters of Atlas King of Mauritania, from whence Virgil calls them *Atlantides*.

24. *Medios per ignes.* ] Some Interpreters understand the Word *ignes* figuratively for the Heat of Battle, *pugna firvorem*; but it probably alludes to some particular Action of Tiberius,



So branching *Aufidus*, who laves  
The Daunian Realms, fierce rolls his Waves,  
When to the golden Labours of the Swain,  
He meditates his Wrath, and deluges the Plain,

As *Claudius*, with impetuous Might,  
Broke through the iron Ranks of Fight;  
From Front to Rear the bloodless Victor sped,  
Mow'd down th' embattled Field, and wide the  
Slaughter spread.

His Counsels, and his Troops were thine,  
And all his guardian Powers divine:

For from the Day when Alexandria's Port  
Open'd in Suppliance low her desolated Court,

When thrice five Times the circling Sun  
His annual Course of Light had run,  
Fortune with fair Success had crown'd thy Name,  
Confirm'd thy Glories past, and rais'd thy future  
Fame.

Dread Guardian of th' imperial State,  
Whose Godhead rules thy Country's Fate,  
On whom the Medes with awful Wonder gaze,  
Whom unhous'd Scythians fear, unconquer'd Spain  
obeys;

Nilus, who hides his sevenfold Source,  
The Tigris, headlong in his Course,  
The Danube, and the Ocean wild which roars  
With Monster-bearing Waves round Britain's  
rocky Shores,

Th' intrepid Gaul thy Fame reveres,  
Thy Voice the rough Iberian hears;  
With Arms compos'd the fierce Sicambrians yield,  
Nor view, with dire Delight, the Carnage of the  
Field.

## O D E

Tiberius, no longer known: He might either have forced  
his Way through Fires, which were kindled to oppose his  
Passage; or he might have attacked the Rhœtians at Night  
in their Camp, where it was a Part of military Discipline to  
kindle Fires. In the tenth Ode of the first Book, Priam is  
describ'd passing unseen through the Fires of the Thessalian  
Camp.

As branched *Aufidus* doth Moles disdain,  
And thro' *Apulian* Fields doth whirl his Waves,  
When rais'd by Snow or swoln with Rain,  
Against his Banks he raves,  
And threatens Floods to all the fruitful Plain:

Thus *Claudius* violent did in Arms appear,  
No Bands, no barb'rous Troops his force could stay,  
The Front, the Body, and the Rear  
Secure he swept away,  
And o'er the Field he scatter'd dreadful War:

Whilst you your Forces, you your Counsel lent,  
What mortal Courage could his Arms oppose?  
When to his Aid your Gods you sent,

He thunder'd on his Foes,  
And threw among them Slav'ry as he went.

Since suppliant *Egypt* in her empty Throne  
Receiv'd thee Lord, the Fates that strive to bless,

Thy Title to the Empire own  
By fifteen Years Success;  
And still increase the Glory of thy Crown.

The fierce *Cantabrian*, not to be o'ercome  
Before thy Arms, the *Indian* and the *Mede*,  
The wandring *Scythians* lurk at home,

And Thee they wisely dread;  
O present Guard of *Italy* and *Rome*!

The Waves that beat the *British* monstrous Shore,  
Cold *Ister*, *Nile*, and *Tanais*' rapid Stream,

Fierce *Spaniards* now rebel no more,  
And *Gauls*, that Death contemn,  
Lay down their Arms, and quietly adore.

## O D E

25. *Tauriformis*.] This might be translated *Bull-formed*,  
but such a compound Epithet might seem disagreeable and  
harsh in English. Rivers were frequently represented by the  
Ancients with Horns; because, according to Festus, they  
were as fierce as Bulls, *quod sunt atrociora ut tauri*; but more  
probably either from their Noise and Roaring, or rather  
from their branching into different Channels, and winding  
like the Horns of that Beast. Thus Rivers in general are  
by the Greeks called *The Horns of the Ocean*, *Κέρατα Ὠκεανού*;  
and thus Virgil calls the Rhine *bicornis* double-horned,  
because in his time it was divided only into two Channels.

T t

Drusus

## ODE XV. AUGUSTI LAUDES.

PHŒBUS volentem prælia me loqui,  
 Victas & urbes, increpuit lyrâ;  
 Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor  
 Vela darem. Tua, Cæsar, ætas  
 Fruges & agris rettulit uberes;  
 Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,  
 Derepta Parthorum superbis  
 Postibus; & vacuum duellis  
 Janum Quirini clausit; & ordinem  
 Rectum evaganti fræna licentiæ  
 Injecit, emovitque culpas,  
 Et veteres revocavit artes,

Drusus Germanicus afterwards opened a third.

Perhaps, from Images of this kind, Horns became the usual Emblems in all Languages of Power, Dignity, Terrour and Plenty; as Rivers, when raised by any accidental Flood, carry Desolation and Ruin through the Countries where they flow; when confined within their natural Channels, Fruitfulness and Wealth.

*Voluitur Aufidus.*] Horace hath reversed his Comparison, for instead of comparing Tiberius to the River, he hath compared the River to his Hero, and by this means given us a greater Image of him, while the Language becomes more sublime. To be well assured of the Truth and Importance of this Remark, we need only reduce the Comparison to its natural Order, in putting *sic* into the Place of *ut*, and we shall clearly see the Difference between them.

*Ut tauriformis voluitur Aufidus, &c.*

*Sic barbarorum Claudius agmina.*

D A C.

27. *Quum sævit.*] Nothing can be more animated than this Description, in which the River enters in his Fury; collects a Deluge of Waters; forms his Designs of Desolation, and executes his dreadful Purpose. His Rage particularly threatens the standing Corn, which makes the Comparison perfect, by representing Tiberius mowing down the Ranks of War; and to complete his Hero's Character, the Poet says, that all this Execution is performed without any considerable Loss.

34. *Tuos præbente Divos.*] Horace will not prove in the common Method that the Gods of Augustus had given this Victory to Tiberius, because he was that Emperor's Lieutenant, and fought under his Auspices; but since the Rhætiens were defeated upon the same Day in which Augustus entered Alexandria fifteen Years before, the Poet concludes that the same Gods had crowned both Expeditions with Success. Thus by this happy Circumstance he transfers the Glory of Tiberius to the Emperor, and recalls to his Remembrance a Day which made him Master of the World by ending the civil Wars. As it is impossible that Horace could be mistaken in such a Circumstance, so it is equally

## ODE XV. TO AUGUSTUS.

OF Wars to sing, and Cities overthrown,  
 Irais'd my Voice; when *Phæbus*, with his Lyre,  
 Rebuk'd the Rashness that would tempt,  
 With slender Sail, the *Tyrrhene* Wave.  
 5 They golden *Æra*, *Cæsar*, to our Fields  
 Hath smiling Plenty's long-lost Reign renew'd;  
 And, rent from *Parthia's* haughty Fanes,  
 His Eagles to our *Jove* restor'd:  
 Peace, bade by thee, hath shut War's brazen Gates;  
 10 Wild Licence, by exampled Order curb'd,  
 Now hears the Rein; Vice banish'd flies;  
 While you those ancient Arts recall,

Per

By

unreasonable to believe that he should dare to assert, in Impudence of Flattery, a Fact which the public Registers could contradict, for the Senate had decreed that the Day, upon which Alexandria was taken, should be numbered among their sacred Festivals. This Day was probably the 20th of August, 724.

D A C. S A N.

39. *Optatum peractis, &c.*] The Sense of this Passage, which hath so much perplexed the Commentators, will appear perfectly clear as soon as we understand the Terms. *Arrogare*, signifies to give or attribute. *Optatum decus* is the Victory gained by Tiberius, than which Rome had nothing more to desire, since by their Defeat she possessed the World in Peace. *Peracta imperia*, are all the Victories which Augustus had before obtained, either in his own Person, or by his Lieutenants; for *Imperium* is properly the Charge of General.

D A C.

41. *Cantaber non ante domabilis.*] This Epithet may be extended to Medes and Indians; for although these Nations had been often defeated, yet they were never entirely subdued until the Year 734, when they were conquered by Agrippa.

D A C.

43. *Miratur*] Signifies to behold with Veneration and Awe. To worship. Virgil hath used the Word *admirari*, to signify Respect and Submission.

T O R R.

46. *Nilus.*] Some Portuguese Jesuits have at length discovered the Sources of the Nile, which so many Ages had endeavoured to find. Properly speaking this River has but two Sources, which are two Fountains round and extremely deep on the top of a Mountain called Dengla. The River, which is formed by these Fountains at some Distance from the Foot of the Mountain, takes its Course towards the East, receives three little Streams, then turns to the South for twelve Leagues, and afterwards advances to the West about twenty-five Leagues. At last, flowing through *Ægypt*, it discharges itself into the Mediterranean by two Mouths.

S A N.

49. *Non paventis funera Gallie.*] Cæsar and Lucan attribute this Intrepidity of the Gauls to the Doctrine of the Metempsychosis,



## ODE XV. TO AUGUSTUS.

I Would have sung of Battles dire  
And mighty Cities overthrown;  
Apollo smote me with his Lyre,  
And warn'd me with an angry Tone;  
Not in my little Bark to ventrous brave  
The boundless Terrours of the Tyrrhene Wave.

While Cæsar rules our happy Plains,  
Fair Ceres is again ador'd;  
Rent from the Parthian's haughty Fanes  
His Eagles are to Jove restor'd;  
Augustus bids the Rage of War to cease,  
And shuts up Janus in eternal Peace.

Restrain'd by Arts of ancient Fame,  
Wild Licence walks at large no more,

Those

*Metempsychosis, which their Druids taught. Druidæ in pri-  
mi hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis  
post mortem transire ad alios; atque hoc maxime ad virtutem  
excitari putant, metu mortis neglecto.*

50. *Audit* ) Is a Term of Respect and Submission; *audi-*  
*re aliquem*: to hear, is to obey. D A C.

## ODE XV.

The military Virtues of a King are his least Virtues; for Sovereigns, to speak justly, are not necessary to the World, but for making their Subjects happy. In the pacific Qualities of Augustus we find the most solid Foundation of his real Glory, because by them he formed the Happiness of the Universe. His Reign was indeed seldom free from War; for the Necessity of confirming a rising Monarchy obliged him to continue his Armies, and he willingly seized the least Pretext for employing them. Yet as these Wars were on the Extremities of the Empire; Italy, Rome, and the neighbouring Provinces enjoyed the Blessings of Peace. Thus while the Prince subdued the Enemies of the State abroad, he made his Government beloved at home: nor did he neglect any thing that might contribute to the Felicity of his Subjects. Never were wiser Laws established for the Regulation of Manners; never was there such Expence in public Edifices, or Magnificence in Shows; never was Commerce more flourishing; never were Arts and Sciences in greater Honour. These may not be the most dazzling Actions, yet they give the most lasting real Pleasure to the Heart of a generous Prince; and most powerfully engage the Affections of a People sensible to their own Happiness. Such are the Actions that Horace celebrates in this Ode, which is equally worthy of the Hero and of the Poet.

In the latter End of Spring 744, Augustus shut the Tem-

## ODE XV. TO AUGUSTUS.

WHEN I would sing of noble Fights,  
Of lofty Things in lofty Flights,  
Apollo's Harp my Temples strook,  
The trembling Strings in Confort shook,  
And answer'd to the Tunes he spoke:  
Thy Ship is weak, he said, forbear,  
And tempt not raging Seas too far.  
Thy Age, great Cæsar, gracious Lord,  
Hath Plenty to our Fields restor'd:  
Proud Parthians captive Arms resign  
To mighty Jove's and Cæsar's Shrine.  
Now noisy Wars and Tumults cease,  
And Janus' Temple's barr'd by Peace:  
Wild Lust is bound in modest Chains,  
And Licence feels just Order's Reins:  
Strict Virtue rules, good Laws command;  
And banish'd Sin forsakes the Land:

You

ple of Janus for the third and last time, which probably gave occasion to this Ode. S A N.

Verf. 1. *Phæbus volentem.* ) Horace could not flatter Augustus more agreeably than by representing Apollo inter-esting himself for his Glory, and forbidding the Poet to attempt his military Actions, since it was impossible to celebrate them with a Dignity equal to the Subject. This Address will appear more delicate and artful, if we remember how anxious Augustus was, to have it believed that Apollo was his Father, and Protector; particularly that he fought for him at the Battle of Actium.

*Actius hæc cernens arcum intendebat Apollo  
Desuper.*

Virg. D A C.

3. *Ne parva Tyrrhenum.* ] To attempt with his feeble Genius to sing the Victories of Augustus, is to venture in a little Bark on a broad, tempestuous Ocean. The Metaphor is beautiful, the Sentiment modest, and the Compliment to Augustus appears with equal Truth as Dignity; for it is a Compliment paid by a God.

6. *Signa restituit.* ] The Reader may find an Account of this Reduction of Parthia in the ninth Ode of the second Book; nor should we be surpris'd that Horace numbers it among the pacific Actions of Augustus, since it was obtained without Blood. The sole Apprehension of his Approach disarm'd and held in Obedience all the People of the East. Velleius gives us a glorious Picture of him, when he represents him carrying round to all the Nations upon Earth the Blessings.



Per quas Latinum nomen & Italæ  
 Crevere vires, famaue, & imperi  
 Porrecta majestas ad ortum  
 Solis, ab Hesperio cubili.  
 Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor  
 Civilis, aut vis exiget otium;  
 Non ira, quæ procudit enses,  
 Et miseras inimicat urbes.  
 Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt,  
 Edicta rumpent Julia; non Getæ,  
 Non Seres, infidive Persæ,  
 Non Tanaim prope flumen orti.  
 Nosque & profectis lucibus & sacris,  
 Inter jocos munera Liberi,  
 Cum prole matronisque nostris,  
 Rite Deos prius apprecati,  
 Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,  
 Lydis remisso carmine tibiis,  
 Trojamque, & Anchisen, & almæ  
 Progeniem Veneris canemus.

Blessings of his Peace.

*Nostro Jovi.* ] The Standards which Phraates resigned to Augustus, were carried to the Capitol. The admirable Structure of this Edifice; those Embellishments with which it was enriched; the Presents sent by conquered Provinces, and Kings who were in Alliance with the Romans, rendered it one of the most august and magnificent in the World. It had four Fronts, each of them two hundred and twenty Foot. There were three Chappels in the lower Part of the Temple; that of Jupiter in the middle; that of Minerva upon the right; and that of Juno on the left Side. SAN.

7. *Derepta.* ] Horace in compliment to Augustus would represent these Ensigns as if they had been torn down from the Parthian Temples by Force of Arms; or perhaps he would shew, with how much Violence to their own Inclinations, the Parthians had determined to resign these glorious Marks of the Victory which they had obtained. Such is the Force of *derepta*. DAC.

9. *Janum Quirini.* ] This Temple was built by Romulus, from whence Horace calls it *Janum Quirini*. His Successor Numa put two Gates to it, which were shut in Peace and opened in War. They had been twice shut before the Time of Augustus, and thrice during his Government. Virgil has given a noble Description of the Rage of War sitting in this Temple, like a Fury, upon an Heap of Arms, and bound with Chains of Brass. Perhaps there was really a Statue of this Kind placed in the Temple of Janus.

— *diræ ferro & compagibus arctis*

By which the Roman Name and Strength first grew;  
 By which it's Power, and awful Majesty,  
 Our Empire, from the rising Sun,  
 Extends now to it's Western Bed.  
 While Cæsar guards our Days, nor civil Broils,  
 Nor foreign shall their halcyon Rest annoy;  
 Discord, in vain, shall joy to forge  
 The Sword, and sow destructive Hate.  
 Nor he who quaffs the Danube's rapid Stream,  
 Nor faithless Persians, nor the wand'ring Getæ,  
 Nor those near frozen Tanais born,  
 Shall dare t' infringe thy Julian Laws.  
 We too, on common, as on festal Days,  
 Soon as gay Bacchus crowns our Cups, the Gods  
 With due Libations first ador'd,  
 Will, with our Wives and blooming Race,  
 As Erst our Fathers, the heroic Deeds  
 Of valiant Chiefs to Lydian Flutes record;  
 Anchises, Troy the pleasing Lay,  
 And Venus' Offspring shall prolong.

*Claudentur belli portæ; Furor impius intus  
 Sæva sedens super arma, & centum vinctus abenis  
 Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.*

The direful Portals of tumultuous War  
 Shall then be shut with ever-during Bar:  
 Perch'd on fell Arms, and bound with Brass behind  
 An hundred Fold! shall impious Fury grind  
 His baleful Teeth, and, through the dreary Dome  
 Loud-gnashing, bathe his bloody Jaws with Foam. D.

11. *Emovitque culpas* ] Is the Reading of almost all the Manuscripts, and is much stronger than the common *emovit*, *Emovere* properly signifies to root out, to extirpate.

12. *Veteres artes.* ] These Arts are an exact Observance of Religion; a Discipline of Manners; the Culture of Sciences; a Liberty of Commerce; and all the Virtues which had made the Romans Masters of the World, and which Augustus had the Glory of restoring to their ancient Splendour. TORR.

15. *Majestas.* ] The Romans, in that Spirit of Liberty almost peculiar to them, would not suffer the Name of Majesty to be applied in any other manner than to the Dignity of the People. *Majestas est in imperio atque in omni populi Romani dignitate.* CICERO. They were equally jealous of the Word Empire; for all Power and Dominion, next to that of the immortal Gods, was thought to reside wholly

Those Arts by which the Latian Name,  
The Roman Strength, th' imperial Pow'r,  
With awful Majesty unbounded spread  
From rising Phœbus to his western Bed.

While watchful Cæsar guards our Age,  
Nor civil Wrath, nor loud Alarms  
Of foreign Tumults, nor the Rage  
That joys to forge destructive Arms,  
And ruin'd Cities fills with hostile Woes,  
Shall ere disturb, O Rome, thy safe Repose.

Nations who quaff the rapid Stream,  
Where deep the Danube rolls his Wave;  
The Parthians of perfidious Fame,  
The Seres fierce, and Indians brave,  
And they on Tanais who wide extend,  
Shall to the Julian Laws reluctant bend.

Our Wives, our Children share our Joy,  
With Bacchus jovial Blessings gay;  
Thus we the festal Hours employ,  
Thus grateful hail the busy Day;  
But first, with solemn Rites the Gods adore,  
And, like our Sires, their sacred Aid implore.

Then vocal, with harmonious Lays  
To Lydian Flutes, of chearful Sound,  
Attemper'd sweetly, we shall raise  
The valiant Deeds of Chiefs renown'd,  
Old Troy, Anchises, and the godlike Race  
Of Venus, blooming with immortal Grace.

wholly in the People; and a Crime against their Majesty, was esteemed next to that of Sacrilege.

7. *Custode rerum Cæsare.* ] Nothing can agree better to the Date which we have given to this Ode. In the fourteenth of the third Book the Poet says, *Ego nec tumultum, nec mori per vim metuam, tenente Cæsare terras*, where we find the same Thought in almost the same Expression; and as the first of these Pieces was composed upon the second fluting the Temple of Janus, this seems to have been written after the third. Upon each of these Occasions Augustus had subdued all the Enemies of the Roman Empire; banish-

You all those gen'rous Arts renew,  
By which our Infant Empire grew;  
By which her Fame spread vastly wide,  
And carry'd in Majestic Pride  
From East to West serenely shone,  
As far and glorious as the Sun.  
Whilst Cæsar lives and rules in Peace,  
No Civil Wars shall break our Ease,  
No Rage that fatal Swords prepares,  
And hurries wretched Towns to Wars:  
Not cruel Gêtes tho' bath'd in Blood,  
Not those by Tanais' faithless Flood,  
Not those that drink Danubius' Stream,  
Shall glorious Cæsar's Laws condemn:  
We on our Feasts and working Days,  
Midst jovial Cups will gladly praise;  
Our pious Wives, and prattling Boys  
Shall first the Gods with humble Voice,  
And then with Pipes and sounding Verse  
The Heroes noble Acts rehearse;  
Anchises, Troy our Songs shall grace,  
And brave Æneas, Venus' happy Race,

ed the Alarms of War, and given Peace to the Universe.

SAN.  
18. *Exiget.* ] This is the Reading of many excellent Manuscripts, and especially of the Scholiast. *Eximet* has not Force enough to answer to *Furor* and *Vis*. BENT. SAN.

30. *Lydis remisto carmine tibiis.* ] In the Time of Terence the Romans had Flutes, which might be properly called Phrygian and Lydian. They were different in their Tones and Number of Stops; The Lydian had but one Stop, and consequently was of a deep Tone; the Phrygian had two, which gave a shriller Sound, from whence Varro calls it *liquidum vocem*. But in the Time of Horace, all their Flutes had many Stops, and they called them Phrygian or Lydian according to the Measures in which they played; for whatever Change was made in the Instrument, they always played in the ancient Measures. Thus the same Flute was called Phrygian, when they played in the Phrygian Measure; and became Lydian, when it took the Lydian Measure. This last was better suited to the Voice, and as it was of a Tone more loud and lively, it was proper for Mirth and Festivals, from whence Plato calls it *Ἀγροῖαν συμποτικὰν*, a festal Harmony. D. A. C.

32. *Progeniem Veneris.* ] We may understand these Words of Augustus alone. SAN.

The End of the

FOURTH BOOK.

## 2. HORATII FLACCI

## E P O D O N

## LIBER.

## EPODE I. Ad MÆCENATEM.

**I**BIS Liburnis inter alta navium,  
 Amice, propugnacula,  
 Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum  
 Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.  
 Quid nos? quibus te vita sit superstita  
 Jucunda; si contrà, gravis:  
 Utrúmne jussi persequemur otium  
 Non dulce, ni tecum simul?  
 An hunc laborem mente laturi, decet  
 Quâ ferre non molles viros?  
 Feremus: & te, vel per Alpium juga,  
 Inhospitalem & Caucasum,  
 Vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum  
 Forti sequemur pectore.

It were a Shame to repeat the Conjectures of the Grammarians upon the Meaning of the Word EPODES, but that their Weakness may convince us how unjustly the Title hath been given to this Book. *Levia sane sunt, & hujusmodi ut nullo negotio refelli queant.* MURET. Some imagine that this Name was given to the whole Book, because in the first ten Odes a short Verse is regularly placed after a longer; but this Reason would include several other Odes, and in general all kinds of Poetry, in which a long Verse is constantly followed by a shorter; and by the same Reasoning the third Book might have been called Alcaic, since the first six Odes are written in that Measure. Others say, that as the Grecian Epode closed the Song, so in Latin Poetry a short Verse, which following a longer, closes the Sense and ends the Period, should be called Epode. But this is a Supposal of what is not true in Fact, for the Sense does not always end with each Distich; nor indeed have the Latins any just Right to the Word: The Grecians, from whom they received it, used it to signify the third and last Part of an Ode divided into Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode; and since the Latins have not any Odes of such Form, they have consequently no Right to the Name. It is equally certain that it did not appear in the Times of pure Latinity, and that it was not introduced into Poetry until the third Centu-

## THE BOOK

## OF THE

## E P O D E S

## O F

## H O R A C E.

*Translated by Mr. BROMWICH.*

## EPODE I. To MÆCENAS.

**W**HILE in Liburnian Pinnaces you sail,  
 Illustrious Friend, 'gainst floating Towers,  
 Prepar'd from thy lov'd Cæsar's sacred Breast  
 To shield each Danger with thy own;  
 What of forsaken Horace shall become,  
 Who only in thy Safety lives?  
 Shall he, as you unkind command, indulge  
 A Quiet, tasteless without Thee?  
 Or, with such Spirit as beseems the Brave,  
 Shall he th' heroic Toil partake?  
 I will: where'er you lead, o'er Alpine Snows,  
 Inhospitable Caucasus,  
 Or to the Western Ocean's utmost Wave,  
 I'll follow, with unshaken Breast.

You'll

ry, which are not Reasons sufficient for continuing it.

A late Commentator, who treats all his Brethren as well-meaning People, *boni homines*, has found that this Book hath its Name, because it contains a Number of lewd, immodest Pieces; yet surely not enough to give it such an infamous Title. The best Account of the Dispute seems to be, that these Odes were collected after our Poet's Death, and being added to those which he himself had published, were called *Epodes*, or *The Book after the Odes*; from whence we may conclude that some of them possibly were not written by our Poet, since they are greatly unworthy of his Reputation; or at least that he would never have published them Himself. Muretus assures us, that he had seen an ancient Manuscript, which called this Book, *QUINTUS ODARUM LIBER*.



# THE E P O D E S.

By the Rev. Mr. PHILIP FRANCIS.

## EPODE I. To MÆCENAS.

WHILE You, my brave, illustrious Friend,  
Would Cæsar's Person with your own defend:

And Anthony's high-tower'd Fleet,  
With light, Liburnian Gallies fearless meet,  
What shall forsaken Horace do,

Whose every Joy of Life depends on You?  
Shall I th' unkind Command obey,

And idly waste my languid Hours away;  
Or, as becomes the Brave, embrace

The glorious Toil, and spurn the Thoughts of Peace?  
I will; and over Alpine Snow,

Or savage Caucasus intrepid go;

Or follow, with undaunted Breast,

Thy dreadful Warfare to the farthest West.

You

# THE E P O D E S.

By Mr. CREECH.

## EPODE I. To MÆCENAS.

MY Lord, my best, and dearest Friend,  
The chiefest Bulwark of the State;

In tall Liburnian Ships defend

Great Cæsar's Cause, and prop his Fate.  
Before his Danger thrust your own:

But what shall he that breaths in you,  
That scorns to live when you are gone,

What shall forsaken Horace do?

Shall I sit down and take my Ease?

But without you what Joys delight?

Or steel my Softness, stem the Seas,

Or bolder grow, and dare to fight?

Or shall I arm my feeble Breast,

And wait on you thro' Alpine Snow,

Or farthest Regions of the West,

Where Cæsar bids the Valiant go?

You

BER, The fifth Book of the Odes.

Verf. 1. *Ibis*.] As soon as Mæcenas had received Orders to hold himself in Readiness to go aboard the Fleet of Octavius, He imparted the News to Horace, and at the same Time declared to him, that he would not permit him to make this Voyage with him. This Declaration mortified our Poet, who had attended Mæcenas to the Sicilian Wars against Pompey, and would gladly have shared the same Dangers with him in an Action which had fixed the Attention of the whole World, and which was to give a Master to the Roman Empire. Mæcenas probably was unwilling to expose his Favourite's Life; or perhaps he was afraid that the Fatigues of the Voyage and the War might impair his Health, which was very delicate.

This Ode was written in 723, and it shews, through the Whole, a disinterested Affection and Gratitude. SAN.

*Liburnis*.] Plutarch, speaking of this Battle, says that when one of Anthony's Ships was surrounded by four or five Liburnian Gallies, it looked like an Assault of a Town. Florus describing the Vessels of Anthony says, that they had from six to nine Rowers to every Oar; that they carried Towers and Bridges of such prodigious Height, as to look like Castles and Towns; that the Seas groaned beneath their Weight, and the Winds laboured to push them forward. Horace calls these Towers, *Propugnacula navium*,

and Virgil calls the Vessels which bore them *Turritas puppes*, Towered Ships.

2. *Amice*.] Horace had been eight Years a Favourite and Intimate of Mæcenas, having been presented to him in the Year 715. SAN.

3. *Paratus omne Cæsaris*.] We are not much acquainted with Mæcenas under a military Character, but he seems to have suffered unjustly in that Respect. The Battle of Actium was the sixth in which he fought for Octavius in the Space of twelve Years; and since Horace had assisted in two of these Actions, he could speak of his Patron's Courage as an ocular Witness. This Panegyric of Mæcenas includes indirectly that of Octavius, by insinuating that he was regardless of his Person in Battle, and exposed himself to the greatest Dangers. SAN.

7. *Iussi persequemur otium*.] The ancient Commentator says, that Augustus himself had commanded Horace not to follow him to this War; and that the Poet was the only Person excused from making the Campaign. From whence he got a Tradition so particular is hard to tell, but probably Mæcenas alone had forbidden Horace to attend him. DAC.

9.

Roges, tuum labore quid juyem meo,  
 Imbellis, ac firmus parum.  
 Comes minore sum futurus in metu,  
 Qui major absentes habet:  
 Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis  
 Serpentium allapsus timet  
 Magis relictis; non, ut adsit, auxili  
 Latura plus præsentibus.  
 Libenter hoc & omne militabitur  
 Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ;  
 Non ut juvencis illigata pluribus  
 Aratra nitantur mea;  
 Pecusve Calabris ante sidus fervidum  
 Lucana mutet pascua:  
 Nec ut superni villa candens Tusculi  
 Circæa tangat mœnia.  
 Satis superque me benignitas tua  
 Ditavit: haud paravero,  
 Quod aut, avarus ut Chremes, terrâ premam;  
 Discinctus aut perdam ut nepos.

## EPODE

9. *Mente.* ] *Mens* here signifies Courage, and when the Poet reckons himself among the *molles viros*, we may see that he was not vain upon the Article of Bravery; as in truth by his Behaviour at Philippi, he had no great Reason; yet his Affection for Mæcnas, and the Continuance of his Friendship can inspire him with Strength to bear the rudest Fatigues, and with Courage to attempt the greatest Dangers of a military Life.

19. *Ut assidens pullis avis* ] Is not a Bird actually sitting on her Young, as Scaliger and some other Critics understand it, but that has Young, for whom she is more alarmed when she leaves them, than when she is with them in their Nest.

D A C.

21. *Ut adsit.* ] Although She were willing and earnest to assist them. *Quamvis parata sit ad ferendam opem.* The Poets frequently use the Verb *adesse* in this Sense. Mr. Dacier construes it, *Quamvis præsens sit*, and thinks it a poetical Pleonasm.

S A N.

26. *Aratra nitantur mea.* ] The Construction is reversed, *Ut aratra illigata nitantur pluribus juvencis*, for *Ut plures juvenci aratris illigati nitantur*. The Verb *niti* signifies, to exert our whole Strength, and strongly marks the very painful Labour of Tillage.

C R U Q.

27. *Pecusve Calabris.* ] The wealthier Romans had different Pastures for Summer and Winter. The poorer Sort

You'll ask, what Aid an Arm unbrac'd like mine,  
 Nor for it's Prowess fam'd, can yield;  
 Those Terrours jealous Absence magnifies,  
 Will less torment me by thy Side:  
 The Mother Bird, when from her callow young,  
 Then most the gliding Serpent dreads;  
 Altho' no Aid her Presence can afford,  
 And only would augment the Prey.  
 T' attest my Faith, and purchase your Esteem,  
 I'll this, and ev'ry War-embrace:  
 Not that more num'rous Teams be taught to urge,  
 Thro' larger Fields, my shining Shares;  
 Or that my Herds, e'er scorching *Sirius* rise,  
 May for *Lucanian* Verdures change  
*Calabria's* Plains; or to *Circæan* Walls  
 Ambitious to extend my Vill.  
 Enough thy Bounty hath, with lavish Hand,  
 Supply'd: why should I wish for more!  
 In Earth, with *Chremes* in the Play, to hide?  
 Or squander with his graceless Heir?

## EPODE

sent their Flocks into the public Pastures, paying a certain Rent to the Farmers of the Revenues. Thus Calabria was chosen for its Warmth and Temperature in Winter; and Lucania for its Coolness and Verdure in Summer, occasioned by its Mountains. But the Difficulty of the Sentence depends upon the Construction, which must be directly contrary to the Poet's Arrangement of the Words; *mutat Lucana Calabris pascuis* for *mutat Calabria pascua Lucanis*. In the same Manner in the first Book, *mutat Lucretilem Lycæ*, for *mutat Lycæum Lucretili*.

ANCIENT SCHOL.

29. *Neque ut superni, &c.* ] *Neque ut candens villa tangat Circæa Tusculi mœnia* is the Construction of these two Lines. Our Poet's Villa was more than five and twenty Miles from Tusculum, which was founded by Telegonus, the Son of Ulysses and Circe, from whence its Walls are called Circæan.

S A N.

33. *Quod aut avarus.* ] Horace hath learned Content from his Epicurean Philosophy, and he was too honest a Man to be either prodigal or avaricious.

You ask, what Aid can I afford,  
 A puny Warrior; Novice to the Sword;  
 Absence, my Lord, increases Fear;  
 The Danger lessens when the Friend is near;  
 Thus, if the Mother-Bird forsake  
 Her unfledg'd Young, She dreads the gliding Snake,  
 With deeper Agonies afraid,  
 Not that her Presence could afford them Aid.  
 With chearful Heart will I sustain,  
 To purchase your Esteem, this dread Campaign,  
 Not that my Plows, with heavier Toil,  
 Or with a larger Team, may turn my Soil;  
 Not that my Flocks, when Sirius reigns,  
 May browse the Verdure of Lucania's Plains;  
 Not that my Villa shall extend  
 To where the Walls of Tusculum ascend.  
 Thy Bounty largely hath supplied,  
 Even with a lavish Hand, my utmost Pride;  
 Nor will I meanly wish for more,  
 Tasteless in Earth to hide the fordid Store,  
 Like an old Miser in the Play,  
 Or like a Rake to squander it away.

## EPODE

34. *Discepus nepos.* ] As Grand-Children are usually treated by their Grand-Fathers with too indulgent a Fondness, they frequently become Rakes and Prodigals; from whence the Word *Nepos* came to signify any young Man of a vicious and irregular Life. Horace here adds an Epithet which determines the Meaning. The Romans used to collect their Robes with a Girdle upon any Occasion which required Action; and not to use this Girdle, or to wear their Robes loose and flowing, was esteemed a Mark of Luxury

You ask, why thus I boldly press,  
 And what should feeble I do there?  
 My Fear, my Lord, will be the less;  
 For Absence still increases Fear.  
 Thus Birds on Wing are most afraid  
 That Snakes will come when they're away,  
 Tho' present they're too weak to aid,  
 And save the easy callow Prey.  
 I would be stout, discard my Fears,  
 The greatest Dangers bravely prove,  
 And venture this or other Wars  
 In hopes, my Lord, to keep your Love.  
 But not to have more Oxen groan  
 Beneath my Plows, nor feed more Swains;  
 Nor yet as Heat or Cold comes on,  
 To drive my Sheep to other Plains:  
 Not to enlarge my Country-Seat,  
 Or get vast Heaps of shining Ore;  
 Your Bounty, Sir, hath made me great,  
 And furnish'd with sufficient Store.  
 I do not Heaps of Gold desire,  
 To hide, and have no Heart to use,  
 As *Chremes* did; nor Wealth require,  
 On baser Lusts to be profuse.

## EPODE

and Effeminacy.

ANCIENT SCHOL.

Mr. Sanadon remarks, that the Poet ought to have varied his Expressions in the latter Part of this Ode, and particularly that he hath used the Word *Ut* six Times without either Beauty or Necessity.

U u



## EPODE II. VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

**B**EATUS ille, qui procul negotiis,

Ut prisca gens mortalium,

Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,

Solutus omni fœnore :

Nec excitatur classico miles truci,

Nec horret iratum mare ;

Forumque vitat, & superba civium

Potentiorum limina.

Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine

Altas maritat populos ;

Inutileſve falce ramos amputans,

Feliciores inferit ;

Aut in reductâ valle mugientium

Proſpectat errantes greges ;

Aut preſſa puris mella condit amphoris ;

Aut tondet infirmas oves.

Vel, cùm decorum mitibus pomis caput

Autumnus arvis extulit,

Ut gaudet inſitiva decerpens pyra,

Certantem & uvam purpuræ,

Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te pater

Silvane, tutor finium !

Libet

The Satire of this Ode is of a particular Character. We do not find in it any of those bloody Strokes, which are not aimed with an Intention to wound, but to mangle and destroy. The Censure here is delicate, and corrects with Decency and Good-humour. The Poet, to shew with how much Difficulty a Miser can disengage himself from his Love of Riches, supposes that an Usurer, who is persuaded of the Happiness and Tranquility of a Country-Life, hath formed a Design of retiring into the Country, and renouncing his unworthy Traffic. He calls in his Money, breaks through all Engagements, and is ready to depart, when his favourite Passion crosses his Passage, and subdues him at the first Assault. These Reflexions so natural, these Projects so reasonable, these Ideas so flattering, of a pure and constant Felicity, vanish at once, and the Usurer becomes again enslaved to a miserable Avarice. Yet the Poet's Art is admirable; for he leaves his Reader to find the Moral, which naturally rises from the Tale that he relates; nor does he discover the Person who speaks, until the End of the Ode. A Length of pleasing Scenes, where Nature appears in her rural Simplicity, yet without any thing rustic, amuses the Imagination, and conducts it insensibly to an unexpected Conclusion

EPODE II. *The Praises of a Country-Life.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

**H**OW happy in his low Degree,

How rich in humble Poverty is he,

Who leads a quiet Country Life !

Discharg'd of Bus'ness, void of Strife,

And from the griping Scriveñer free.

( Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were sown,

Liv'd Men in better Ages born,

Who plow'd with Oxen of their own

Their small paternal Field of Corn )

Nor Trumpets summon him to War,

Nor Dreams disturb his Morning Sleep,

Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,

Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep:

The Clamours of contentious Law,

And Court and State he wisely shuns,

Nor brib'd with Hopes, nor dar'd with Awe,

To servile Salutations runs :

But either to the clasping Vine

Does the supporting Poplar wed,

Or with his Pruning-hook disjoin

Unbearing Branches from their Head,

And grafts more happy Branches in their stead ;

Or climbing to a hilly Steep,

He views his Herds in Vales afar,

Or sheers his over-burthen'd Sheep,

Or Mead for cooling Drink prepares,

Of Virgin-Honey, in the Jars.

Or in the now declining Year,

When bounteous *Autumn* rears his Head,

He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,

And clust'ring Grapes with Purple spread.

The Fairest of his Fruit he serves,

*Priapus*, thy Rewards :

*Sylvanus* too his Part deserves,

Whose Care the Fences guards.

Sometimes

EPODE II. *The Praises of a Country-Life.*

LIKE the first Mortals blest is He,  
From Debts, and Mortgages, and Business free,  
With his own Team who plows the Soil,  
Which grateful once confess'd his Father's Toil.  
The Sounds of War nor break his Sleep,  
Nor the rough Storm that harrows up the Deep;  
He shuns the Courtier's haughty Doors,  
And the loud Science of the Bar abjures:  
Sometimes his marriageable Vines  
Around the lofty Bridegroom Elm he twines;  
Or lops the vagrant Boughs away,  
Ingrafting better as the Old decay;  
Or in the Vale with Joy surveys  
His lowing Herd safe-wandering as they graze;  
Or careful stores the flowing Gold  
Prest from the Hive, or sheers his tender Fold;  
Or when with various Fruits o'erspread,  
The mellow Autumn lifts his beauteous Head,  
His grafted Pears or Grapes that vye  
With the rich Purple of the Tyrian Dye,  
Grateful he gathers, and repays  
His Guardian Gods on their own festal Days;

Sometimes

of the Piece. In no other Ode has Horace preserved a greater Elegance of Expression, Harmony of Numbers, and Exactness of Construction.

S A N.

Verf. 2. *Ut prisca gens mortalium.*] The first Race of Mankind were either Labourers, or Shepherds; but perhaps the Poet does not mean an Antiquity so distant, and rather speaks of the ancient Romans, who cultivated their own Lands; such as Cincinnatus, Fabricius. The greatest Praise which could then be given to a Roman, was to call him a good Farmer; but to distinguish him from the Person who paid Rent for the public Domains, the Poet says, that he cultivates his own paternal Estate.

D A C.

4. *Solutus omni fœnore.*] A Person free from all Kinds of Usury; who neither lends nor borrows. The ancient Romans thought an Usurer so much a more dangerous Member of Society than a Thief, that he was condemned to a double Punishment. One of the Laws of the twelve Tables forbade a greater Interest than one per Cent. but this Interest was only for a Month, and was equal to twelve per Cent. with us.

7. *Et superba civium.*] We may observe, that Alphius mentions five different Professions in opposition to a Coun-

EPODE II. *The Praises of a Country-Life.*

HAPPY the Man beyond Pretence,  
(Such was the State of Innocence)  
That loose from Care, from Business free,  
From griping Debts and Usury,  
Contented in an humble Fate,  
With his own Oxen ploughs his own Estate:  
No early Trumpet breaks his Ease,  
He doth not dread the angry Seas:  
He flies the Bar, from Noise retreats,  
And shuns the Nobles' haughty Seats.  
But marriageable Vines he leads  
To lusty Oaks, and kindly weds;  
Or carelessly in Vallies strays,  
And smiles to see his Oxen graze:  
He prunes his Vines, or grafts his Trees:  
Or sheers his Sheep, or takes his Bees;  
From Combs well prest his Honey flows,  
Almost as sweet as his Repose:  
Or when the mellow Autumn rears  
His fruitful Head, he gathers Pears,  
Or Purple Grapes, and these reward  
With pleasing Gifts his Holy Guard;  
Thee, Sylvan, and, Priapus thee  
A Tribute fills from every Tree:

Now

try-Life, and naturally enough begins with his own as a Banker, both with regard to Money, which is ever in his Thoughts, and because every discontented Man feels most sensibly the Difficulties of his own Profession. He has already spoken of Soldiers, Merchants, Lawyers, and now he describes a Courtier by a servile Attendance on the haughty Levees of the Great. Columella has manifestly followed this Division of Horace, when he shews the Vileness, Injustice, and Danger of all other Trades, in comparison of Agriculture. War, says he, unjustly gives to some, what it takes by Violence from others; Commerce and Navigation exceed the Bounds of Nature, and expose the Merchant to a thousand Dangers; Usury is odious even to the Person whom it relieves. The Lawyer's Trade is a Villainy licenced by Law; and a Courtier is a lying, flattering, servile Mercenary.

10. *Altas maritat populos.*] The Countryman here chuf-

U 2

es



Libet jacere modò sub antiquâ ilice,  
 Modò in tenaci gramine;  
 Labuntur altis interim rivis aquæ;  
 Queruntur in silvis aves;  
 Fontesque lymphis obstrepuunt manantibus,  
 Somnos quod invitet leves.  
 At cùm tonantis annus hibernus Jovis  
 Imbres, nivesque comparat;  
 Aut trudit acres hinc & hinc multâ cane  
 Apròs in obstantes plagas;  
 Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,  
 Turdis edacibus dolos;  
 Pavidumve leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem, 35  
 Jucunda captat præmia.  
 Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,  
 Hæc inter obliviscitur?  
 Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvenis  
 Domum atque dulces liberos,  
 (Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus  
 Pernicis uxor Appuli)  
 Sacrum vetustis exstruat lignis focum,  
 Lassi sub adventum viri;

Clàudensque

es the tallest Trees, that he may have the best Wine, for Pliny tells us that high Trees give a richer Wine, and lower Trees a greater Quantity. Raise your Vines as high as possible, says Cato; *Quam altissimam vineam facito*; and Varro gives a Reason for the Precept: A Vine, when in its Growth, does not require Water, as it does when in the Cup, but Warmth and Sun. Cyneas, alluding to these Trees, pleasantly said of a bad Wine, that its Mother was very justly hanged upon so high a Gibbet. *Merito matrem ejus pendere in tam alta cruce.* D. A. C.

11. *Inutile scilicet.* These two Verses, which are placed in many Editions after the following Distich, are here restored to their natural Order. Such Disorders are frequent in the Manuscripts, and the Correction has been received by almost all the most learned Editors, except Doctor Bentley.

16. *Aut tondet infirmas oves.* Infirmas does not signify diseased or sickly, but naturally feeble and delicate. For, besides that it is not customary to shear a Sheep when it is diseased, such a Representation would spoil the Beauty of this rural Picture. D. A. C.

17. *Decorum mitibus pomis.* Autumn is pictured like a God, and rising out of the Earth crowned with all Kinds of ripe Fruits. D. A. C.

19. *Infativa.* There seems by this Epithet a greater Pleasure in pulling engrafted Fruits, than those of natural

Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,  
 Or on the matted Grass he lies;  
 25 No God of Sleep he need invoke;  
 The Stream that o'er the Pebbles flies,  
 With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes:  
 The Wind that whistles thro' the Sprays,  
 Maintains the Confort of the Song;  
 30 And hidden Birds with native Lays,  
 The golden Sleep prolong.  
 But when the Blast of Winter blows,  
 And hoary Frosts invert the Year,  
 Into the naked Woods he goes,  
 And seeks the tusky Boar to rear,  
 With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear:  
 Or spreads his subtle Nets from Sight,  
 With twinkling Glasses to betray  
 The Larks that in the Meshes light,  
 40 Or makes the fearful Hare his Prey.  
 Amidst his harmless easy Joys,  
 No anxious Care invades his Health,  
 Nor Love his Peace of Mind destroys,  
 Nor wicked Avarice of Wealth.  
 But if a chaste and pleasing Wife,  
 To ease the Bus'ness of his Life,  
 Divides with him his Household Care,  
 Such as the Sabine Matrons were,  
 Such as the swift Apulian's Bride;  
 Sun-burnt and swarthy tho' she be,  
 Will Fire for Winter's Nights provide,  
 And without Noise will oversee  
 His Children and his Family;  
 And order all things, 'till he come,  
 Sweaty, and over-labour'd home;

If

Growth, because they are at once the Produce and the Reward of our Art and Labour. D. A. C.

22. *Tutor finium.* The Ancients acknowledged three Gods whom they called Sylvani; and it may be Matter of Curiosity to see an ancient Form of Invocation or Prayer to one of these Deities. O Father, I entreat and conjure you, that you will be propitious and gracious to me, and to my Household.



Sometimes beneath an ancient Shade,  
Or on the matted Grass supinely laid,  
Where pours the Mountain Stream along,  
And feather'd Warblers chaunt the soothing Song;  
Or where the lucid Fountain flows,  
And with its Murmurs courts him to Repose.  
But when the Rain and Snows appear,  
And wintry Jove loud thunders o'er the Year,  
With Hounds he drives, into the Toils,  
The foaming Boar, and triumphs in his Spoils;  
Or for the greedy Thrush he lays  
His Nets, and with delusive Baits betrays;  
Artful he sets the springing Snare,  
To catch the stranger Crane, or timorous Hare.  
Thus happy, who would stoop to prove  
The Pains, the Wrongs, and Injuries of Love?  
But if a chaste and virtuous Wife  
Assist him in the tender Cares of Life;  
Of Sun-burnt Charms, but honest Fame,  
(Such as the Sabine, or Apulian Dame;)  
Fatigu'd when homeward he returns,  
The sacred Fire with chearful Lustre burns;

Or

Now smiles beneath a Myrtle Shade  
On flow'ry Banks supinely laid,  
Whilst near his Head there creeps a Spring,  
And the free Birds around him sing:  
Or Fountains, with their murmur'ing Streams,  
Invite to short and easy Dreams:  
Or when cold Jove hath turn'd the Year,  
And Rain and Snow and Frost appear,  
He takes his Hounds, strong Toils he sets,  
And drives fierce Boars to secret Nets;  
Or Springes lays in every Bush,  
To take the Black-bird and the Thrush:  
Or fearful Hare, or stranger Crane,  
All sweet Rewards do cheer his Pain.  
Who, midst these pleasing Joys, does bear  
The num'rous Ills of Love and Fear?  
In Towns the Tyrant Passions reign,  
And spread their Cares, but fly the Plain.  
But if a Wife, more chaste than fair,  
(Such as the ancient Sabines were,  
Such as the brown Apulian Dame,  
Of mod'rate Face, and honest Fame)  
With equal Care, his Care shall meet,  
And keep the House and Children sweet;  
Against he comes provide a Fire,  
As pure and warm as her Desire:  
And, with an honest chearful Smile,  
Receive him weary from his Toil:

Peh.

House and Family; that you will disperse, forbid, and repel all Maladies known, and unknown; Barrenness, Mortality, Calamities, and Pestilence; that you will give Increase to my Fruits, Corn, Vines and Trees; that you will preserve my Shepherds and their Flocks, and give Health and Safety to us all.

27. *Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt.* ] This last Word is not to be joined to *ovibus*, as if the Fountains made a Comfort with the Birds, but it must be applied to *jacenti*, by a Figure frequently used by our Poet. *Fontes obstrepunt quod invitet somnos*, for *Fontes edunt strepitum qui somnos conciliat*. These two Ideas seem perfectly opposite, for Noise naturally drives away Sleep.

SAN.

31. *Multa cane.* ] Singulars are always more noble than Plurals; *multo milite*, for *multis militibus*. When the Latins speak of Hunting-Dogs, they generally use *Canis*, in the Feminine Gender.

TORR.

35. *Et advenam gruem.* ] Cranes came to Italy and Greece in Winter for the Warmth of the Climate; from whence Pliny calls them *Hyemis advenas*, the Strangers of Winter.

LAMB.

39. *Juvans.* ] This Correction has the Authority of an ancient Manuscript, and has been received by several Editors. The Thought is better followed, and the Construction more easy. They who read *juvet*, ought to add *&* in the

forty-third Line, *sacrum & vetustis*.

41. *Sabina qualis.* ] The Sabines possessed the middle of Italy. They were a frugal and laborious People; and their Wives were remarkable for Chastity and Modesty; domestic Housewifery, and conjugal Fidelity.

CRUQ.

43. *Sacrum vetustis extruat.* ] The Construction is reversed; *Extruat lignis focum*, for *extruere ligna in foco*, or *super foco*. This Fire was called *sacred*, because it was consecrated to Vesta and the Household Gods, whose Statues were placed round it.

CRUQ.

47. *Horna.* ] Wine of one Year old seems excellent to this frugal and laborious Villager; such is the Force, according to the French Commentators, of *dulci dolio*; but perhaps the Poet only means the Lusciousness and Must of new

new

Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus, 45  
 Distenta ficeet ubera;  
 Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,  
 Dapes inemtis apparet;  
 Non me Lucrina juverint conchyliæ,  
 Magiſve rhombus, aut ſcari, 50  
 Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus  
 Hiems ad hoc vertat mare:  
 Non Afra avis deſcendat in ventrem meum,  
 Non attagen Ionius  
 Jucundior, quàm lecta de pinguiſſimis 55  
 Oliva ramis arborum,  
 Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, & gravi  
 Malvæ ſalubres corpori,  
 Vel agna feſtis caſa Terminalibus,  
 Vel hœdus ereptus lupo. 60  
 Haſ inter epulas, ut juvat paſtas oves  
 Videre properantes domum!  
 Videre feſſos vomerem inverſum boves  
 Collo trahentes languido;  
 Poſitoſque vernas, ditis examen domûs, 65  
 Circùm renidentes Lares!  
 Hæc ut locutus ſcenerator Alphius,  
 Jam jam futurus ruſticus,  
 Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam;  
 Quærit Calendis ponere. 70

## EPODE

new Wines.

49. *Lucrina conchyliæ.*] *Conchyliæ* is a general Word for all Kinds of Shell-Fiſh. The Romans at firſt loved the Oyſters of the Lucrine Lake; afterwards they prefer'd thoſe of Brundifium and Tarentum; at length all others were inſipid to them except thoſe of the Atlantic Ocean. As theſe Expences became exceſſive, the Cenſors were obliged to forbid either Fowl or Shell-Fiſh to be brought from Country ſo diſtant. D.A.C.

50. *Rhombus.*] We cannot with Certainty determine what the *Rhombus*, *Scarus*, or *Attagen* were. Athenæus tells us that the *Scarus* was tender and delicate. Ennius wildly calls it the Brain of *Jupiter*.

53. *Deſcendat in ventrem*] Is a Grecian Phraſe, and was probably much in uſe among the delicate and luxurious in Diet. D.A.C.

55. *Leſta olivæ.*] Olives ought to be gathered with the Hands. There was an ancient Law which forbid that the Tree ſhould be ſhaken, or the Fruit beaten down. *Oleum*

If ſhe in Pens his Flocks will fold,  
 And then produce her Dairy Store,  
 With Wine to drive away the Cold,  
 And unbought Dainties of the Poor;  
 Not Oyſters of the *Lucrine* Lake  
 My ſober Appetite would wiſh,  
 Nor *Turbet*, or the foreign Fiſh  
 That rolling Tempeſts overtake,  
 And hither waſt the coſtly Diſh;  
 Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,  
 Which *Phaſis*, or *Ionian* yields,  
 More pleaſing Morſels would afford  
 Than the fat Olives of my Fields;  
 Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,  
 That keep the looſen'd Body ſound,  
 Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot  
 To the juſt Guardian of my Ground.  
 Amidſt theſe Feaſts of happy Swains  
 The jolly Shepherd ſmiles to ſee  
 His Flocks returning from the Plains;  
 The Farmer is as pleas'd as he,  
 To view his Oxen ſweating ſmoke,  
 Bear on their Necks the looſen'd Yoke;  
 To look upon the menial Crew,  
 That ſit around his chearful Hearth,  
 And Bodies ſpent in Toil renew  
 With wholeſome Food and Country Mirth.  
 This *Marecraft* ſaid within himſelf;  
 Reſolv'd to leave this wicked Town,  
 And live retir'd upon his own,  
 He call'd his Money in:  
 But the prevailing Love of Pelf,  
 Soon ſplit him on the former Shelf,  
 And put it out again.

## EPODE

*ne ſtringite, neve verberato.*

59. *Agna feſtis caſa terminalibus.*] The Poet does not abſolutely mean that his Farmer eats Meat only once in a Year; on the Feſtival of *Terminus*, which was celebrated the twenty-fiſt of February; or when a Kid was accidentally preſerved from the Wolf: he would only deſcribe in general

D.A.C.



Or if she milk her swelling Kine,  
 Or in their Folds his happy Flocks confine;  
 While unbought Dainties crown the Feast,  
 And luscious Wines from this Year's Vintage press;  
 No more should curious Oysters please;  
 Or Fish, the Luxury of foreign Seas,  
 (If Eastern Tempests, thundering o'er  
 The wintry Wave, shall drive them to our Shore;)   
 Or Wild-Fowl of delicious Taste,  
 From distant Climates brought to crown the Feast,  
 Shall e'er so grateful prove to me,  
 As Olives gather'd from the unctuous Tree,  
 And Herbs, that love the flowery Field,  
 And chearful Health with pure Digestion yield;  
 Or Fatling, on the Festal Day,  
 Or Kid just rescued from some Beast of Prey.  
 Amid the Feast how joys he to behold  
 His well-fed Flocks home hasting to their Fold!  
 Or see his labour'd Oxen bow  
 Their languid Necks, and drag th' inverted Plow,  
 At Night his numerous Slaves to view  
 Round his domestic Gods their Mirth pursue!  
 The Usurer spoke; determin'd to begin  
 A Country-Life, he calls his Money in,  
 But, ere the Moon was in her Wane,  
 The Wretch had put it out to Use again.

## EPODE

general the Frugality of his Table.

TORR.

66. *Circum residentes Lares.*] The Lares are in poetical Language not unjustly used for the Fire, round which their Statues were placed; and they are represented smiling. (*residentes* perhaps signifying *ridentes*;) and rejoicing to see themselves surrounded by so numerous a Family. SAN.

67. *Hæc ubi locutus.*] Until these Words, the Reader imagines that Horace himself speaks, and probably these were his own Sentiments; but, by giving them to this Usurer, he surprises his Reader agreeably, and shews the whole Ode in a pleasing and stronger Light. Columella mentions Alphius as a remarkable Usurer, whose favourite Maxim was, that the best Debts become bad, when we suffer them to rest. DAC.

69. *Relegit Idibus pecuniam.*] Mr. Dacier understands by this Passage, that when Alphius had called in his Money on

Pen up her self, and milk the Kine,  
 Then draw a Pot of Country Wine,  
 And freight with what her Fields afford  
 Doth furnish out an easy Board:  
 I would not change for all the State  
 And costly Trouble of the Great;  
 Their Oysters, Trouts, and all the Store  
 Of Luxury would take no more;  
 Their Fish that catering Storms, to please  
 Their Palate, toils from Eastern Seas,  
 The Pheasant, Partridge, Quail and Teal  
 Would not go down, nor taste so well  
 As Olives pluck'd from laden Boughs,  
 Or Sorrel that in Pasture grows;  
 Or Mallows sweet, extremely good  
 For Bodies bound, poor wholesome Food!  
 Or Lambkins kill'd, a sheering Feast;  
 Or rescu'd from a greedy Beast:  
 Amidst these Dainties, Oh the vast Delight  
 To see fed Sheep come home at Night!  
 To hear the weary Oxen low,  
 And almost tir'd trail back the Plow!  
 To see my merry Clowns carouse,  
 And swarm about my cleanly House!  
 This Alphius said, the fam'd, and known,  
 The griping Usurer of the Town,  
 Resolv'd to leave his Cares and Strife  
 And quickly lead a Country Life;  
 One Week he call'd his Money in,  
 The next he lent it out again.

## EPODE

the Ides, or fifteenth Day of the Month, he put it out to Interest again immediately; and that he was not such an ignorant Usurer as to let his Money lie useless to the End of the Month. But this Explanation, says Mr. Sanadon, offers Violence to the Text, and if it were the Sentiment of Horace, he ought to have express'd it otherwise. The Construction is the same in *relegit Idibus*, as in *ponit Calendis*; if therefore the first Expression mean, that Alphius called in his Money upon the Ides, the second ought to signify that he did not give it out at Interest until the Calends following.



## EPODE III. Ad MÆCENATEM.

PARENTIS olim si quis impiâ manu

Senile guttur fregerit;

Edit cicutis allium nocentius.

O dura messorum ilia!

Quid hoc veneni fœvit in præcordiis?

Num viperinus his cruor

Incoctus herbis me fœellit? an malas

Canidia tractavit dapes?

Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum

Medea mirata est ducem,

Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,

Perunxit hoc Jasonem:

Hoc delibutis ulta donis pellicem,

Serpente fugit alite.

Nec tantus unquam fiderum infedit vapor.

Siticulosæ Apuliæ:

Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis

Inarsit æstuosius.

At, si quid unquam tale concupiveris,

Jocose Mæcenas, precor

Manum puella suavio opponat tuo,

Extremâ & in spondâ cubet.

## EPODE

Horace had eaten Garlick at Supper with Mæcenas, which made him violently sick, and here he takes his full Revenge on the wicked Weed. It is represented as a sufficient Punishment for the blackest Crimes; it is always predominant in the strongest Poisons, and no Fires either natural or artificial have any Thing so burning. The Verses of this Ode are full of Force, and their Cadence approaches nearly to that of Iambics in Tragedy.

Verf. 1. *Olim.* ] This Word is taken indifferently either for the Past or Future. The latter Sense seems more natural here.

2. *Senile guttur.* ] This Epithet augments the Cruelty of the Action. To murder a Father is a most unnatural Crime; but to shorten those Days by a violent Death which soon must end by the regular Course of Nature, is a Deed full of Horrors.

3. *Edit.* ] The Ancients used *edim* for *edam*, as *duim* for *dem*. Thus we form the Verbs, *velim*, *sim*, *faxim*; However Mr. Sanadon thinks it an obsolete Word, and disagree-

## EPODE III. To MÆCENAS.

Henceforth if any Wretch, with impious Arm,  
Shall writhe his aged Father's Neck,

Let Garlick be his Punishment abhor'd;

Than penal Hemlock deadlier far.

Sure Reapers adamantine Stomachs boast!

What Venom reveals thro' each Vein?

Has then, decocted with the baleful Herb,

The Viper's ambush'd Gore betray'd?

Or hath *Canidia* touch'd th' ill-omen'd Feast?

Such petty Aids this Weed contemns.

When from each *Argonaut* *Medea's* Love

Distinguish'd their illustrious Chief,

No other Arms the beauteous Sorceress gave,

No other Charm she taught, to tame

The fiery Bulls, and break them to the Yoke:

By this her Gifts infected flew

Her Rival, when, her Vengeance cloy'd, she fled

On winged Dragons thro' the Air.

So dire a Vapour, by the *Dog-Star* rais'd,

Ne'er scorch'd *Apulia's* thirsty Plain:

Nor did the poison'd Shirt with half such Heat

Assault *Alcides'* tortur'd Breast.

Jocose *Mæcenas*, this detested Food

If ever thou again desire;

To thy fond Kiss still may the Fair you love,

Her Hand, with ceaseless Spleen, oppose.

## EPODE

able to the Genius of Horace; yet Horace uses it again in the eighth Satire of the second Book, even in Mr. Sanadon's Edition. *Quàm si cum lumbis quis edit.* In the present Passage the Critic would have us read *edat*, which he tells us is the Reading of Lambinus and Cruquius; although both these Commentators not only read *edit* in the Text, but support it in their Notes.

This Mistake is not mentioned here with design to injure Mr. Sanadon's very just Reputation, or in any mean Suspicion of his Veracity; but to convince us, that we ought willingly to pardon the Faults of meaner Authors, when so judicious and accurate a Writer could commit such an appa-

EPODE III. To MÆCENAS.

IF Parricide ever, in Horrors most dire,  
With impious right Hand shall strangle his Sire,  
On Garlick, than Hemlock more rank, let Him feed:  
O Stomachs of Mowers to digest such a Weed!  
What Poison is this in my Bosom so glowing?  
Have I swallow'd the Gore of a Viper unknowing?  
Canidia perhaps hath handled the Feast,  
And with Witchery hellish the Banquet hath drest.  
With this did Medea her Lover besmear,  
Young Jason, beyond all his Argonauts fair;  
The Stench was so strong, that it tam'd to the Yoke,  
The Brags-footed Bulls breathing Fire and Smoke.  
On the Gown of Creüsa its Juices She shed,  
Then on her wing'd Chariot in Triumph She fled.  
Not such the strong Vapour that burns up the Plains,  
When the Dog-star in Anger triumphantly reigns;  
Not the Shirt of Alcides, that well-labour'd Soldier,  
With Flames more envenom'd burn'd into his  
Shoulder.

May the Girl of your Heart, if ever You taste,  
Facetious Mæcenas, so baleful a Feast,  
Her Hand o'er your Kisses, Oh, may She bespread,  
And lie afar off on the Stock of the Bed.

EPODE

rent Mistake. This alone is the Use which we ought to make of the Faults of others.

8. *Canidia*.] The old Commentator says that Canidia is a supposed Name, and that Horace means a Woman of Naples called Gratidia, famous for Drugs and Poisons. His Assertion is founded upon a Law of the twelve Tables, which forbade that any Person should be mentioned by their Names in a satirical Writing; but this does not seem a sufficient Proof, since Horace himself tells us, that She was the Daughter of Albutius, as if he were afraid She might not be sufficiently known by her own Name. D A C.

12. *Perunxit*.] Here Scaliger asks how such different Effects could proceed from the same Cause: How Garlick should be a Preservative to Jason when he went to tame the Bulls, which breathed Fire, and whose Feet were armed with Brags, since in the next Line it proves fatal to the Daughter of Creon when the Crown and nuptial Robe, sent to her by Medea, set her on fire. This Objection is more plau-

EPODE III. To MÆCENAS.

IF any, let's suppose so damn'd a Rage,  
Forget their Duty and their Age;  
And eager to enjoy the whole Estate,  
With impious Hands shall hasten Fate,  
And their old Father's coming Death prevent,  
Let *Onions* be their Punishment.  
O Reapers Stomachs! Ah! what Poison reigns,  
What secret Fire runs thro' my Veins?  
Hath Viper's Blood, or hath *Canidia's* Breath  
Blown o'er my Meat, and mingled Death?  
When *Jason* did *Medea's* Fancy move,  
And she fix'd on him for a Love,  
Before the rest she gave him this to tame  
The fiery Bulls, and quench their Flame;  
By Presents dipt in this *Creüsa* dy'd,  
And *Jason* mourn'd his promis'd Bride:  
Such furious Heat as rages o'er my Veins  
Ne'er scorch'd the dry *Apulian* Plains,  
Nor did the flaming Poys'nous Gift infect  
With half such Heat *Alcides'* Breast:  
My merry *Lord*, if e'er you taste of this,  
May ev'ry Maid deny a Kiss;  
But stop her Mouth, cry foh! refuse Delight,  
And ne'er lie near thee all the Night.

EPODE

sible than just, for Horace must necessarily suppose that the Witch gave her Lover an Antidote against Garlick in this perilous Adventure: Or perhaps the Poet would in this Instance prove the Strength of it, as he afterwards describes its violent Heat by the following Comparisons.

17. *Munus bumeris efficacis Herculis*.] This Gift was the Robe which Dejanira sent to Hercules, after having dipped it into the Blood of Nessus; and the Epithet given to Hercules shews those hardy Enterprises which he had undertaken and executed in the Course of his twelve Labours.

18. *Æstuosius*.] Mr. Dacier thinks it probable that these Robes were besmeared with a liquid Bitumen, called Naphtha; of so subtle a Nature, that it is inflammable by the least Degree of Heat. Alexander made Trial of it upon a Boy, who was almost destroyed by the Experiment.

X x

## EPODE IV.

LUPIS & agnis quanta sortitò obtigit,  
 Tecum mihi discordia est,  
 Ibericis peruste funibus latus,  
 Et crura durâ compede,  
 Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,  
 Fortuna non mutat genus.  
 Videſne, ſacram metiente te viam  
 Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ,  
 Ut ora vertat huc & huc euntium  
 Liberrima indignatio?  
 Scelus flagellis hic Triumviralibus  
 Præconis ad faſtidium,  
 Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,  
 Et Appiam mannis terit;  
 Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques,  
 Othone contempto; ſedet.  
 Quid attinet tot æra navium gravi  
 Roſtrata duci pondere  
 Contra latrones atque ſervilem manum,  
 Hoc, hoc Tribuno militum?

## EPODE

The Eſteem or Hatred of an excellent Poet ſhould not be indifferent to Perſons who value their Reputation; for with the ſame Pen he immortalizes the Hero's Glory, and the Scoundrel's Infamy. As long as the Works of Horace ſhall ſubſiſt, ſo long ſhall the Praises of Auguſtus, Mæcenas and Agrippa continue; but Canidia ſhall be known only by her Sorceries; Mævius by his Naſtineſs; Caſſius Severus by his Slanders, and Caſſius of Nomentum by his Debaucheries. To theſe we might add Menas or Menodorus, if it were certain that he is the Perſon aimed at in this Ode. But whoever he was, the Poet has the Advantage of being Interpreter of the public Sentiments, in Revenge for the Contempt and Inſolence of a Coxcomb, vain of his Wealth and Equipage. The Ode is written in the violent Spirit of Satire; and the Gall of Indignation flows through all the Verſes, which are not leſs nervous in their Cadencies than acrimonious in their Expreſſions.

The Manuſcripts inſcribe this Ode in *Menam libertum*. Sextus Menas was a Freedman of Cneius Pompeius, and during five or ſix Years of the Triumvirate had made himſelf conſiderable both to Octavius and Pompey by betraying each of them in their Turn, from whence Appian calls him *The double Betrayer*.

In 714, He commanded Pompey's Fleet; ravaged the Borders of Tuſcany, took Sardinia, and reduced Rome to ſuch Extremity, by ſhutting up the Sea, that he compelled the Romans to demand a Peace from Pompey. In 716 Menas became ſuſpected by Pompey, who commanded him

## EPODE IV.

THIS Nature's Quarrel betwixt Lambs and  
 Wolves,  
 Th' Averſion that I boaſt to Thee, [Leg  
 Baſe Slave, whoſe furrow'd Back the Whip, whoſe  
 The galling Fetter's Spite ſtill mourns.  
 Tho' now thou ſtrut'ſt, the Herald of thy Wealth,  
 Yet Fortune changes not the Kind.  
 As o'er the ſacred Way thou ſweeping drag'ſt  
 Thy twice three pompous Ells of Gown,  
 See'ſt not, on every Side, th' averted Face  
 With free-born Indignation glow?  
 This Wretch, they cry, by the Town Beadle ſcourg'd,  
 Till his tir'd Arm ev'n loath'd it's Trade,  
 Now ploughs his Thouſand Acres of rich Soil,  
 And wears the *Appian* with his Train;  
 On the firſt Benches ſits, a doughty Knight,  
 Trampling on *Otho*, and his Law!  
 What will avail the num'rous Ships we ſend,  
 From Pirates and from Slaves to purge,  
 At ſuch Expence, the Main, if in that Fleet  
 A Pirate and a Slave command?

## EPODE

to give an Account of his Adminiſtration. He reſuſed to obey; put the Perſons to Death whom Pompey had ſent, and ſurrendered himſelf to Octavius with his Ships, his Troops, and the Iſlands of Corſica and Sardinia. The Triumvir received him with open Arms, and put him on board his Fleet in Quality of Lieutenant to Calviſius Sabinus. He there behaved himſelf with ſo much Courage and Conduct in the Expeditions of the following Year, that enſlamed with his Succeſs, and angry that he had not the ſupreme Command, he returned to Pompey,

In 718, diſcontented that he was not regarded equally to his Merit, he ranged himſelf with a large Number of Veſſels on the Side of Octavius, who had made him ſome advantageous Offers, yet never employed him afterwards but with much Reſerve. He was killed the following Year in a Sea-fight.

Such is the Picture drawn by Hiſtorians of this bad Man, in which there are ſeveral Features reſembling the Perſon againſt whom this Ode is written, yet there are many others that have not the leaſt Likeneſs.

Fiſt, the military Tribuneſhip of Menas appears perfectly imaginary. None of the Hiſtorians mention it; nor is it probable, that a Perſon, who had divided with Pompey the Command of an Army, would accept of ſuch an inconſiderable Employment from Octavius. Distinguished among the



EPODE IV.

**A**S Wolves and Lambs by Nature disagree,  
 So is my Hatred firm to thee;  
 Thou Wretch, whose Back with flagrant Whips  
 is torn;  
 Whose Legs with galling Fetters worn;  
 Though Wealth thy native Insolence enflame  
 A Scoundrel ever is the same.  
 While you your thrice three Ells of Gown display,  
 And stalk along the sacred Way,  
 Observe the free-born Indignation rise,  
 Mark! how they turn away their Eyes;  
 This Wretch, they cry, with public Lashing flea'd,  
 'Till even the Beadle loath'd his Trade,  
 Now plows his thousand Acres of Domaine,  
 And wears the Pavement with his Train;  
 Now on the foremost Benches sits, in spite  
 Of Otho, an illustrious Knight.  
 From Slaves and Pirates to assert the Main,  
 Shall Rome such mighty Fleets maintain,  
 And shall those Fleets, that dreadful rule the Sea,  
 A Pirate and a Slave obey?

EPODE

the Officers of the Marine by his Valour and Experience, yet his Pride was greater than his Merit. His Desire of commanding in Chief made him look upon any Subordination as an Injury; even an Equality offended him, and his Ambition was the principal Cause of his Perfidy.

The Scholiast has indeed found a Way to satisfy this Ambition by making him Commander of Octavius his Fleet. But we may ask where the Scholiast got the Knowledge of a Fact, three or four hundred Years after it must have happened, which had escaped all the Historians. Menas quitted the Party of Octavius the first Time, because he was obliged to serve under Sabinus; and after his Return to him he never could recover his Confidence. In which of these Times may we suppose that this very considerable Employment was given to him?

Lastly, the Poet describes a Person vain of his Riches; fond of shewing himself in Public; taking the first Place at all Entertainments, and crowding the Streets with his Equipage when he went to the Country. These Particulars are not only irreconcilable to the military Character of Menas, but also to any Part of his Life, which, after his first Engagements with Octavius, appears to have been entirely employed in foreign Expeditions. Besides, it is not easy to assign a Time when Horace could dare to treat a Person of this Consequence with so much Severity; or to give a Reason why

EPODE IV.

**A**S much as Lambs with Wolves agree,  
 So much, *base Sot*, do I with Thee;  
 With *Spanish* Whips thy Sides are torn,  
 Thy Legs with heavy Shackles worn:  
 Tho' Fortune smiles and swells thy Mind,  
 It gilds, but cannot change the Kind:  
 Do'st see, when thou with ruffling Gown  
 Do'st sweep the *Mall*, how many frown,  
 How each that views thee screws his Face,  
 And justly scorns the gawdy As!  
 He lately whipt at the Cart's Tail,  
 The very Scandal of the Jail,  
 Now vastly rich, a mighty Spark,  
 In Coach and Six flies o'er the Park:  
 At Plays he takes the Box, in spight  
 Of *Otho's* Law, a doughty Knight!  
 What Honour is't to free the Waves,  
 From *Pirates* Rage, and tame the *Slaves*,  
 What Honour can attend the War  
 Where *he* a *Captain* claims a Share?

EPODE

he never reproaches him with that Ambition and Perfidy which appears in all his Conduct. S A N.

Verf. 1. *Sortito*. ) Naturally; *naturali factorum necessitate*. Nature gives to Animals these violent Aversions from each other; or at least we call by that Name a Power which produces any Effects, to us unaccountable.

3. *Ibericis funibus*. ] A Spanish Herb, called *Spartum*, had Fibres so pliant and strong, that Ropes were made of it; from whence a Spanish Cord became a general Name.

T O R R.

7. *Metiente viam*. ) Stalking in his Pride as if he measured his Steps. They who frequently walked in the sacred Street were pleasantly called *Sacrawiensis*.

8. *Cum bis trium*, &c. ) In Latin Authors we often find *Toga prætexta*, *virilis*, *candida*, *piña*, *purpurea*, but never *Toga laticlavia*. Mr. Sanadon therefore thinks, that Horace speaks of the *Toga*, not of the *Tunic*, as other Commentators understand him; and that this Slave not only wore the *Tunica laticlavia* like the Tribunes, but insolently distinguished himself even from the Tribunes by the boundless Length of his *Toga*.

10. *Liberrima indignatio*. ) The ancient Commentator very well remarks, that these are the Words of the People, who thus express their Indignation.

11. *Señus flagellis Triumviralibus*. ) There were three Judges

EPODE V. *In CANIDIAM.*

**A**T ô Deorum quidquid in cœlo regit  
Terras & humanum genus,  
Quid iste fert tumultus? ecquid omnium  
Vultus in unum me truces?  
Per liberos te, si vocata partibus  
Lucina veris adfuit,  
Per hoc inanè purpuræ decus precor,  
Per improbatum hæc Jovem;  
Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti  
Petita ferro bellua?  
Ut hæc trementi questus ore, constitit  
Insignibus raptis puer,  
Impube corpus, quale posset impia  
Mollire Thracum pectora:  
Canidia brevibus implicata viperis  
Crines & incomtum caput,

Jubet

Judges in Rome who took Cognisance of all petty Crimes, and who ordered Slaves and Thieves to be chastised in their Presence. The Person, against whom this Ode was written, had gone through this Discipline, until the Beadle, who used to proclaim the Fault for which the Criminals were punished, was tired of his Office. *Præconis ad fastidium.*

13. *Arat Faleri, &c.*) Here are two Reasons for this popular Indignation, that this Fellow should possess a thousand Acres of Land, when the ancient Laws allowed a Roman Citizen no more than seven; and that these thousand Acres should lie in such a Country as Campania; a Country so fertile that Bacchus and Ceres were said to have disputed the Possession of it. *TORR. DAC.*

15. *Sedilibus in primis magnus eques.*) To understand this Passage we must distinguish two Degrees of Roman Knights; those by Birth, and those advanced for their Fortune or Services. The Poet therefore says, that this Slave insolently and in Contempt of Otho's Laws used to sit on the first of the fourteen Benches appointed for those who were born Knights, *quasi esset magnus eques.* The Tribunes had not any Right of sitting upon these Benches, and the Scholiast first granted them that Privilege; but he is deceived, and has deceived others. *SAN.*

16. *Othone contempto.*) Roscius Otho carried a Law, by which the Knights had fourteen Benches in the Circus assigned to them separated from the People; but even this Law distinguished the Knights of Birth, by giving them a Right of sitting upon the first Seats, preferably to those who were advanced to that Dignity either by their Fortunes or Services. Horace therefore attributes this Fellow's assuming this Prerogative to his Contempt of Otho's Law. *SAN.*

17. *Tot æra navium.*) Three great Critics, Doctor Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon have agreed that the

EPODE V. *On the Witch CANIDIA.*

By Mr. FRANCIS.

**B**UT oh, ye Gods, whose awful Sway,  
Heaven, Earth, and Human-kind obey,  
What can this hideous Noise intend,  
On me what ghastly Looks they bend?  
If ever chaste Lucina heard  
Thy Vows in Hour of Birth prefer'd;  
Oh! by this Robe's impurpled Train,  
Its purple Pride, alas! how vain!  
By the unerring Wrath of Jove,  
Unerring shall his Vengeance prove;  
Why like a Step-Dame. do you look,  
Or Tygres fell by Hunter struck?  
Thus, while his sacred Robes they tear,  
The trembling Boy prefers his Pray'r;  
Then naked stands, of Charms to move  
An impious Thracian Witch to Love.  
Canidia, crown'd with writhing Snakes  
Dishevell'd, thus the Silence breaks,

\*Now

Text is faulty, and the common Reading unintelligible, or at least with Difficulty to be understood; Doctor Bentley reads *æra*; Mr. Cuninghame proposes *tet, oro, navium*; and Mr. Sanadon, with greater Boldness, doubly alters the Passage, *Rostro navium ærata*. The first Correction seems to offer least Violence to the Text, and we find in Virgil some Expressions not unlike it. *Ærata prora*, and *æra navium*.

19. *Contra latrones.*) After the Defeat of Brutus and Cassius, Pompey received all the Slaves and Pirates, who would enter into his Service; and Suetonius informs us, that Augustus, in the Year 718, manumised twenty thousand Slaves; from whence we may conclude that this Ode must have been written before that Year; otherwise Horace must have been very imprudent to have reproached Pompey with an Action, which must have been equally criminal in Augustus.

## EPODE V.

The Belief of Witches and Witchcraft has in all Ages been a melancholy Proof of the Weakness and Credulity of Mankind. But the Scheme of Witchcraft among Christians, who have ascribed its Wonders to the Power of the Devil, is, if possible, more absurd than that of the Heathens, who thought they were performed by natural Means. In this Ode our Poet describes the Ceremonies of one of their Assemblies,



EPODE V. *On the Witch CANIDIA.*

By Mr. OLDISWORTH.

SAVE me from Danger and from Death,  
Great Guardians of the World beneath!  
What means this Noise? what's this I see?  
Those ghastly Looks, all fix'd on me?  
Speak, by the Pledges of thy Love,  
*Lucina's* Gift, by mighty *Jove*;  
Who will avenge the Wrongs I bear,  
Speak; by the sacred Gown I wear;  
Why all this Rage? So Step-Dames look,  
And Beasts when by the Hunter struck.  
Thus spake the Youth, and trembling stands  
Disob'd by curst *Canidia's* Hands:  
So sweet a Bloom, so fair a Skin,  
Might Savages to Pity win:  
She, with a Face of Horrour, shakes  
Her hissing Curls of knotted Snakes;

Then

semblies, in which *Canidia* is the principal Actress: She prepares a Love-Potion, capable of recalling an inconstant Lover to her Arms, who is artfully named and exposed to all the Ridicule of the Ode without any seeming Intention in the Poet.

Verf. 1. *At.*) The Scene opens in a very pathetic manner, representing a Boy surrounded by Witches, who fix their Eyes upon him, and terrify him by their Looks. He conjures them to have Compassion on him by his Birth and Innocence; by the Tenderness of Mothers for their Children, and by the Justice of the Gods. The Vivacity with which the Poem opens, gives us a Pain to know the Speaker; the Suspension increases our Surprise, and the Discovery awakens our Indignation. Mr. Dacier observes, that the Particle *At* gives Force and Spirit to the Expression, preparing the Reader for something new and surprising; and that these little Strokes are to be religiously preserved by a Translator.

3. *Tumultus.*] This Word, in a moral Sense, carries always an Idea of a criminal Conspiracy. The Boy sees a Sentence of Death in the Eyes of the Witches. TORR.

5. *Si vocata partubus.*] If you ever were a Mother; if you ever truly felt a Mother's Tenderness. The Commentators imagine, with an ill-judged Refinement, that the Boy secretly reproaches *Canidia* with Barrenness; with her pretending to be with Child, that she might educate Children,

EPODE V. *On the Witch CANIDIA.*

BUT O whatever God dost fill the Sky,  
And rule the Earth and Men below,  
What means that Rout? and why  
Each *Fury* bends on me an angry Brow?  
By all thy Brood, if e'er *Lucina* came  
To real Births, and eas'd thy Throws:  
By *Honour's* useless Name,  
By *Jove* that sees, and will revenge my Woes:  
Why doth that Stepdame's Frown affright?  
That Rage thy ghastly Form disgrace;  
A hunted *Tyger's* Spight,  
And grinning *Fury* sit upon thy Face?  
Thus sadly spake the naked lovely Child,  
Which e'en a *Thracian's* Soul might move,  
Make raging *Fury* mild  
And in a flinty Bosom kindle Love:

*Canidia*, Serpents wreath'd her shaggy Brow,  
Appear'd, and these Commands she gave;

A

without Suspicion, for her horrid Sorceries, But a Boy's Understanding can neither be supposed capable of knowing such Things; nor is it probable, that he should dare to provoke *Canidia*, while he was imploring her Compassion.

TORR.

7. *Per hoc inane purpure decus.*) Children of Quality wore a Robe bordered with Purple, until they were fifteen Years of Age. The Boy therefore conjures *Canidia* by this Robe, which shewed his Youth and Quality; which was in itself esteemed sacred, and should therefore protect him from Danger. The Romans, with regard to this Robe, used the Expression *Majestas pueritiae*, the Majesty of Childhood.

TORR. DAC.

12. *Constitit insignibus raptis.*) His Robe and Bulla (which were hung round his Neck, and made of Gold or Silver in form of an Heart) are by the Poet called *Insignia*. These the Witches tear off, while he is speaking, and he is naked when he has ended his Prayer.

17.



Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,  
 Jubet cupressus funebres,  
 Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,  
 Plumamque nocturnæ strigis, 20  
 Herbasque, quas Iolcos, atque Iberia  
 Mittit venenorum ferax,  
 Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,  
 Flammis aduri Colchicis.  
 At expedita Sagana per totam domum 25  
 Spargens Avernales aquas,  
 Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis,  
 Echinus aut furens aper.  
 Abacta nullâ Veia conscientia,  
 Ligonibus duris humum 30  
 Exhaustabat, ingemens laboribus;  
 Quò posset infossus puer  
 Longo die bis terque mutatae dapis  
 Inemori spectaculo;  
 Cum prominere ore, quantum extant aqua 35  
 Suspensa mento corpora:  
 Exsucca uti medulla, & aridum jecur  
 Amoris esset poculum;  
 Interminato cum semel fixæ cibo  
 Intabuissent pupulæ. 40

Non

17. *Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas.* ) Here Canidia calls for the Drugs, that Witches were supposed to use in composing their Philtres. She commands the wild Fig-Tree to be brought, because it bears neither Fruit, nor Flower, and is esteemed unlucky and ill-omen'd. To make the Charm more powerful, it must grow in a Burying-place, and be torn up by the Roots. D A E.

19. *Et uncta turpis, &c.* ) The Grammatical Order of these two Verses is, *Et plumam & ova nocturnæ strigis uncta sanguine turpis ranæ.* These Descriptions of Witchcraft must have been very pleasing to ancient Poets, since they dwell upon them so frequently. But surely such Objects have so much Horror in them, that they cannot be presented with too much Rapidity to the Imagination. S A N.

23. *Jejunæ canis.* ) The Breath and Saliva of hungry famish'd Animals, especially of Dogs, was thought to have a kind of Poison, that communicated itself to the Bones which they gnawed. D A C.

24. *Aduri.* ] Canidia boils all these Ingredients together, to make a Philtre capable of compelling her Lover to return, for the Word *aduri* cannot be literally understood as if the really burned them. D A C.

' Now the magic Fire prepare,  
 ' And from Graves uprooted tear  
 ' Trees, whose Horrors gloomy spread  
 ' Round the Mansions of the Dead;  
 ' Bring the Eggs, and Plumage foul  
 ' Of a midnight shrieking Owl;  
 ' Be they well besmear'd with Blood  
 ' Of the blackest-venom'd Toad;  
 ' Bring the choicest Drugs of Spain,  
 ' Produce of the poisonous Plain;  
 ' Then into the Charm be thrown,  
 ' Snatch'd from famish'd Bitch, a Bone;  
 ' Burn them all with magic Flame,  
 ' Kindled first by Colchian Dame.

Now Sagana around the Cell  
 Sprinkled her Waters black from Hell;  
 Fierce as a Porcupine, or Boar,  
 In frightful Wreaths her Hair she wore.  
 Veia, who never knew Remorse,  
 Uplifts the Spade with feeble Force.  
 And, breathless with the hellish Toil,  
 Deep-groaning breaks the guilty Soil,  
 Turns out the Earth, and digs a Grave  
 In which the Boy (as o'er the Wave  
 A lusty Swimmer lifts his Head)  
 Chin-deep sinks downward to the Dead;  
 O'er Dainties, chang'd twice, thrice a-day,  
 Slowly to gaze his Life away;  
 That the foul Hags, an amorous Dose  
 Of his parch'd Marrow may compose,  
 His Marrow, and his Liver dry'd,  
 The Seat where wanton Thoughts reside,  
 When, fix'd upon his Food in vain,  
 His Eye-balls pin'd away with Pain.

Naples

In the Original the Poet tells us, Canidia gave her Orders that these Ingredients should be prepared; in the Translation the Witch is made the Speaker, and the Numbers are changed to give her Speech the Air of an Incantation. If there be Faults they are not very considerable, and perhaps not unpardonable. 28.

Then thus—mix Wild-fig Branches torn,  
With Cypress, from some gloomy Urn;  
On these a Screech-Owl's Plumes be strow'd,  
And blended Toads-Eggs, smear'd with Blood,  
With all the Weeds of poy's'nous Juice,  
That *Spain* and *Theffaly* produce.  
On these a mad Dog's Teeth she lays,  
And burns in magick Flames the Mafs.  
Then *Sagana* around the Cell  
Sprinkled black Water brought from Hell;  
Her bristled Hair in Tours she wore,  
Just like a Hedge-Hog, or a Boar.  
*Via*, whose Conscience nought can Wound,  
Sweats at the Spade, and digs the Ground,  
In which she fet the harmless Child,  
And mould'ring Earth around him fill'd:  
Like Bodies sinking in the Flood,  
Up to the Chin in Earth, he stood;  
There saw fresh Dainties every Day,  
But saw, and starv'd, and pin'd away;  
From whose parch'd Marrow they compose,  
And Liver dry'd, the am'rous Dose,  
Mixt with his Eye-balls worn with Pain,  
And gazing on his Food in vain.

*Folia*

A Funeral Cypress Bough,  
And a wild Fig-tree rooted from a Grave;  
A Scritch-Owl's Feather, Eggs besmear'd with  
Blood,  
Of croaking Frogs, a Tyger's Paws,  
A swelling angry Toad,  
And Bones snatch'd from an hungry Bitch's Jaws:  
Each pow'rful Herb that in *Iberia* springs,  
To raise strong Love, or Anger tame;  
And all that *Colchos* brings,  
Go mix, and burn them in a magic Flame.  
Whilst ready *Sagana* from beechen Cup  
Pour'd *Stygian* Water o'er the Floors,  
Her Hair an end stood up  
Like Hedg-hog's Bristles, or a running Boar's.  
But harden'd *Veja*, deaf to all Remorse,  
A little Grave had quickly made;  
She rais'd her feeble Force,  
And joy'd to sweat and groan upon the Spade:  
Where fix'd chin-deep the poor unhappy Guest  
By looking on his Meat must die,  
Whilst they renew the Feast,  
And he stands famish'd, feeding at his Eye:  
That his dry Marrow, and his raging Heart,  
When his weak Senses fail, may prove  
Fit for their Magic Art,  
And make Ingredients for a Cup of Love.

All

and best agrees with the Epithet which Horace gives to *Yecur*. Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon have taken it into the Text.

39. *Interminato cibo*,] *Forbidden Food*. If Scaliger had known the regular Construction of this Sentence, he would not have insulted our Poet with a violent and ill-judged Criticism. *Cum pupula fixa cibo interminato intabuiscent semel*.  
D A C.

14.

28. *Aut furens aper*.] The vulgar Editions which read *currens aper* must certainly be faulty, since a Boar does not raise his Bristles in the Chace, but when he is obliged to stop and defend himself. Doctor Bentley and Mr. Sanadon have received a conjectural Correction of Heinsius, *Laurens aper*, as if the Poet intended to shew the Fierceness of this Boar by naming the Woods in which he was bred. The Scholiast Acron explains *currens* by *furens*, or it seems rather to have been a various Lction, and it is here received upon his Authority.

33. *Longo die*,] *At length*. This Boy might live three or four Days in this Condition, and therefore the Poet says, that the Witches changed his Meat frequently, that the Steam might provoke his Appetite.  
D A C.

*Bis terque*,] Which appears in all the Manuscripts, is very different from *bis terve*, which some Editions have received: The first signifies often; the second seldom.

37. *Exsucca*.] Of seven different Readings which appear in the Manuscripts and Editions, this seems most natural,

Non defuisse masculæ libidinis  
 Ariminensem Foliam,  
 Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,  
 Et omne vicinum oppidum;  
 Quæ sidera excantata voce Theſſalâ  
 Lunamque cœlo deripit.  
 Hic irrefectum sæva dente livido  
 Canidia rodens pollicem,  
 Quid dixit? aut quid tacuit? ô rebus meis  
 Non infideles arbitra,  
 Nox, & Diana, quæ silentium regis,  
 Arcana cum fiunt sacra;  
 Nunc, nunc adeste: nunc in hostiles domos  
 Iram atque numen vertite.  
 Formidolosus dum latent filvis feræ,  
 Dulci sopore languidæ,  
 Senem, quod omnes rideant, adulterum  
 Latrent Suburanæ canes,,  
 Nardo perunctum, quale non perfectius  
 Mææ laborarint manus.  
 Quid accidit? cur dira barbaræ minùs  
 Venena Medææ valent,  
 Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem,  
 Magni Creontis filiam.

Naples, for Idleness renown'd,  
 And all the Villages around,  
 Believ'd that Folia shar'd their Rites,  
 She who in monstrous Lusts delights,  
 Whose Voice the Stars from Heav'n can tear,  
 And charm bright Luna from her Sphere.  
 Here, with black Tooth, and livid Jaws,  
 Her unpar'd Thumbs Canidia gnaws,  
 And into hideous Accents broke,  
 In Sounds, how direful! thus she spoke,  
 Ye Pow'rs of Darkness and of Hell,  
 Propitious to the magic Spell,  
 Who rule in Silence o'er the Night,  
 While we perform the mystic Rite,  
 Be present now, your Horrors shed,  
 In hallow'd Vengeance, on his Head.  
 Beneath the Forest's gloomy Shade,  
 While Beasts in Slumbers sweet are laid,  
 Give me the Lecher, old and lewd,  
 By barking Village Curs pursu'd,  
 Expos'd to Laughter, let him shine  
 In Essence—ah! that once was mine.  
 What! shall my strongest Potions fail,  
 And could Medea's Art prevail?  
 When the fair Harlot, proud of Heart,  
 Deep felt the Vengeance of her Art;

Her

41. *Masculæ libidinis.* ] *Libido robusta. indomita.* Thus our Poet calls Sappho *mascula*, high-spirited, courageous; and Persius uses *mascula bilis* to express *vehementior* and *acrior bilis*.

S A N.

43. *Otiosa Neapolis.* ] Naples, by the Advantages of its Situation, and Temperature of its Climate, was always regarded as the Seat of Idleness and Pleasure. Either this horrid Fact must have been generally known, or Horace hath taken a pleasant Manner of proving it, by calling Naples and all the Villages neighbouring as Witnesses of it.

45. *Voce Theſſalâ* ] The Theſſalians are always represented as a wild uncultivated Nation, and consequently must

have been equally credulous and superstitious. Their Sorcerers were in high Reputation, as perhaps there are not more skilful Witches at present in the World than in Lapland.

51. *Silentium regis.* ] The Ancients considered the Stars as a kind of Circle, in which the Moon presided in Silence as their Queen.

D A C.

59. *Nardo perunctum.* ] Canidia represents her faithless Gallant



*Folia* was present at these Rites,  
 She, that in monstrous Lusts delights;  
 So told by Fame the Rumour runs  
 Through *Naples* and th' adjacent Towns;  
 She, with superiour Charms can force  
 The Moon to leave her nightly Course:  
 Whilst with black Teeth *Canidia* tore  
 Her Thumbs, and drew the livid Gore;  
 Then said; — Such Things! — What Tongue  
 can tell?

Ye Pow'rs of Darkness and of Hell,  
*Nox* and *Diana*, you who guide  
 The Shades, and o'er these Rites preside,  
 Come to my aid, whilst Horror reigns  
 O'er sleepy Brutes and silent Plains;  
 Exert your Godhead, and your Skill;  
 Let those I hate new Torments feel:  
 Expose the Lecher, gray and lewd,  
 By Dogs and shouting Boys pursu'd;  
 On him this Philtre I bestow,  
 My Hands ne'er mixt such Herbs till now.  
 What! Shall *Medea* me excel?  
 Of whom the Bards such Wonders tell;  
 How by her Chrrms, in Beauty's Pride,  
 Her Rival, fair *Creusa*, dy'd,

When

Gallant perfum'd with Essences, which she herself had made; *mea laboravit manus*. Nor is it unreasonable to believe that *Canidia*, who was accustomed to compose so many Drugs, should make Perfumes for her own Use; and probably she had made a Present of a Box of Essences to *Varus*, before she suspected his Inconstancy. But he ungratefully and perfidiously uses them to perfume his Person for some other Mistress; a very sufficient Reason for Resentment and Jealousy.

SAN.

61. *Quid accidit?*] In her magical Transports *Canidia* perceives that the Drugs which she had given to *Varus*, to break his new Chains, are without Effect: She imagines that she sees him going to her Rivals, in Contempt of her Charms; and she promises herself that the Philtre, which she is now preparing, shall bring him back to his former Engagements.

SAN.

Mr. Dacier fancies that *Canidia* had formed a little waxen Image, to represent her old Gallant; that she besmears it with a Mixture that she calls Essence, *Nardo perunctum*;

All thought that lustful *Folia* too was one  
 That came to view the horrid Sight,  
 She that can charm the Moon,  
 And force the Stars from their fix'd Seats of Light:

Here fierce *Canidia*, whilst her unpar'd Nail  
 She gnaw'd with an envenom'd Tooth,  
 Oh what did she conceal!  
 What horrid Words broke from her impious Mouth!

Thou Night, thou Moon, and all ye meaner Lights,  
 That charm dull Mortals into Sleep,  
 And when our sacred Rites  
 Are done, an undisturbed Silence keep;

Assist me now with all your Strength and Rage,  
 That I may pay the Debts I owe,  
 Your greatest Force engage  
 To wreak my Spight on my unhappy Foe;

While cruel Beasts asleep in Woods are safe,  
 Let the *Saburran* Mastiffs bark,  
 ('Twill make the Neighbours laugh)  
 At the old Lecher creeping in the Dark:

When fierce Desire hath raging Fury bred,  
 Then let him walk as Lusts perswade,  
 With Ointment round his Head  
 As strong as e'er my skilful Hands have made:

Ah! what's the matter! where's the Power of  
 Charms

Which fierce *Medea* once did prove,  
 When with these conqu'ring Arms  
 She furiously reveng'd her injur'd Love!

When,

and that she now perceives, by some Gesture and Motion of it, that her Inchantments are ineffectual. If the Poet had thought of such an Image he would certainly have mentioned it, and the Ode may with Ease be explained without supposing it.

Y y

68.

Cum palla, tabo munus imbutum, novam 65  
 Incendio nuptam abstulit?  
 Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis  
 Radix fefellit me locis.  
 Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus  
 Oblivione pellicum.  
 Ha, ha! solutus ambulat veneficæ  
 Scientioris carmine.  
 Non usitatis, Vare, potionibus  
 (O multa fleturum caput!)  
 Ad me recurre; nec vocata mens tua  
 Maris redibit vocibus.  
 Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi  
 Fastidienti poculum;  
 Priusque cœlum fidet inferius mari,  
 Tellure porrecta super,  
 Quàm non amore sic mei flagres, uti  
 Bitumen atris ignibus.  
 Sub hæc puer, jam non, ut antè, mollibus  
 Lenire verbis impias;  
 Sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,  
 Misit Thyesteas preces.

Venena,

Her Gown with powerful Poisons dyed  
 In Flames enwrap'd the guilty Bride.  
 Yet every Root and Herb I know,  
 And on what steepy Depths they grow:  
 And yet, with Essence round him shed,  
 70 He sleeps in some bold Harlot's Bed;  
 Or walks at large, nor thinks of me,  
 By some more mighty Witch set free.  
 But soon the Wretch my Wrath shall prove,  
 By Spells unwonted taught to love;  
 75 Nor shall even Marſian Charms have Pow'r  
 Thy Peace, O Varus, to restore.  
 With stronger Drugs a larger Bowl  
 I'll fill, to bend thy haughty Soul;  
 Sooner the Seas to Heaven shall rise,  
 80 And Earth spring upwards to the Skies,  
 Than you not burn in fierce Desire,  
 As melts this Pitch in smoaky Fire.  
 The Boy, with lenient Words no more,  
 Now strives their Pity to implore;  
 85 With Rage yet doubtful what to speak,  
 Forth from his Lips these Curses break——

Your

68. *Fefellit.*] She is well assured that she has not been mistaken in the Choice of her Herbs, nor forgotten any thing necessary for her Potion.

69. *Indormit unctis.*] The Construction is perplexed and obscure, *Indormit in omnium pellicum (mearum) cubilibus unctis oblivione mei.* These Harlots have spread some Charms round his Bed, and anointed it with Essences proper to inspire a Forgetfulness for Canidia; or it is rather a Metaphor to shew, that these new Engagements had made him forget his Passion for Canidia. The Word *unctis* alludes perhaps to a Custom among Courtisans of anointing their Beds with Essences.

D A E.

71. *Ha, ha!*] At last she discovers, that Varus had prevented or destroyed the Effects of her Enchantments, by the Charms of another Witch more skilful. She therefore now prepares a Potion made of the Liver and Marrow of the Boy, which she calls an unusual Beverage, *non usitatas potiones*, either because she was Inventress of this detestable Remedy, or because she never used it but upon extraordinary Occasions. However, so well assured is she of their Effect, that she already threatens him as if he were in her Power, *O multa fleturum caput.*

D A C.

76.

When the young heedless Bride put on  
 The poy's'nous Drefs and burning Gown.  
 Each noxious Root and Herb I know,  
 What Juice they shed, and where they grow:  
 Yet nothing can my *Varus* move,  
 Or break his Rest with Thoughts of Love;  
 He triumphs o'er a Wretch like me,  
 Some mightier Hag has set him free:  
 But soon my Philtres shall prevail,  
 And he his cold Disdain bewail;  
 When I have charm'd, and made him kind,  
 Not Music shall restore his Mind:  
 This Philtre shall his Scorn remove,  
 I'll make it strong and full of Love.  
 Sooner the Sea shall upwards flow,  
 The Earth and Skies lie sunk below,  
 Than he not pine with fond Desire,  
 As Sulphur takes the lambent Fire.  
 Thus she; the harmless Boy no more  
 With Tears their Pity did implore,  
 But long with silent Horror struck,  
 At length into these Curses broke.

Though

When, with a Garment lin'd with secret Flame,  
 (What will not jealous Rage inspire?)  
 She burnt the lovely Dame,  
 And wrapt false *Jason's* youthful Bride in Fire!

Ah! sure no pow'rful Herb hath scap'd my Sight,  
 In shady Groves or purling Streams;  
 And yet he sleeps all Night,  
 No wanton Mifs disturbs him e'en in Dreams:

Ah! Ah, some Witch more skilful sets thee free,  
 Unhappy *Varus*, doom'd to ill,  
 Thou shalt return to me;  
 I'll force thee back by an unusual Skill:

With unresisted Art I'll bind thy Soul,  
 No Charms shall then thy Mind restore;  
 I'll mix a stronger Bowl,  
 And urge thee still as thou dost scorn the more:

First Heav'n shall downward, Earth shall upward  
 move

And to the Center Stars retire;  
 E'er thou shalt cease to love,  
 Or burn like Brimstone in a smoaky Fire.

The injur'd Boy enrag'd no longer strove  
 To soften them by mournful Prayer,  
 And gentle Pity move,  
 But spoke these dying Words in deep Despair:

Poor

Tree; or because it was darkned by the Smoke of the Pitch.  
 Y y z 87.

76. *Marfi vocibus.*] The Marfi had the same Character of Witchcraft in Italy, as the Theffalians had in Greece. But they particularly owed their Reputation to Marfus the Founder of their Nation, who was the Son of Circe.

81. *Ut bitumen atris ignibus.*] In saying these Words Canidia throws a Lump of Pitch into the Fire, which she calls dark or gloomy, either because this might have been a general Epithet for magical Fires, which were made of ill-omen'd Timber, such as Yew, Cypress, and wild Fig-



Venena, magnum fas nefasque, non valent  
 Convertere humanam vicem.  
 Diris agam vos: dira detestatio  
 Nullâ expiatur victimâ.  
 Quin, ubi perire jussus exspiravero,  
 Nocturnus occurram furor;  
 Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus;  
 (Quæ vis Deorum est Manium)  
 Et inquietis affidens præcordiis,  
 Pavore somnos auferam.  
 Vos turba vicatim, hinc & hinc saxis petens,  
 Contundet obscenas anus.  
 Post, infepulta membra different lupi  
 Et Esquilinæ alites;  
 Neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites!  
 Effugerit spectaculum.

## EPODE

[E7. *Venena magnum fas nefasque.*] *Venena valent convertere magnum fas & nefas, sed non valent convertere humanam vicem.* The Power of Witchcraft may change the natural Order of Things in this World, or confound whatever is esteemed right and wrong, good and evil, in the common Course of Nature, but shall never be able to alter the future Lot of Human-kind; the Rewards and Punishments ordained by the Gods for Innocence and Guilt. To repeat the various Opinions of the Commentators upon this Passage would only perplex the Reader, or perhaps might render dark and difficult what is in itself open and easy.

Your Spells may Right and Wrong remove,  
 But ne'er shall turn the Wrath of Jove,  
 For while I curse the direful Deed,  
 In vain shall all your Victims bleed.  
 Soon as this mortal Spirit dies,  
 A midnight Fury will I rise:  
 Then shall my Ghost, though form'd of Air,  
 Your Cheeks with crooked Talons tear,  
 Unceasing on your Entrails prey,  
 And fright the Thoughts of Sleep away;  
 Such Horrors shall the Guilty know,  
 And such the Power of Gods below.  
 Ye filthy Hags with Showers of Stones  
 The vengeful Croud shall crush your Bones;  
 Then Beasts of Prey, and Birds of Air,  
 Shall your unburied Members tear;  
 And while they weep their favourite Boy,  
 My Parents shall the vengeful Scene enjoy.

## EPODE

[100. *Esquilinæ alites.*] The Esquilian Hill was a Place of public Executions, and the Poor of Rome were buried there, in Ditches called *Puticuli*. The Birds which came to this Hill to prey upon the Carcasses of the Criminals, are called *Esquilinæ alites*.

CRUQ.  
101.

Though all the Pow'rs of Hell combine,  
 Just Vengeance will at length be mine;  
 Therefore I'll curse you as I die,  
 And this the Gods shall ratify.  
 When I am gone and turn'd to Air,  
 My Ghost shall haunt you every where;  
 With Warlike Nails your Cheeks I'll plow,  
 As Spectres, when enrag'd, will do;  
 Wait round your Beds, and ev'ry Night,  
 In Dreams, your guilty Souls affright:  
 The hooting Mob, with Show'rs of Stones,  
 Shall crush your old decrepid Bones;  
 Your Carcasses shall find no Urn,  
 But be by Dogs and Vulturs torn;  
 My Parents shall look on the while,  
 And, fated with full Vengeance, smile.

## EPODE

101. *Hec.*] The Boy's last Thoughts are tenderly employed in reflecting upon the Grief of his Parents; yet he seems to comfort them, and at the same time to confirm the Truth of this Prediction by that Consolation which they shall receive in the Death of these Witches.

Poor Charms too weak to alter human Fate,  
 And hinder Plagues from Rage divine;  
 No Blood shall expiate  
 So solemn, and so great a Curse as mine.

When I am dead, then I'll a Ghost by Night  
 With crooked Nails your Jaws invade,  
 At ev'ry Turn affright;  
 For that's the Force and Fury of a Shade.

Then will I sit upon your fearful Breast,  
 And there my dreadful Watches keep;  
 Disturb approaching Rest,  
 And drive away the lazy Hand of Sleep.

Thro' every Street the Croud in eager Haste  
 Shall brain the ugly Hags with Stones,  
 And when Death comes at last,  
 The Crows shall scatter, Wolves shall break your  
 Bones:

And this my Parents (ah they must survive  
 And seek in vain, and mourn for me)  
 Tho' many Years they grieve,  
 Grown gray in Tears, shall live and smile to see.

## EPODE

EPODE VI. *IN* CASSIUM SEVERUM.

**Q**UID immerentes hospites vexas, canis,  
 Ignavus adversum lupos?  
 Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,  
 Et me remorsurum petis?  
 Nam, qualis aut Molossius, aut fulvus Lacon, 5  
 Amica vis pastoribus,  
 Agam per altas aure sublatâ nives,  
 Quæcunque præcedet fera.  
 Tu, cum timendâ voce complesti nemus,  
 Projectum odoraris cibum, 10  
 Cave, cave; namque in malos asperrimus  
 Parata tollo cornua;  
 Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener,  
 Aut acer hostis Bupalò.  
 An, si quis atro dente me petiverit, 15  
 Inultus ut flebo puer?

## EPODE

The Manuscripts and Scholiasts agree that this Ode was written against Cassius Severus; a Man of base Birth, and scandalous Life; but of considerable Abilities, which he largely indulged in public Accusations as an Orator, and in Satires and Libels as a Writer. His Character is thus drawn by Quintilian; If we read him with Judgment we shall find many Things in him worthy of Imitation; and if, with all the great Qualities of Oratory, which he possessed, he had given a Colouring and Gravity to his Orations, he might justly be numbered among the most eminent: For he hath great Strength of Genius; a pleasing Severity of Manner, and a Raillery delicate and easy; but he allowed more to his natural Spleen, than to his Judgment.

Verf. 1. *Immerentes hospites.* ] It is natural enough to believe that Horace entered into this Quarrel, in Defence of some of his Friends; whom Cassius had injured by his Calumnies. The Poet compares him to a Dog that barks at an innocent Traveller, or Guest, but dares not attack a Wolf. It is true, that Cassius had been bold enough to accuse some Persons of Distinction, but, when Horace wrote this Ode, the Reputation of this declaiming Satirist was so

EPODE VI. *TO* CASSIUS SEVERUS.

By Mr. OLDISWORTH.

**W**H Y, Mungrel! Why so fierce and loud?  
 Why wilt thou tease the Gentle and the Good?  
 Turn, turn; on me employ thy Spite,  
 For I again with equal Force can bite:  
 No Greyhound is so swift of Foot;  
 No Farmer's Mastiff half so bold and stout:  
 Whatever Brutes dare cross my Way,  
 I give 'em Chase, and never quit my Prey.  
 But you who so much Courage boast,  
 Will fawn, and crouch, and truckle for a Crust.  
 My Rage with double Fury burns,  
 When, thus provok'd, I toss my pointed Horns:  
 Not fam'd *Archilochus* could show,  
 Or *Hipponax*, less Favour to a Foe:  
 Let Boys, when beaten, whine and cry,  
 If I'm attack'd, I conquer, or I die.

## EPODE

lost, that he could be dreadful only to the meanest of the People.

DAC. SAN.

9. *Complesti.* ] Mr. Dacier well observes that Horace by the Cadence of this Verse, and the Choice of Words, has happily represented the Opening of Hounds in a Forest.

10. *Projectum cibum.* ] Cassius is here reproached with suffering himself to be corrupted with Money, as a Dog is with a Crust. His Silence and his Eloquence were equally venal.

TORR.



## EPODE VI. To CASSIUS SEVERUS.

WHY dost Thou, fearful to provoke  
The Wolf, attack offenceless Folk?

Turn hither, if you dare, your Spite,  
And bark at Me, prepar'd to bite.  
For like a Hound or Mastiff keen,  
That guards the Shepherd's flocky Green,  
With Ears erect, and eager Haste,  
Through Snows I drive each rav'ning Beast;  
But You, when with your hideous Yelling  
You fill the Grove, at Crusts are smelling.

Beware, beware; for, sharp as Spurs,  
I lift my Horns to butt at Curs;  
Fierce as Archilochus I glow;  
Like Hipponax a deadly Foe.  
If any Mungrel shall assail  
My Character with Tooth and Nail;  
What! like a Truant Boy, shall I  
Do nothing in Revenge — but cry?

EPODE

## EPODE VI. To CASSIUS SEVERUS.

BASE coward Cur, when harmless Strangers  
come,

You snarl and bark about the Room;  
But when a fierce and shagged Wolf appears,  
How soon you whine and hang your Ears!  
Come, make at me, if you resolve to fight,  
For I have Teeth and dare to bite:  
The gen'rous Mastiff I of noble Sense,  
The careful Shepherd's kind Defence;  
With Ears an-end thro' Snow and Frost pursue  
Whatever Beast I have in view:  
When thou the Woods with frightful Sounds hast  
shook,

Thou leap'st for ev'ry little Brock:  
Take heed, take heed, to Rogues a deadly Foe,  
I'm still prepar'd to strike the Blow;  
As sharp as fierce Archilochus his Song,  
Like Hipponax revenge a Wrong;  
If any Malice wounds my Fame, shall I  
Like a poor Child sit down and cry?

EPODE

EPODE VII. *Ad POPULUM ROMANUM.*

**Q**UO, quò, scelesti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris  
 Aptantur enses conditi?  
 Parumne campis atque Neptuno super  
 Fusum est Latini sanguinis?  
 Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis  
 Romanus arces ureret;  
 Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet  
 Sacrà catenatus viâ;  
 Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, suâ  
 Urbs hæc periret dexterâ.  
 Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus;  
 Nunquam, nisi in dispar, feris.  
 Furor ne cæcos, an rapit vis acrior,  
 An culpa? responsum date.  
 Tacent: & albus ora pallor inficit;  
 Mentisque percussæ stupent.  
 Sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt,  
 Scelusque fraternæ necis;  
 Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi  
 Sacer nepotibus cruor.

## EPODE

After the Defeat of Brutus and Cassius; the Death of Sextus Pompeius, and the Resignation of Lepidus; Octavius and Anthony alone remained in a Condition of disputing the Sovereign Power. Sometimes Octavia; sometimes their common Friends reconciled them; but at length they came to an open Rupture in the Year 722, when all the Forces of the Republic were armed to give the last Stroke to Roman Liberty. During these Preparations, Horace composed five or six Odes upon this Subject. His Design here is to represent to both Parties the Horrors of their criminal Dissensions, which threatened their common Country with total Ruin. He was not ignorant that the Ambition of the two Chiefs was the sole Cause of these Misfortunes; but he speaks with Reserve, nor does he declare for either of them that he might not expose himself, (since the Event of the War was yet uncertain) to the Resentment of the Conqueror. *SAN.*

Vers. 2. *Enses conditi.* ] Peace had sheathed their Swords ever since the Death of Sextus Pompeius, that is, for more than two Years. *SAN.*

7. *Intactus Britannus.* ] Julius Cæsar was the first of the Romans who carried his Arms into Britain, and although Suetonius tells us, that he obliged the Britons to give Hostages, and imposed Tributes upon them, yet we may say,

EPODE VII. *To the ROMAN PEOPLE.*

**A**H! whither rush ye? In your impious Grasp  
 Why gleams the Sword, so lately sheath'd?  
 Has then the Land not yet enough been Stain'd,  
 Or Neptune's Wave, with Latian Blood?  
 Not that of rival Carthage the proud Towers  
 Might blaze, fir'd by a Roman Arm;  
 Or that the untam'd Briton should descend,  
 In Chains, along the sacred Way;  
 But that this City, (Parthia's fervent Vow!)  
 May perish by her own Right-Hand.  
 E'en Wolves and Lions less Intemp'rance boast;  
 Which prey still on a diff'rent Kind.  
 Say, — is it Madness, is it stronger Fate,  
 Or Guilt that this blind Rage inspires?  
 An ashy Paleness ev'ry Cheek invades;  
 With Horror struck they silent stand.  
 'Tis so; — the Furies for the direful Crime  
 Of Fratricide the Romans haunt;  
 And Remus' loud-tongu'd Blood, unjustly spilt,  
 For Vengeance, long-delay'd, now calls.

## EPODE

that he rather opened a Way for his Successors into the Island, than that he conquered it; or perhaps it was never totally subdued by the Romans. In the Time of Horace, the Reduction of this People was considered as a new Conquest, reserved for the Arms of Augustus, from whence the Poet here calls them *Intacti*, as he always mentions them with Epithets of Terror, which represent them as a Nation formidable to the Romans, even in the highest Strength and Glory of their Republic.

7. *Descenderet.* ] From the Top of the sacred Street They went downward to the Forum, and the Way from thence ascended to the Capitol. This Ascent was called *Clivus Capitolinus*. *LAMB.*

9. *Parthorum.* ] From the Defeat of Crassus in the Year 701, the Parthians were continually engaged in Wars with the Romans, who by their civil Dissensions confirmed, and in some sort, perpetuated the Victory of their Enemies. *SAN.*

## EPODE VII. To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

W Hither, Oh! whither do Ye madly run,  
The Sword unsheath'd, and impious War  
begun?

What Land, what Wave of boundless Neptune's Flood  
Hath not been stain'd, alas! with Latian Blood?  
Not that the Rival of the Roman Name,  
Carthage might blaze in the devouring Flame,  
Nor Britons, yet unbroken to our War,  
In Chains should follow our triumphal Car;  
But that the Parthian should his Vows enjoy,  
And Rome, with impious Hand, Herself destroy.

The Rage of Wolves and Lions is confin'd;  
They never prey but on a different Kind.  
Speak — or from Madness rise these Horrors dire?  
Does Fate, and conscious Guilt your Souls inspire?  
Silent they stand; with stupid Wonder gaze,  
While their pale Cheeks their inward Guilt betrays.  
'Tis so — The Fates have cruelly decreed  
That Rome for ancient Fratricide must bleed;  
The Brother's Blood, which stain'd our rising Walls,  
On his Descendants, loud for Vengeance calls.

## EPODE

11. *Neque hic lupis mos.* ] Our Poet's reasoning may look preciously enough in Poetry, but such Topics of Morality, drawn from the Actions of Beasts, can have nothing conclusive against the Nature of Man. They may be eluded by Pleasantry, or directly opposed by contrary Examples.

S A N.

16. *Furoræ cæcos.* ] *Cæcos rapit* is to be referred in common to *Furor*, to *Vis acrior* and to *Culpa*. The Poet attributes the Blindness of the Romans to an Excess of Fury, which transports them; to an Ascendant of Destiny which governs them; or to the Vengeance of the Gods which pursues them; for he is cautious of ascribing the Civil Wars to their true Cause; the Ambition of Octavius and Anthony.

S A N.

15. *Albus ora pallor inficit.* ] The ordinary Reading is *Ora pallor albus inficit.* The Difference is only in the Arrangement of the Words, which however renders the Verse more harmonious and elegant; It appears in three Manuscripts, and has been received by all our later Editors.

## EPODE VII. To the ROMAN PEOPLE.

W HERE, Madmen, where? why so averse  
to Peace?

Your rusty Swords that slept in Ease  
Why drawn? What, hath not ev'ry Country flow'd,  
And ev'ry Sea with Roman Blood?  
Not to pursue your angry Fathers Hate,  
And urge proud Carthage rival Fate,  
Nor make the untouch'd Britons Slaves to Rome,  
And lead them chain'd in Triumph home;  
But what the Parthians often pray to view,  
These Arms are now prepar'd to do;  
Against yourselves, ah me! you raise them all,  
And Rome by her own Hand must fall.  
E'en Wolves are to more gentle Thoughts enclin'd,  
And prey but on another Kind.  
What is it Madness, is it stupid Rage,  
That doth the brutal Arms engage?  
Or is it Sin? speak, not one Word will come;  
'Tis cruel Fate that urges Rome:  
Since Remus fell about thy rising Walls,  
His loud-tongu'd Blood for Vengeance calls;  
The Issue then began, and still hath flow'd;  
For Blood must be reveng'd with Blood.

## EPODE

17. *Sic est.* ] After a pathetic Pause, Horace adheres to the two last Causes which he had mentioned. He therefore imputes the Civil Wars to the Destinies, *Acerba fata*; and to the Death of Remus, *Fraternæ necis scelus*; as if the Destinies had condemned the Romans to expiate the Fratricide of that Prince by destroying each other. This was looking a great way back, that he might remove the Ideas of the real Cause of the present Calamities.

S A N.



EPODE IX. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

**Q**UANDO repostum Cæcubum ad festas daptes,  
 Victore lætus Cæsare,  
 Tecum sub altâ (sic Jovi gratum) domo,  
 Beate Mæcenas, bibam,  
 Sonante mistum tibiis carmen Iyrâ,  
 Hâc Dorium, illis Barbarum?  
 Ut nuper, actus cum freto Neptunius  
 Dux fugit uestis navibus,  
 Minatus urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat  
 Servis amicus perfidis.  
 Romanus, (cheu, posteri negabitis)  
 Emancipatus sceminæ  
 Fert vallum & arma miles, & spadonibus  
 Servire rugosis potest:  
 Interque signa turpe militaria  
 Sol aspiciet conopeum.

Before the general Battle of Actium, there were several small Engagements both by Sea and Land, between some Parties of both Armies, in which the Troops of Octavius had always the Advantage. At last the two Fleets sailed, and all the Forces prepared for a decisive Action. Cleopatra, alarmed by the Danger, immediately fled, when Anthony followed her; meditating a secure Retreat, and abandoning to his Generals the Glory and Hazard of the Battle. When this first Success was known at Rome, Anxiety was instantly changed into Hope; Fortune seemed to have declared for Octavius, and a Detail of a complete Victory was every Hour expected. Horace could not be insensible to such happy Presages, and impatient to shew his Joy, he wrote instantly to Mæcenas, who was then at Actium with Octavius, and who had commanded the Liburnian Fleet in that Action. The Turn of this Ode is natural; the Poetry animated by the Sentiment, and the Sentiment varied by the Poetry. The Date of this Piece cannot be disputed, since the Battle, which is the Subject of it, was fought on the 12th of September 723.

Vers. 5. *Sonante mistum.* ] This Passage has its Difficulties. The principal consists in knowing how two Instruments, which play in different Keys, can agree together in the same Concert. Mr. Dacier not only confesses his own Ignorance, but assures us that ancient Music is entirely lost. Mr. Sanadon thinks that his Countryman should only have professed his own Ignorance, and that he had not an Authority to answer for the Public. This Critic therefore endeavours to explain his Author, by reconciling the ancient to

EPODE IX. *To MÆCENAS.*

**W**hen the *Cæcubian*, stor'd such Joy to grace  
 As *Cæsar's* Victory now brings,  
 Shall I, *Mæcenas*, in thy lofty Dome,  
 Grateful to *Jove*, with thee carouse;  
 While to soft *Phrygian* Flutes the *Doric* Lyre  
 Attemper'd wakes each sprightly Strain?  
 As late, when o'er his boasted Father's Wave,  
 His Navy burnt, young *Pompey* fled;  
 Whose impious Threats for *Rome* those Chains  
 design'd,  
 From which her Rebel Slaves he'd freed.  
 A *Roman* Chief (deny it future Faith!)  
 To a strange Woman's Pride enslav'd,  
 His Arms, where'er her wither'd Eunuchs lead,  
 Without a Blush, inglorious bears:  
 And *Sol* th' *Egyptian* Canopy display'd,  
 O Shame! amidst our Eagles fees.

Indignant

the present System of Music; but perhaps he has not very clearly expressed his own Meaning; or by using the Grecian Terms of Art, and applying them to the French, he can only be intelligible to a French Reader.

Let us first explain the Words. *Carmen* signifies an Air, since Horace must suppose a Symphony of Instruments. *Mistum* shews that the Lyre and the Flutes played together in Consort; the Lyre in the *Doric* Key, the Flutes in the *Phrygian* or *Barbarian*; and that in this manner they formed an agreeable Harmony. We need not suppose that the Instruments played the same Air upon different Keys at the same time, for this could never produce Harmony. It is sufficient to explain our Poet, that they succeeded alternately to each other, which is not difficult to comprehend.

Let us suppose an Air in which the lesser Third passes to the Greater. In this case the Lyre may play in the Tone of the lesser Third; the Flutes may take the Tone of the greater Third, and the Lyre shall end in returning to the lesser Third. In this Supposition, although they play different Keys, yet the Air is common to both Instruments, which is sufficient to explain the *mistum carmen*.

## EPODE IX. To MÆCENAS.

When shall we quaff, my Lord, the flowing  
Wine,

Reserv'd for pious Feasts, and Joys divine?

Cæsar with Conquest comes; and gracious Jove,

Who gave that Conquest, shall our Joys approve:

Then bid the Breath of Harmony inspire

The Doric Flute, and wake the Phrygian Lyre;

As late, when the Neptunian Youth, who spurn'd

A mortal Birth, beheld his Navy burn'd,

And fled affrighted through his Father's Waves,

With his perfidious Host; his Host of Slaves,

Freed from those Chains, with which his Rage

design'd,

With impious Threats, the Sons of Rome to bind.

The Roman Troops (Oh! be the Tale denied

By future Times) enslav'd to Woman's Pride,

And to a wither'd Eunuch's Will severe

Basely subdued, the Toils of War could bear.

Amidst the Roman Eagles Sol survey'd,

O Shame! th' Egyptian Canopy display'd;

When

If the Reader consult an Edition of Ptolemy, published at Oxford in the Year 1682, he may find that our half or lesser Third agrees with the Doric Tone; and our full and greater Third with the Phrygian. Thus the Lyre and the Flutes may alternately play the same Air in perfect Confort, and thus change and vary the Passions. A full Tone raises our Passions to their utmost Height of Pride or Pleasure; the half Tone, which is an imperfect Sound, checks these rising Passions, and leaves a Languor of Grief, Sadness or Despair, upon the Hearer. This seems to be Nature's Difference between Perfection and Imperfection in Music.

7. *Ut nuper.* J. Horace artfully mentions the Victory of Octavius, by which Sextus Pompeius was oppress'd with the whole Weight of War in the Sicilian Sea, and was obliged to fly into Asia. *Tota mole belli in Siculo freta juvenis oppressus est.* Enflamed by his Success in a former Engagement with the Fleet of Octavius, he persuad'd himself that he was the Son of Neptune; he put on an azure Robe, and offered Sacrifices to the God.

10. *Servis amicus perfidis.* J. Pompey received all the Slaves who would enter into his Service, and the Desertion was so great through Italy, that the Vestals offered Sacrifices and Prayers to prevent the Continuance of it. S. A. N.

12. *Emancipatus.* J. This compounded Word is stronger than the simple *mancipatus*; thus *emirari*, for *valde mirari*;

## EPODE IX. To MÆCENAS.

When will the happy Morning come,  
And bring the welcome News to Rome,

That I, my Lord, with you may dine,

And in your stately House

Full Bowls carouse,

Preserv'd for this expected Joy, of racy Wine!

Where Pipes shall join the speaking String,

And tuneful Voices gladly sing,

As you, my Lord, and I have done;

When Pompey turn'd his Head

And basely fled,

Confessing Cæsar's Fortune greater than his own:

His flaming Ships blaz'd o'er the Wave;

While flying by the Light they gave,

He left those Chains which faithless he

Had loos'd from servile Hands,

And threatn'd Bands,

To happy Rome, by Cæsar's Will, and Nature  
free.

A Roman (who will Credit give,

What future Age this Truth receive?)

Turn'd Woman's Slave, with servile Hands

A common Soldier bears

The Drudgery of Wars,

And can endure her wither'd Eunuchs base Com-  
mands:

Amidst the Arms, dishonest Sight!

The Sun that view'd withdrew the Light,

As

and in Virgil *conberari*, for *valde verberari*. Cleopatra had so perfectly subdued Anthony and his Soldiers, that he frequently followed her Chariot on Foot, while the Romans thought themselves honoured by being her Guards, and bearing on their Shields the Name of Cleopatra.

D. A. C. S. A. N.



Ad hoc frementes verterunt bis mille equos  
 Galli, canentes Cæsarem;  
 Hostiliumque navium portu latent  
 Puppes sinistrorsum citæ.  
 Iō, Triumphe, tu moraris aureos  
 Currus, & intactas boves?  
 Iō, Triumphe, nec Jugurthino parem  
 Bello reportasti ducem;  
 Neque Africanum, cui super Carthaginem  
 Virtus sepulchrum condidit.  
 Terræ marique victus hostis, Punico  
 Lugubre mutavit sagum:  
 Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus  
 Ventis iturus non suis,  
 Exercitatus aut petit Syrtis Noto,  
 Aut fertur incerto mari.  
 Capaciores affer huc, puer, Scyphos,  
 Et Chia-vina, aut Lesbica;  
 Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coercet,  
 Metire nobis Cæcubum.  
 Curam metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat  
 Dulci Lyæo solvere.

## EPODE

17. *Ad hoc.* ] Enraged at such a Sight. *Galli frementes ad hoc spectaculum.* Amyntas, King of the Gallogræci, quitted the Party of Anthony, and went over to Octavius. *Rex Amyntas maximo & præcipiti periculo transmisit ad Cæsarem.* VELL. Therefore Mr. Sanadon thinks, that these are the People whom the Poet calls Galli, since the Gauls, properly so named, are never mentioned, by any Historian, in the Wars of Actium; and Titus Livius oftener calls this Nation Galli, than Gallogræci.

The old Commentator prettily remarks, that to make the Romans more infamous, the Poet says, even the Gauls disdained to serve under the Command of a Woman and her Eunuchs.

19. *Hostiliumque navium.* ] There is indeed some Perplexity in the Text, but not less in the Explications of our Interpreters. Let us range the Sentence: *Puppes hostilium navium citæ sinistrorsum latent in portu.* By *Puppes* we may simply understand *hostiles naves*, and *citæ* may signify *more* or *æste*, from the Verb *cio*. Before the general Engagement, and even at the Beginning of it, several Troops

Indignant at the Sight, of valiant *Gauls*  
 Two Thousand turn'd their fiery Steeds,  
 Chanting great *Cæsar's* Name; and a brave Fleet  
 Spread for our Ports their Canvass Wings.  
 Bright God of Triumph, why should'st thou delay  
 The Wheels then of thy golden Car?  
 Why to our Altars are the untam'd Necks  
 Of lowing Hecatombs not brought?  
 Nor Triumph, from *Jugurtha's* Foil thou bor'st  
 The Palm-wreath'd Equal of his Fame;  
 Nor, when o'er ruin'd *Carthage* Virtue rais'd  
 Thy much-lov'd *Scipio's* splendid Tomb.  
 Vanquish'd by Sea and Land, his purple Robe  
 For sable Weeds the Foe hath chang'd;  
 And erring now, with Winds no more his own,  
 Or hundred-City'd *Crete* he makes,  
 Or *Lybia's* Syrtes by the South-Wind to's'd,  
 Or drives thro' an uncertain Sea.  
 Bring larger Cups, Boy, and with the rich Grape  
 Of *Chios*, or of *Lesbos* crown;  
 Or fill *Cæcubian*, potent to restrain  
 Each Qualm that would our Transport wrong.  
 Each anxious Care for *Cæsar's* happy State  
 Now grateful *Bacchus* shall repay,

## EPODE

by Sea and Land went over to the Party of Cæsar. Horace speaks of this double Desertion in these two Distichs. The Fleets were in the Gulph of Ambrasia; that of Anthony on the Right Hand along the Southern Coast, that of Octavius on the Left, along the North Shore. On this Situation depends the second Distich. The Vessels, which abandoned Anthony, had no other Course to steer into the Ports possessed by Octavius, but from the Right-side of the Gulph to the Left.

The Poet ascribes these Desertions to the Conduct of Cleopatra, who was not ashamed to display her Luxury, even in the midst of a Camp; his whole Indignation falls upon this Princess; nor does he say any thing which can be personally.



When twice a thousand Gauls aloud proclaim,  
Indignant at the Sight, great Cæsar's Name;  
And a brave Fleet, by just Resentment led,  
Turn'd their broad Prows, and to our Havens fled.

Thou God of Triumph bring the golden Car,  
The untam'd Heifers, and the Spoils of War,  
For He, whose Virtue rais'd an awful Tomb  
O'er ruin'd Carthage, ne'er return'd to Rome  
So great and glorious; nor could Lybia's Field  
To Thee, O Triumph, such a Leader yield.

Pursued by Land and Sea, the vanquish'd Foe  
Hath chang'd his Purple for the Garb of Woe;  
With Winds, no more his own; with shatter'd Fleet  
He seeks the far-fam'd hundred Towns of Crete;  
To tempest-beaten Lybia speeds his Way,  
Or drives a Vagrant through th' uncertain Sea.

Slave, bring us larger Bowls, and fill them round  
With Chian, or the Lesbian Vintage crown'd;  
Or rich Cæcubian, which may best restrain  
These sick'ning Qualms, and fortify the Brain.  
Th' inspiring Juice shall the gay Banquet warm,  
Nor Cæsar's Danger shall our Fears alarm.

## EPODE

nally applied to Anthony; He only describes him in general by calling him the Roman Soldier, and the conquered Enemy. *Romanus miles: victus hostis.* S. A. N.

21. *Id triumphe.*] Horace addresses his Prayers to Triumph, as to a God; and upon the News of Anthony's and Cleopatra's Flight, without waiting for the Decree of the Senate, he declares that Octavius had deserved the Honours of a Triumph. S. A. N.

25. *Africanum*] Appears in several Manuscripts and ancient Editions, and has been received by all later Editors. The Commentators are divided in their Judgment, and indeed with very specious Arguments on both Sides, whether Horace intended the great Scipio, or his adopted Grandson Scipio Æmilianus, who ruined Carthage. Torrentius and Mr. Dacier think, that the Poet had in View a remarkable Circumstance in the first Scipio's History; who, having defeated Hannibal, was banished by the Ingratitude of his Country to Linternum, where he died and was buried without Pomp or Ceremony by his Wife. His Virtue, says Horace, erected a more magnificent Tomb to him in Carthage, which he had subdued, than the Romans could have rais'd to preserve his Memory, if they had been less unjust and ungrateful.

As once at curst *Thyestes* Feast;

As 'twere asham'd to see

The *Canopy*,

And the great *Roman* lolling on a *Woman's* Breast.

*Id Triumphe*, break Delay,

Why doth the golden Chariot stay?

And not the promis'd Oxen fall?

*Id Triumphe* bring,

The greatest King,

[ of all :

The common Good, the Comfort, and the Joy

*Jugurtha's* Wars, and noble Toils

Ne'er show'd his Equal grac'd with Spoils;

Nor conquer'd *Africk* sent to *Rome*,

Altho' his lasting Name

Is great in Fame,

And ruin'd *Carthage* lies to make his noble Tomb.

Where will the conquer'd *Roman* fly,

From *Cæsar's* Hand, and *Cæsar's* Eye?

What will the conquer'd *Roman* do?

What Winds, what servile Gales,

Will swell his Sails,

That on his Master *Cæsar's* may so freely blow?

More Bowls and larger Bowls, my Boy,

As large as my extensive Joy,

Let Mirth advance my good Design:

'Tis sweet to ease my Cares

For *Cæsar's* Wars,

And drown all melancholly Thoughts in noble

Wine.

## EPODE

33. *Capaciores affer scyphos.*] Our Poet's Joy was too lively to wait the Return of Mæcenas; he celebrates the Victory of Octavius the Moment he receives the News; and he thinks that his Apprehensions for the Safety of that Prince ought to cease, because it was not known at Rome that he intended to complete his Conquest by pursuing Anthony, and exposing himself to new Dangers. D. A. E.

## EPODE X. IN MÆVIUM.

## EPODE X. TO MÆVIUS.

By a Friend.

**M**ALA soluta navis exit alite  
 Ferens olentem Mævium.  
 Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus,  
 Ausfer, memento fluctibus:  
 Niger rudentes Euris, inverso mari,  
 Fractosque remos differat:  
 Infurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus  
 Frangit trementes ilices;  
 Nec sidus atrâ nocte amicum appareat,  
 Quâ tristis Orion cadit;  
 Quietiore nec feratur æquore  
 Quàm Graia victorum manus;  
 Cùm Pallas usto vertit iram ab Illo  
 In impiam Ajacis ratem.  
 O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,  
 Tibique pallor luteus,  
 Et illa non virilis ejulatio,  
 Preces & aversum ad Jovem;  
 Ionius udo cùm remugiens sinus  
 Noto carinam ruperit!  
 Opima quòd si præda curvo litore  
 Porrecta mergos juveris;  
 Libidinosus immolabitur caper,  
 Et agna tempestatibus.

## EPODE

Mævius appears to be one of the Persons, who are brought upon the Stage of the World by Nature to be the Sport of Fame. The two greatest Poets of the Augustan Age have handed him down to latest Posterity; but surely such an Immortality is far less valuable than perfect Oblivion. His Name is passed into a Proverb, which joins, in one Idea, a wretched Versificator, and a Sloven. It does not appear in what Manner he had offended Virgil and Horace; probably by presuming to think himself their Equal; or perhaps by writing Verses against them. S. A. N.

Verf. 4. *Ausfer.*] It is remarkable that Horace mentions those Winds alone which were contrary to the Voyage of this unfortunate Rhimer; He even makes a Difference between them, and addresses himself particularly to the South, for its Power over those Seas, especially the Entrance into the Gulf of Venice. The West Wind could not justly be mentioned, since it must have been favourable to his Voyage. S. A. N.

13. *Quum Pallas.*] The Goddess might have instantly revenged this Affront, but the Insult *Spreta injuria forma* offered to her by Paris was nearer to her Heart; and Ajax

**T**HAT Ship may each ill Omen wait,  
 Which filthy Mævius bears, it's luckless  
 Freight!

5 Blow, South-wind, blow, swell high the Tides,  
 With ceaseless Billows beat her groaning Sides;  
 Let *Eurus*, o'er th' inverted Deep,  
 Her broken Oars, and her torn Cordage sweep;  
 While *Boreas* with such Rage descends,  
 As when the trembling Mountain-Oak he rends.  
 Oh! may no Star's officious Light  
 Profane the sacred Horrour of that Night,  
 When prone *Orion* leaves the Skies,  
 In Haste to bid the promis'd Tempest rise:  
 15 No calmer Waves let him enjoy, [Troy;  
 Than those that fofs'd the conqu'ring Greeks from  
 When *Pallas*, *Ilion* sunk in Fire,  
 On impious *Ajax* wreck'd her dreadful Ire.  
 From thy tir'd Crew what Sweat shall flow,  
 20 What Clay-wan Palenefs over-spread thy Brow;  
 What Shrieks unmanly, and what Prayers  
 Assail indignant *Jove's* relentless Ears,  
 When splitting on th' *Ionian* Coast,  
 The destin'd Rock shall thy Destruction boast!  
 If then, upon the crooked Shore,  
 Sea-Mews and Crows the dainty Prey devour;  
 Grateful I will my Vow perform,

A leach rous Goat or Lamb shall thank the Storm.

## EPODE

was suffered to depart in Safety while She was burning Troy. Thus our Poet, says Mr. Dacier, would insinuate, that when Beauty and Chastity are equally offended, Beauty always demands the first Reparation.

15. *O quantus instat.*] Horace is not contented with loading Mævius with Imprecations, but promises himself that they shall take Effect; and he already beholds him struggling against the Tempest, and surrounded by the Terrors of Death. His Vengeance is not satisfied even here, but extends to the Carcass of this Unfortunate. Surely this were too violent against a Man only for being a Sloven. S. A. N.



## EPODE X. TO MÆVIUS.

When filthy Mævius hoists the spreading Sail,  
 Each luckless Omen shall prevail.  
 Ye Southern Winds invert the foamy Tides,  
 And bang his labouring Vessel's Sides;  
 Let Eurus rouze the Main with blackning Roar,  
 Crack every Cable, every Oar;  
 May Northern Storms, rise dreadful o'er the Floods,  
 As when they break the Mountain Woods;  
 And while Orion sets in watry Light,  
 Let not a Star shine through the Night.  
 Mayst Thou no kinder Winds, O Mævius, meet,  
 Than the victorious Grecian Fleet,  
 When Pallas turn'd her Rage from ruin'd Troy,  
 Ajax the impious to destroy.  
 While watry Winds the bellowing Ocean shake,  
 I see thy luckless Vessel break,  
 And while with Sweat the toiling Sailor glows,  
 Thy Face a muddy Paleness shows;  
 You strive with more than female Cries to move  
 The Vengeance of indignant Jove.  
 But if the luscious Prey shall reach the Shore,  
 And Birds thy Carcass shall devour,  
 A Lamb or lustful Goat shall thank the Storm,  
 And I my grateful Vows perform.

## EPODE

18. *Preces & aversum.*] Horace does not say, that Prayers to the Gods are Instances of our Cowardice in Time of Danger; but pleasantly represents Mævius uselessly addressing his Vows to Jupiter, who disdains to hear him. The Indignation of this God necessarily supposes that Mævius was guilty of some enormous Crimes, for his slovenly Filchiness alone could not justly occasion his Shipwreck.

S. A. N.

21. *Opima præda.*] We may conclude from this Expression that Mævius was excessively fat, which must have rendered all bad Scents about him more insupportable. Perhaps the Poet alludes to Victims fattened for Sacrifice.

T. O. R. R.

## EPODE X. TO MÆVIUS.

That cursed Ship, that stinking Mævius bore,  
 With an ill Omen left the Shore;  
 South-wind, besure, you raise the swelling Tides,  
 And stoutly beat her feeble Sides;  
 You East-wind, turn the Sea and break the Oars,  
 And whirl her Sails to distant Shores;  
 The North-wind rage, as when he tears the Woods  
 On lofty Hills, and tows the Floods:  
 No friendly Star shine thro' the cloudy Night,  
 But sad Orion's watry Light:  
 Hah! let him now no smoother Waves enjoy  
 Than those that tows'd the Greeks from Troy,  
 When Pallas' Hatred from the flaming Town  
 On wicked Ajax' Ship was thrown.  
 Hah! Hah! what Sweat shall from thy Sea-men  
 flow,  
 And what Death-pale spread o'er thy Brow!  
 What Woman's Cries, and what unmanly Tears,  
 What Vows to Jove's relentless Ears!  
 When South-winds rattling o'er th' Ionian Tide  
 Shall beat thy Ship, and break her Side.  
 Then if I see thee spread a dainty Dish  
 To hungry Fowl, and greedy Fish,  
 A Goat and Lamb shall then my Vows perform,  
 And both shall die to thank the Storm.

## EPODE

23. *Immolabitur caper.*] Sacrifices were offered to Tempests to turn away their Rage, or to make them cease; but Horace promises a Victim to them to increase their Violence against this unfortunate Mævius. A Goat was not usually sacrificed to Tempests, but our Poet seems to choose it because it has of all Animals the most offensive Scent. Perhaps by the Epithet *libidinofus* Horace intended the Debauches of Mævius, which might have contributed to this Nastiness of his Person.

M. A. R. C. I. L.



## EPODE XI. Ad PETTIUM.

PETTI, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat  
 Scribere versiculos, amore perculsum gravi;  
 Amore, qui me, præter omnes, expetit  
 Mollibus in pueris, aut in puellis urere.  
 Hic tertius Decembris, ex quo destiti  
 Inachiâ furere, filvis honorem decutit.  
 Heu me, per Urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)  
 Fabula quanta fui! Conviviorum ut poenitet,  
 In queis amantem & languor & silentium  
 Arguit, & latere petitus imo spiritus!  
 Contrane lucrum nil valere candidum  
 Pauperis ingenium? querebar, applorans tibi,  
 Simul calentis inverecundus Deus  
 Fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.  
 Quod si meis inæstuet præcordiis  
 Libera bilis, ut hæc ingrata ventis dividat  
 Fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantis;  
 Desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor.  
 Ut hæc severus te palam laudaveram,  
 Jussus abire domum, ferebar incerto pede  
 Ad non amicos, heu, mihi postes, & heu,  
 Limina dura; quibus lumbos & infregi latus.  
 Nunc, gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam  
 Vincere mollitie, amor Lycisci me tenet:  
 Unde expedire non amicorum queant  
 Libera consilia, nec contumeliæ graves;  
 Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,  
 Aut teretis pueri, longana renodantis comam.

## EPODE

Horace in this Ode complains that Advice of Friends; Pride of Resentment; and all the Regards for public Reputation, are useless in Matters of Love; for as soon as he has disengaged Himself from one Intrigue, he enters into another. From hence he pleasantly recounts the Story of his Passion for Inachia, the Beauties of which Scaliger could little have understood, since he hardily pronounces it rude, disagreeable, and unworthy of being read.

D A C.  
 Lambinus first divided the second Verses of this Ode, upon Authority of some Manuscripts; but Doctor Bentley has largely proved that such a Division not only contradicts all ancient Writers upon the Measures of Lyric Verses, but assures us that it is not found in the best Manuscripts.

Vers. 13. *Inverecundus Deus.* ] This Passage hath been

## EPODE XI. To PETTIUS.

By a Friend.

PETTIUS, no more in flowing Verse to Write,  
 Since pierc'd by cruel Love, I take Delight;  
 Imperious Love! whose Shafts at me still aim,  
 Whose Torch is ever pleas'd my Heart t' inflame.  
 Thrice have the Groves their falling Verdures  
 mourn'd,

Since for the fair *Inachia's* Charms I burn'd.  
 How was I then (my guilty Shame I own)  
 The rally'd Theme of the whole laughing Town?  
 Oh! how those festal Revels now I hate,  
 Where, on each Side by mirthful Spies beset,  
 No Sigh unmark'd can from the Bosom steal,  
 But languid Silence, e'en itself, will tell  
 The Wound a Lover can so ill conceal.

How oft, dear *Pettius*, o'er the social Bowl  
 Have I complain'd, when Wine unlock'd my Soul;  
 How little Virtue, in a Female's Eyes,  
 How little Truth, nay Wit itself suffice  
 'Gainst wealthy Coxcombs to dispute the Prize?  
 But if a gen'rous Indignation warm  
 My Breast, and can it's just Disdain alarm,  
 No more vain Fuel shall assist a Flame,  
 That is at once my Torment and my Shame;  
 Ye vagrant Winds, each unbid Sigh receive,  
 That only sooths the Pain it should relieve!  
 Here shall th' inglorious Dread of yielding end,  
 No longer with such Rivals I contend.

'Twas thus I swore, by Wine and thee inspir'd;  
 But as, by thy Advice, I home retir'd,  
 Their wonted Error my false Feet repeat,  
 And bring unheeded to no friendly Gate;  
 Where oft my tortur'd Side the Wintry Rain  
 Hath born, alas! and then endur'd again.

## EPODE

explained in the twenty-seventh Ode of the first Book.

16. *Ingrata fomenta.* ] Horace calls Tears, Complaints, Sighs and Silence *Fomenta*, since they really encourage our Passions and give them new Force.

## EPODE XI. To PETTIUS.

Since cruel Love, O Petti, pierc'd my Heart,  
How have I lost my once-lov'd Lyric Art?  
Thrice have the Woods their leafy Honours mourn'd,  
Since for Inachia's Beauties Horace burn'd.  
How was I then, (for I confess my Shame)  
Of every idle Tale the laughing Theme?  
Oh! that I ne'er had known the jovial Feast,  
Where the deep Sigh, that rends the labouring Breast,  
Where Languor, and a gentle Silence shows,  
To every curious Eye, the Lover's Woes.

Pettius, how often o'er the flowing Bowl,  
When the gay Liquor warm'd my opening Soul;  
When Bacchus, jovial God, no more restrain'd  
The modest Secret, how have I complain'd,  
That wealthy Blockheads, in a Female's Eyes,  
From a poor Poet's Genius bear the Prize?  
But if a generous Rage my Breast could warm,  
I swore — no vain Amusements e'er shall charm  
My aching Wounds; let vagrant Winds receive  
The Sighs, that sooth the Pains they should relieve;  
Here shall my Shame of being conquer'd end,  
Nor with such Rivals will I more contend.

When thus, with solemn Air, I vaunting said,  
Inspir'd by thy Advice I homeward sped,  
But ah! my Feet in wonted Wandering stray,  
And to no friendly Doors my Steps betray,  
There I forget my Vows; forget my Pride,  
And at her Threshold lay my tortur'd Side.

## EPODE

18. *Imparibus certare.*] *Pudor summotus definit certare*  
*ita summovebitur ut desinat.* The first Reflexion made  
by a Man of Spirit, who has been ill treated by his Mistress  
is, that it is not only not dishonourable to yield her to an  
unworthy Rival, but that it would be shameful to dispute  
the Possession of her. Horace means by *impares* those Ri-  
vals who carry away the Prize of Beauty by the Power of  
Gold.

19. *Laudoveram.*] This Verb in good Authors often  
signifies to speak, to declare. We may also understand it  
here, *When Horace had applaud himself for this gallant Re-*  
*laxation.*

C R U Q.

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AH I have lost my old Delight,  
No Muse can now my Fancy move,  
My Rhimes displease, I hate to write,  
Now I am very deep in Love:  
Love that doth still my Heart surprize,  
And single me for constant Game,  
From Boys and Maidens charming Eyes,  
He thro' my Marrow scatters Flame.  
Three stormy Winters now have shook  
The leavy Honours from the Tree,  
Since I disdain'd *Inachia's* Yoke,  
And dar'd to set my Passion free.  
Oh what a Town-talk then was I,  
How Fops did wanton with my Fame,  
And (when I think on't how I die)  
All ridicul'd my foolish Flame!  
Oh how it grates to mind the Feasts  
Where thoughtful Silence seem'd to prove,  
And a deep Sigh would tell the Guests  
That Poet *Horace* was in Love!  
When Wine unlock'd my easy Soul,  
How often I with Sighs have told,  
The poor Man's Wit could not controul  
The giving Rival's mighty Gold!  
Yet, Faith, if vex'd, my Rage will rise,  
And, when these hated Chains are broke,  
I'll leave these dull Complaints, be wise,  
And scorn to take another Yoke.  
Yet after this was stoutly said,  
And *Constant* I resolv'd to hate;  
My heedless Feet my Mind betray'd,  
And brought me to the usual Gate:  
That cruel Gate, and us'd to scorn,  
Where I have lain, and lain deny'd;  
Where I whole tedious Nights have born,  
And craz'd my Health, and bruis'd my Side.  
*Lyciscus* now, of greater Charms  
Than all that grace proud Woman-kind,  
Doth gently force me to his Arms;  
With pleasing Bands he draws my Mind:  
And now let my free Friends advise,  
Or let them blame; 'tis all in vain,  
Too feeble they to break the Ties,  
When Love and Beauty make the Chain.  
Of Freedom I must still despair,  
Unless some Maid, or lovely Boy,  
With killing Looks, and charming Hair,  
Shall draw me to another Joy.

A a a

EPODE

EPODE XI. *Ad PETTIUM.*

PETTI, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat  
 Scribere vericulos, amore perculsum gravi;  
 Amore, qui me, præter omnes, expetit  
 Mollibus in pueris, aut in puellis urere.  
 Hic tertius December, ex quo destiti  
 Inachia furere, filvis honorem decutit.  
 Heu me, per Urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)  
 Fabula quanta fui! Conviviorum ut poenitet,  
 In queis amantem & languor & silentium  
 Arguit, & latere petitus imo spiritus!  
 Contrane lucrum nil valere candidum  
 Pauperis ingenium? querebar, applorans tibi,  
 Simul calentis inverecondus Deus  
 Fervidiore mero arcana promorat loco.  
 Quod si meis inæstuet præcordiis  
 Libera bilis, ut hæc ingrata ventis dividat  
 Fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia;  
 Desinet imparibus certare summotus pudor.  
 Ut hæc severus te palam laudaveram,  
 Jussus abire domum, ferebar incerto pede  
 Ad non amicos, heu, mihi postes, & heu,  
 Limina dura; quibus lumbos & infregi latus.  
 Nunc, gloriantis quamlibet mulierculam  
 Vincere mollitie, amor Lycisci me tenet:  
 Unde expedire non amicorum queant  
 Libera consilia, nec contumeliæ graves;  
 Sed alius ardor, aut puellæ candidæ,  
 Aut teretis pueri, longam renodantis comam.

## EPODE

Horace in this Ode complains that Advice of Friends; Pride of Resentment; and all the Regards for public Reputation, are useless in Matters of Love; for as soon as he has disengaged Himself from one Intrigue, he enters into another. From hence he pleasantly recounts the Story of his Passion for Inachia, the Beauties of which Scaliger could little have understood, since he hardly pronounces it rude, disagreeable, and unworthy of being read. D. A. C.

Lambinus first divided the second Verses of this Ode, upon Authority of some Manuscripts; but Doctor Bentley has largely proved that such a Division not only contradicts all ancient Writers upon the Measures of Lyric Verses, but assures us that it is not found in the best Manuscripts.

Vers. 13. *Inverecondus Deus.* ] This Passage hath been

EPODE XI. *To PETTIUS.*

*By a Friend.*

PETTIUS, no more in flowing Verse to Write,  
 Since pierc'd by cruel Love, I take Delight;  
 Imperious Love! whose Shafts at me still aim,  
 Whose Torch is ever pleas'd my Heart t' inflame.  
 Thrice have the Groves their falling Verdures  
 mourn'd,

Since for the fair *Inachia's* Charms I burn'd.  
 How was I then (my guilty Shame I own)  
 The rally'd Theme of the whole laughing Town?  
 Oh! how those festal Revels now I hate,  
 Where, on each Side by mirthful Spies beset,  
 No Sigh unmark'd can from the Bosom steal,  
 But languid Silence, e'en itself, will tell  
 The Wound a Lover can so ill conceal.

How oft, dear *Pettius*, o'er the social Bowl  
 Have I complain'd, when Wine unlock'd my Soul;  
 How little Virtue, in a Female's Eyes,  
 How little Truth, nay Wit itself suffice  
 'Gainst wealthy Coxcombs to dispute the Prize?  
 But if a gen'rous Indignation warm  
 My Breast, and can it's just Disdain alarm,  
 No more vain Fuel shall assist a Flame,  
 That is at once my Torment and my Shame;  
 Ye vagrant Winds, each unbid Sigh receive,  
 That only sooths the Pain it should relieve!  
 Here shall th' inglorious Dread of yielding end,  
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A a a

EPODE

EPODE XIII. *Ad Amicum.*

**H**orrida tempestas cœlum contraxit; & imbres  
 Nivesque deducunt Jovem;  
 Nunc mare, nunc sylvæ  
 Threicio Aquilone sonant. Rapiamus, amice,  
 Occasionem de die;  
 Dumque virent genua,  
 Et decet, obductâ solvatur fronte senectus.  
 Tu vina Torquato move  
 Consule pressa meo.  
 Cætera mitte loqui. Deus hæc fortasse benignâ 10  
 Reducet in sedem vice.  
 Nunc & Achæmeniâ  
 Perfundi nardo juvat, & fide Cylleneâ  
 Levare duris pectora  
 Solitudinibus: 15  
 Nobilis ut grandi cecinit Centaurus alumno;  
 Invisæ mortalis, Deâ  
 Nate puer Thetide,  
 Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi  
 Findunt Scamandri flumina, 20  
 Lubricus & Simois:  
 Unde tibi redditum curto subtemine Parcæ  
 Rupere; nec mater domum  
 Cærule te revehet.  
 Illic omne malum vino cantuque levato, 25  
 Deformis ægrimonie ac  
 Dulcibus alloquiis.

## EPODE

One of our Poet's Friends had probably received some bad News, in which his Fortune was deeply interested. Horace employs his Muse to comfort him, and advise him, in the Spirit of Epicurean Philosophy, to sweeten his Cares with Music, Wine and a Companion. To give a greater Authority to his Moral, he takes it from the Mouth of Chiron, who utters his Maxims to young Achilles with as awful an Air as if he were pronouncing the Oracles of Wisdom. This Turn is pleasant, ingenious, well chosen, and artfully conducted; and perhaps the gravest Precepts of the Stoical School could not have been more happily employed. S A N.

Verf. 1. *Cælum contraxit.* ] When the Clouds are collected, the Sky seems contracted; but when they disperse, it appears open and expanded. Such is the Force of the Verb *contrahere*. D A C

EPODE XIII. *To one of his Friends.*

**S**EE gathering Clouds contract the Sky, and *Jove*  
 In Rain descends, or fleecy Snow;  
 The Rage of *Thracian Boreas* on the Main,  
 And thro' the bellowing Groves resounds.  
 Slight not, my Friend, the Moral of the Day;  
 Youth is the Season of Delight:  
 Thro' each glad Nerve while Youth's gay Spring  
 then blooms,  
 Let Mirth, as that advises, chase  
 Care from the Heart and Wrinkles from the Brow,  
 Which only hasten Wintry Age.  
 Loose the rich Vintage, whose coeval Stream  
 From the glad Press exulting flow'd,  
 When my *Torquatus* *Rome's* first Charge adorn'd.  
 No more indulge superfluous Grief:  
 Perhaps, the God again, with gracious Change,  
 Thy happier Moments may restore.  
 Let *Achæmenia* her choice Fragrance shed;  
 And bid the soft *Cyllenian* Lyre,  
 With sprightly Airs, dispel each anxious Gloom;  
 Whose Envy would thy Peace destroy.  
 Thus the brave Centaur rais'd th' instructive Lay,  
 And to his noble Pupil sung;  
 Unconquer'd Son of *Thetis*, Goddess-born,  
 Thee now the *Trojan* Shore awaits,  
 By cool *Scamander*, and swift *Simois* lav'd:  
 But thence, alas! a safe Return  
 The cruel Fates, with shorten'd Thread, deny;  
 Nor shall thy azure Mother's Waves  
 Rewaft thee home. Then whilst you lie encamp'd,  
 Still let the Bowl with Wine be crown'd;  
 Let Musick join her sweet assuasive Voice;  
 Her Balm let pleasing Converse pour;  
 And what in Length thy mortal Course shall want,  
 With Glory and with Pleasure pay.

## EPODE

10. *Cætera.* ] Every Thing that does not encourage Good-humour, every Thing that can disturb our Pleasures. BOND.

EPODE XIII. *To one of his Friends.*

SEE what horrid Tempests rise,  
And contract the clouded Skies;  
Snows and Showers fill the Air,  
And bring down the Atmosphere.  
Hark! what Tempests sweep the Floods!  
How they shake the ratling Woods!

Let us, while it's in our Power,  
Let us seize the fleeting Hour;  
While our Cheeks are fresh and gay,  
Let us drive old Age away,  
(Age severe with gather'd Brows)  
Youth its Hour of Mirth allows.

Bring us down the mellow'd Wine,  
Rich in Years, that equal mine;  
Prishee talk no more of Sorrow,  
To the Gods belongs to-morrow,  
And perhaps, with gracious Power,  
They may change the gloomy Hour.  
Let thy richest Essence shed,  
Eastern Odours on thy Head,  
While the soft Cyllenian Lyre,  
Shall thy labouring Breast inspire.

To his Pupil, brave and young,  
Thus the noble Centaur sung;  
Matchless Mortal! though 'tis thine,  
Proud to boast the Birth divine,  
Yet the Banks, with cooling Waves,  
Which the smooth Scamander laves;  
And where Simois with Pride  
Rougher rolls his rapid Tide,  
Destin'd by unerring Fate,  
Shall the Sea-born Hero wait.  
There the Sisters, fated Boy,  
Shall thy Thread of Life destroy,  
Nor shall azure Thetis more  
Waft Thee to thy natal Shore;  
Then let Joy and Mirth be thine,  
Mirthful Songs, and joyous Wine,  
And with Converse blithe and gay,  
Drive all gloomy Cares away.

EPODE

EPODE XIII. *To one of his Friends.*

DARK Clouds have thicken'd all the Sky,  
And Jove descends in Rain;  
With frightful Noise rough Storms do fly  
Thro' Seas, and Woods, and humble Plain.

My noble Friends, the Day persuades,  
Come, come let's use the Day;  
Whilst we are strong, e'er Age invades.  
Let Mirth our coming Years delay:

Put briskly round the noble Wine,  
And leave the rest to Fate,  
Jove, chance, will make the Evening shine,  
And bring it to a clearer State:

Now, now your fragrant Odors spread,  
Your merry Harps prepare;  
'Tis time to cleanse my aking Head,  
And purge my drooping Thoughts from Care.

Thus Chiron sang in lofty Strain,  
And taught Achilles Youth;  
Great Thetis' Son, the Pride of Man,  
Observe, I tell thee fatal Truth:

Thee, thee for Troy the Gods design  
Where Simois' Streams do play,  
Scamander's thro' the Vallies twine,  
And softly eat their easy Way:

And there thy Thread of Life must end  
Drawn o'er the Trojan Plain,  
In vain her Waves shall Thetis send,  
To bear thee back to Greece again.

Therefore, great Son, my Precepts hear;  
Let Mirth, and Wine, and Sport,  
And merry Talk, divert thy Care,  
And make Life pleasant, since 'tis short.

EPODE

22. *Curto.*] This Correction, which only changes a single Letter, is, in Mr. Sanadon's Opinion, one of the happiest that the Criticism of Doctor Bentley hath produced. The usual Reading *certo subtemine* is hardly to be understood, and ambiguous, if not vicious, in the Construction. If the Fates had granted Achilles an happy Return, Horace might



EPODE XIV. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

MOLLIS inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis  
 Oblivionem sensibus;  
 Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos  
 Arente fauce traxerim,  
 Candide Mæcenas, occidis sæpe rogando.  
 Deus, Deus nam me vetat,  
 Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos  
 Ad umbilicum adducere.  
 Non aliter Samio dicunt aruisse Bathyllo  
 Anacreonta Teïum;  
 Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem  
 Non elaboratum ad pedem.  
 Ureris ipse miser: quòd si non pulchrior ignis  
 Accendit obsessam Ilion,  
 Gaude forte tuâ. Me libertina, neque uno  
 Contenta, Phryne macerat.

## EPODE

might equally have said *Parca tibi reditum duxere certo subtemine*. This Epithet is therefore too general; nor does it well agree with *rupere*. But in saying, *Parca tibi reditum rupere certo subtemine*, his Phrase is clear from all Perplexity, and his Thought perfectly open. Heinsius observes, in his Notes upon Ovid, that the Copyists frequently quarrel with the Word *curtus*, which they sometimes change into *curvus*, and sometimes into *ceruus*.

## ODE XIV.

Horace had promis'd Mæcenas a Poem in Iambic Verse, and had already begun it; but being taken up in the Pursuit of his Amours, it lay by unfinish'd. Being upbraided by Mæcenas with Sloth and Forgetfulness, he endeavours, in this Ode, to excuse himself, by throwing the Blame upon a Deity, to whose Power his Patron himself was no Stranger.

Vers. 1. *Mollis inertia*.] These were probably the very Words used by Mæcenas, in reproaching Horace for his negligence, in not finishing the Verses he had so long promis'd him.

5. *Candide*.] This is not barely an Epithet, but also a Reason; *You who are so candid, so equitable, who have yourself experienced the Force of Love, can you ask such a Question?*

EPODE XIV. *To MÆCENAS.*

'TIS Death, *Mæcenas*, when so oft you ask,  
 Why an ignoble Sloth  
 Has o'er my Mind as deep Oblivion spread,  
 As if, with raging Thirst,  
 5 I'd drain'd lethargic Draughts from *Lethe's* Stream?  
 The God none can resist  
 Forbids the promis'd Verse; which, tho' began  
 For thee, unfinish'd lies.  
 Thus for *Bathyllus* burn'd, as Fame reports,  
 The tuneful *Teian* Bard;  
 Whose melting Lyre, in an unlabour'd Strain,  
 Still mourns his am'rous Smart.  
 You too are caught: and if a nobler Flame  
 Consum'd not girded *Troy*,  
 Thank your indulgent Stars! me *Phryne* fires,  
 Whose Charms, from Bondage freed,  
 So hate Restraint, not ev'n her Heart endures  
 To be to one confin'd.

## EPODE

6. *Deus, Deus*.] This Repetition is not without it's Emphasis; as if the Poet had said, *Deus qui maxime Deus est. The most powerful of the Gods*.

7. *Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, iambos*.] It should seem, by this Passage, that the Poem promis'd by Horace to Mæcenas was a Work of some considerable Length; and therefore could not be his Iambics against Canidia.

10. *Teium*.] Of Teios a City of Ionia.

11. *Qui persæpe cavâ testudine*.] Among all the Odes remaining of Anacreon there are only two or three wherein Mention is made of Bathyllus; whence it appears, That only Part of the Writings of that beautiful Poet have been handed down to us.

13. *Quod si non pulchrior ignis, &c.*] Had a certain eminent Critic recollected this Turn in our Author, he would, perhaps, have been less severe in his Censure of the following Imitation of it by the celebrated Mr. Waller.

Such *Helen* was, and who can blame the Boy  
 That in so bright a Flame consum'd his *Troy*?

## EPODE XIV. To MÆCENAS.

By Mr HARE.

WHY dost thou vex thy Bard to death,  
*Mæcenas*, gen'rous Knight,  
 Upbraid so oft with my Neglect,  
 And teaze me thus to write? —

"What slothful Fit does on thy Soul  
 "What dull Oblivion creep?  
 "Hast thou been draining *Lethe's* Flood  
 "And drown'd each Sense in Sleep?

Unfinish'd still the Strains must lie,  
 And I still false must prove;  
 A God, a God retards my Pen,  
 And ah! that God is Love.

Thus old *Anacreon* wept his Woes  
 Possess'd with am'rous Fire,  
 And oft to rude unmeasur'd Lays  
 Attun'd his sounding Lyre.

You are ensnar'd as well as I,  
 And can't at present blame,  
 Charm'd with as lovely bright a Girl  
 As set all *Troy* on Flame.

Rejoice, that so compleat a Fair  
 Your kinder Fates have sent  
 Me *Phryne* plagues, a servile Jade,  
 And not with one content.

EPODE

## EPODE XIV. To MÆCENAS.

YOU ask, *My Lord*, why lazy Sloth hath spread  
 A dark Oblivien o'er my Head,  
 As I had drank forgetful *Lethe's* Stream;  
 And this is your continual Theme;  
 This the Complaint I am condemn'd to hear,  
 Like Death it pierces thro' my Ear:  
 A God forbids me, (ah! a cruel God,  
 Regardless, Sir, of what I vow'd)  
 (To other things my easie Mind he drew)  
 To finish what I promis'd you.  
 Thus soft *Anacreon* for *Bathyllus* burn'd,  
 And oft his Love he sadly mourn'd:  
 He to his Harp did various Grief rehearse,  
 And wept in an unpolish'd Verse.  
 E'en you, Sir, love, but if no brighter Flame  
 Burnt *Troy*, cares thy lovely Dame:  
 By *Phryne*, ah! thy *Horace* is undone,  
 False, fair, and not content with one.

EPODE

15. *Gaude forte tuâ*) To obviate any Objection *Mæcenas* might make, with respect to the different Ranks of their Mistresses, *Horace* would insinuate, that Love, being rather a Matter of Fate than Choice, is a Stranger to such Kind of Distinctions; a Beauty of the lowest Rank exacting the same Affiduities, and giving, by her smiles or Frowns, the same Degrees of Pleasure and Pain as one of the highest Quality.

## EPODE XV. Ad NEÆRAM.

NOX erat, & cœlo fulgebat luna sereno  
Inter minora sidera;

Cùm tu, magnorum numen læsura Deorum,  
In verba jurabas mea,

Arctius atque ederâ procera astringitur ilex,  
Lentis adhærens brachiis;

Dum pecori lupus, & nautis infestus Orion  
Turbaret hibernum mare,

Intonsosque agitaret Apollinis aura capillos,  
Fore hunc amorem mutuum.

O dolitura meâ multùm virtute, Neæra:

Nam si quid in Flacco viri est,

Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes;

Et quæret iratus parem:

Nec semel offensæ cedet constantia formæ,

Si certus intrarit dolor.

At tu, quicumque es felicior, atque meo nunc

Superbus incedis malo,

Sis pecore & multâ dives tellure licebit,

Tibique Pæctolus fluat,

Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,

Formæque vincas Nireæ;

Eheu, translatos aliò mœrebis amores:

Ast ego vicissim risero.

## EPODE

This Ode has a Simplicity, which perhaps made it appear little valuable to the Interpreters; for whatever is most natural is least striking in Works of this Kind. However we shall find this Poem full of Passion, and warm Expressions of Nature, that really speak the Language of the Heart.

D A C.

Verf. 1. *Nox erat.*] A Lover loves to be very circumstantial upon all occasions, which he remembers with Pleasure. Yet Horace does not, for this Reason alone, recount these little Particularities; he would raise the Confusion of Neæra, by bidding her recollect that the Night and the Moon were Witnesses of her Vows, which She was determined to violate, even while She was making them. *Deorum numen læsura.*

D A C.

7. *Dum pecori lupus.*] This was probably the Form of the Oath which Horace dictated to Neæra, and by which he would insinuate that Earth, Air and Skies should be Avengers of her Perjury, as they were Witnesses of her Oath.

T O R R.

## EPODE XV. To NEÆRA.

By a Friend.

CLEAR was the Night, in cloudless Glory  
shone

Amidst her starry Train the Silver Moon;

5 When on my Neck, close as the Ivy twines  
Round it's lov'd Oak, or round her Elm the Vine,  
(Loose it's Embrace and coy, compar'd to thine!)

You fondly hung, and wrong'd each heav'nly Pow'r,

While in my words you thus enraptur'd Swore:

10 So long as Wolves are fear'd by trembling Sheep,  
Orion by toss'd Sailors on the Deep,

While Phæbus' Locks wave wanton in the Wind,

Thus long Neæra will be true and kind:

Witness be Heav'n and ev'ry God, you said;

15 How soon was Heav'n and ev'ry God betray'd!

But oh! if aught of Manhood Flaccus boast,

Thou soon shalt mourn the Heart thy Crime hath  
lost:

20 While I, with nobler Flame, some Nymph pursue  
Of Face as fair, but not unjust as you.

In vain thy Arts shall call me back again;

Not all thy Charms shall conquer my Disdain.

And thou, my Rival, whosoe'er thou art,

The fancy'd Sov'reign of her fickle Heart,

Proud of th' uncertain Spoils that once were mine;

Tho' rich in Flocks and num'rous Herds you shine;

Tho' wide thy Fields extend, and o'er them roll'd

Pæctolus pours in Streams of purest Gold;

Tho' all Pythagoras's Wisdom's thine;

Tho' more than Nireus fair, thou'rt half-divine;

Yet soon thy Pride her wandering Faith shall mourn,

While I shall laugh, and triumph in my Turn.

## EPODE

15. *Semel offensæ.*] The ancient Commentator justly remarks, that this Epithet *offensæ* is a passive, with an active Signification. *Offensa forma* therefore signifies *Forma, quæ me offendit.*



## EPODE XV. To NEÆRA.

CLEAR was the Night, the Face of Heaven  
serene,

Bright shone the Moon amidst her starry Train,  
When round my Neck, as curls the Tendril-Vine  
(Loose are its Curlings, if compar'd to thine)

'Twas then, insulting every heavenly Power,  
That, as I dictated, You boldly swore;  
While the gaunt Wolf pursues the trembling Sheep;  
While fierce Orion harrows up the Deep;  
While Phœbus' Locks float wanton in the Wind,  
Thus shall Neæra prove, thus ever kind.

But, if with aught of Man was Horace born,  
Severely shalt Thou feel his honest Scorn:  
Nor shall He tamely bear the bold Delight,  
With which his Rival riots out the Night:  
But in his Anger seek some kinder Dame,  
Warm with the Raptures of a mutual Flame,  
Nor shall thy Rage, thy Grief, or angry Charms  
Recall the Lover to thy faithless Arms:

And Thou, who-e'er Thou art, who joy to shine,  
Proud as Thou art, in Spoils which once were mine,  
Though wide thy Land extends, and large thy Fold,  
Though Rivers roll for Thee their purest Gold,  
Though Nature's Wisdom in her Works were thine,  
And Beauties of the human Face divine,  
Yet soon thy Pride her wandering Love shall mourn,  
While I shall laugh, exulting in my Turn.

## EPODE

16. *Si certus intravit dolor.* ] When Horace writes, *Si certus intravit dolor*, he does not mean *intravit me*, for the conditional *Si* would destroy the following, *Et quæret iratus parem*. Nor does he design to soften his Menaces against his Mistress, but continues to threaten her, that not all her Beauty shall be able to vanquish his Resentments, even tho' She should be really concerned for having offended him. *Si* is used for *etiamsi*, and *te* must be understood, *etiamsi certus dolor intravit te*. We are obliged for this Explanation of the Passage to Monsieur Chevreau.

21. *Nec te Pythagora.* ] Horace may mean natural Philosophy, of which Pythagoras was *non sordidus auctor*; or particularly his Doctrine of the Metempsychosis, from whence he calls him *renatus*.

22. *Formaque vincas Nireæ.* ] Our Poet reckons three Things extremely necessary in Affairs of Love; Wit, Beau-

## EPODE XV. To NEÆRA.

T WAS Mid-night, and the rising Moon  
Amongst the lesser Stars serenely shone,  
When you, the false, the perjur'd you,  
Devoutly swore you would be always true.

Scarce half so close doth Ivy twine  
Round Oaks, as you did then your Arms in mine:

As long as Wolves pursue the Sheep,  
As long as Winter Storms shall toss the Deep:

As long as wanton Gales shall move  
*Apollo's* Locks, so long should be your Love.

Perjur'd *Neæra*, false as Hell,  
Yet fair as Heav'n, and ah belov'd too well,  
How shalt thou mourn at my Disdain!

For sure, if *Horace* be but half a Man,  
He'll scorn to bear repeated Slights,

Nor tamely see his Rival's happy Nights;  
But with an equal Flame pursue

A Face as fair, but not so false as you.  
And know when I begin to hate,

I'll ne'er be kind, I am as fix'd as Fate:  
And thou, the blest, whoe'er thou art:

The fancy'd happy Master of her Heart;  
That dost thy Conquests proudly boast,

And triumph'st in the Spoils that I have lost,  
Tho' thou art rich as *Miser's* Dreams,

And tho' *Pactolus* brought thee all his Streams,  
Tho' fam'd *Pythagoras' Arts* be thine,

Thy Face more fair than *Nireus*, half divine;  
Yet thou shalt mourn to find that she

Doth prove as false as once to me,  
And then 'twill be my turn to laugh at Thee.

## EPODE

ty and Riches. A Person as handsome as *Nireus* must have been a dangerous Rival to *Horace*, who certainly was not very comely.

D A C.

EPODE XVI. *Ad Romanos.*

A Ltera jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas,  
 Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.  
 Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marfi,  
 Minacis aut Etrusca Porſenæ manus;  
 Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer, 5  
 Novisque rebus infidelis Allobrox;  
 Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube,  
 Parentibusque abominatus Annibal,  
 Impia perdemus devoti sanguinis ætas?  
 Ferisque rursus occupabitur solum? 10  
 Barbarus, heu! cineres insistet victor, & Urbem  
 Eques sonante verberabit ungulâ?  
 Quæque carent ventis & solibus ossa Quirini,  
 (Nefas videre) dissipabit insolens?  
 Forte, (quod expediat) communiter aut melior pars, 15  
 Malis carere quæritis laboribus.  
 Nulla sit hac potior sententia (Phocæorum  
 Velut profugit execrata civitas;  
 Agros atque lares patrios, habitandaque fana  
 Apris reliquit & rapacibus lupis) 20  
 Ire pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas.  
 Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.  
 Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secundâ  
 Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?

Sed

The Roman Republic had been engaged in Civil Wars almost sixty Years, and the Quarrel between Octavius and Anthony threatened her with a general Dissolution. Rome, the Center of Empire, was divided between the two Chiefs; the Adriatic was covered with more than seven hundred Vessels; a Battle was expected, and that Battle was to decide the Fate of the Universe. So interesting an Event ingrossed the Minds of all Mankind; an Incertitude of the Success alarmed them, and a Remembrance of the preceding Wars collected into one Point of View all the Horrors which they had produced.

Horace, amidst these Scenes of Terror, composed this Ode, in which he proposes to the Romans a Desertion of their Country, and a Retreat into the fortunate Islands, where the Gods promised them a Life more peaceful and happy.

This Piece, in the Opinion of Mr. Sanadon, appears to be the Work of a great Poet, whether we consider it with

EPODE XVI. *To the Romans.*

A Second Age, in civil Discord spent,  
 Gives Rome a Prey to Roman Arms.  
 What nor the *Marsian* Squadrons had the Power,  
 With bord'ring Envy, to destroy;  
 Nor threat'ning *Porſena's* Etrurian Bands;  
 Nor warlike *Capua's* Rival Hate:  
 What nor fell *Spartacus*, nor yet the *Gaul*,  
 Proud, changeful, and in Falshood skill'd;  
 Nor fierce *Germania's* blue-ey'd Youth could bend;  
 Nor *Hannibal* the Matron's Dread;  
 Shall we, an impious, Blood-devoted Race,  
 With our own guilty Hands o'erthrow?  
 Again shall savage Beasts these Hills possess?  
 Triumphant in thy Woes, O *Rome*!  
 Shall barb'rous Victors o'er thy Ruins ride;  
 Insult with sounding Hoof thy Streets;  
 And thy great Founder's Bones, which in their Urn  
 So long inviolate have slept,  
 Force from their sacred Tomb, Oh killing Sight!  
 And scatter with unhallow'd Pride.  
 Perhaps (which Heav'n approve) to shun this Shame,  
 All, or the better Part contend.  
 As from their execrated City fled  
 The brave *Phocæans*, timely-wise;  
 Their Fields, their stately Domes, and Temples left,  
 To bristly Boars, and rav'nous Wolves;  
 So let us fly, where'er by Land, or Sea,  
 Or Chance directs, or Winds invite.  
 If better Counsel none propose, why hoist  
 Ye not in happy Hour your Sails?

But

regard to the Circumstances in which it was composed, or the manner in which it is conducted. Mr. Le Fevre thinks it a Performance of a young Poet; and Scaliger calls it an impertinent, ridiculous, impudent Attempt of persuading three hundred Thousand Romans to quit their Country.

Verſ. 1. *Bellis civilibus.* ] The civil Wars between Marius and Sylla, which began in 666, were never perfectly extinguished until the Death of Anthony, 724. Horace therefore

EPODE XVI. To the ROMANS.

IN endless, civil War, th' imperial State  
By her own Strength precipitates her Fate.  
What neighbouring Nations fiercely leagu'd in Arms,  
What Porfena, with insolent Alarms,  
Her Tyrant Kings loud-threatening to restore,  
What Spartacus, and Capua's rival Pow'r,  
What Gaul, tumultuous and devoid of Truth,  
And fierce Germania, with her blue-eyed Youth;  
What Hannibal, on whose vindictive Head  
Our Sires their deepest Imprecations shed,  
In vain attempted to her awful State,  
Shall we, a Blood-devoted Race complete?  
Again shall savage Beasts these Hills possess?  
And fell Barbarians, wanton with Success,  
Scatter her City's flaming Ruins wide,  
Or through her Streets in vengeful Triumph ride?  
And her great Founder's hallow'd Ashes spurn,  
That slept uninjur'd in their sacred Urn?  
But some, perhaps, to shun the rising Shame,  
(Which Heaven approve) would try some happier  
Scheme.

As the Phocæans oft for Freedom bled,  
At length, with imprecated Curses, fled,  
And left to Boars and Wolves the sacred Fane,  
And all their Household Gods, ador'd in vain;  
So let us fly, as far as Earth extends,  
Or where the vagrant Wind our Voyage bends.  
Shall this, or shall some better Scheme prevail?  
Why do we stop to hoist the willing Sail?

But

therefore says, that this was the second Age of those Wars, because they had commenced in the preceding Century. Augustus did not love to hear these Wars called civil Wars; but Horace gives them their universal and real Name; nor did he think himself obliged to preserve so much Delicacy to a Person whose Success was yet doubtful; who was absent, and who had not leisure to attend to such a Minuteness.

CRUQ. SAN.

6. *Infidelis Allobrox.* ] The Commentators in general, here understand the Germans; but Mr. Dacier confesses, that the Character better agrees with the Gaulish Nation, who were ever inconstant, faithless, and Lovers of Change.

15. *Quod expediat.* ] *Quod proficit; quod bene vertat,* were

EPODE XVI. To the ROMANS.

NOW Civil Wars do waste another Age,  
And Rome must fall by her own Rage:  
What neighbouring *Marfi* with an envious Hand,  
What threat'ning *Porfen's* *Thusean* Band,  
Fierce *Spartacus*, and *Capua's* rival Fate,  
The Force of all the *German* State;  
What in unsettled Times the faithless *Gaul*,  
The Mother-hated *Hannibal*,  
Could not destroy, We, we, an impious Brood,  
Devoted still, and doom'd to Blood,  
Shall ruin now by Force of Civil Wars,  
And leave our Towns for Wolves and Bears:  
Ah me! the barbarous Horse with sounding Feet  
Shall tread our Graves, and beat our Street,  
And madly scatter, Oh too proud! unjust!  
*Rome's* glorious Founder's quiet Dust!  
Perhaps the most, or better Part would know,  
What way to shun the falling Blow:  
I like that way the *Phocæans* once have gone;  
They all forsook their cursed Town,  
And did their Lands, their Fields and Shrines restore  
To rav'nous Wolf and angry Boar:  
Let's go, let's go, and seek a Place to live,  
Where Chance directs, or Wind shall drive:  
Agreed? Or does some better Course appear?  
Come let's embark, the *Omen's* fair:

But

Forms of Law, and used in Consultations. The Reading *quid expediat* has thrown our Interpreters into inexplicable Perplexities; but *Rutgerfius*, by the Change of a single Letter, has let in Light upon the Passage, by which we can discover its true Meaning.

18. *Execrata.* ] The Phocæans being besieged by *Harpagus*, General of the Persians, demanded one Day's Truce to deliberate upon the Propositions which he had sent to them, and desired that he would draw off his Army from their Walls. As soon as *Harpagus* had consented, they carried their most valuable Effects, their Wives and Children aboard their Ships. Then throwing a Mass of glowing Iron into the Sea, they bound themselves by Oath never to return to their Country, until that Mass should rise to the Surface of the Water. From hence a Grecian Proverb,

B b b

As



Sed juremus in hæc: simul imis saxa renarint, 25

Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas:

Neu conversa domum pigeat dare lintea, quando

Padus Matina laverit cacumina;

In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus;

Novaque monstra junxerit libidine 30

Mirus amor; juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,

Adulteretur & columba milio;

Credula nec rivos timeant armenta leones,

Ametque falsa levis hircus æquora.

Hæc, & quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces, 35

Eamus omnis execrata civitas;

Aut pars indocili melior grege. Mollis & exspe

Inominata perprimat cubilia.

Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum,

Etrusca præter & volate litora. 40

Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus; arva, beata

Petamus arva, divites & insulas;

Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,

Et imputata floret usque vinea;

Germinat & nunquam fallentis termes olivæ, 45

Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem;

Mella

As long as the Phœcean Mass of Iron shall continue at the bottom of the Ocean. Their Story is told by Herodotus and Strabo.

31. *Juvet ut tigres.* ] Mr. Dacier not injudiciously remarks, that if there be any Characters of a young Poet in this Ode, they appear in the Number of Impossibilities, which are collected here. When we write upon so melancholy a Subject as this, or on a Project so difficult of Execution, we should not thus indulge our Wit in wandering through all Nature for Images and Comparisons. If this Liberty were allowed to us, yet we ought to conceal it; for a real Grief would express itself in another manner. Horace should have imitated the Phœceans, who, throwing their Mass of Iron into the Sea, swore never to return until it should float again. They departed immediately, nor amused themselves in finding other Impossibilities, or forming other Images.

33. *Ravos.* ] Four Manuscripts have preserved this Reading, which our late Editors have received instead of *flavos*, or *sævos*, that appear in common Editions.

35. *Reditus dulces.* ] So powerful is the Love of our Country, that no Vows and Imprecations can be too strong to engage us never to return. Perhaps the Poet had the Example of the Phœceans in View, the greater Part of whom, touched with Compassion for their City, violated all their Oaths, and returned to their Country.

But let us Swear, then only to return,

When this plung'd Rock shall leave the Deep;  
And on it's Surface swim; with backward Course,

Repentant Homeward then to steer,

When Silver Po the Mountain-Tops shall lave;

Or Apennine his lofty Brow

In th' Ocean hide; when monstrous Love shall wed  
Antipathies, and with the Stag

The Tygress in adult'rous Commerce join,

Or with the hated Kite the Dove;

When tim'rous Herds no more the Lyon fear,

And shagless Goats the Billows browse.

This be our Oath; and to cut off each Hope  
That fondly flatters a Return,

Let all with Curtes arm these high Resolves;

Or, if not all, the Brave and Wise.

Whom Coward Sloth restrains, let him possess,  
Inglorious, these ill-omen'd Seats.

But ye, whom Virtue fires, these female Complaints  
Forbear; and quit this fated Shore.

The Earth-encircling Sea her Bosom spreads,

And to those blissful Isles invites,

Where Ceres crowns th' uncultur'd Field, and Vines

Undrest with purple Clusters glow;

Where th' Olive ever faithful proves, and Figs

Their native Branches still adorn;

Where

41. *Nos manet.* ] These Lines will bear a different Interpretation according to the Pointing. Almost all our Editions place a Stop after *circumvagus arva*; but this Epithet seems to present an Idea too vast to be confined to any particular Sea, which might encircle these blissful Islands.

42. *Divites insulas.* ] These Words are not synonymous with *arva beata*. The first shew the Temperature of the Climate; the second the Fruitfulness of the Soil. Horace indeed has separately used these Expressions in the same Sense; but when he unites them, he gives them different Significations.

S. A. N.

The Difficulty of this Passage is to know where these happy Countries lie, of which the Poet hath given so luxuriant a Description. Mr. Dacier thinks them the two little Spanish Islands near Andalusia; but this was a Retreat too narrow to entertain so great a Number of Roman Citizens, according to some Computations amounting almost to three

Millions.

But let us swear, when floating Rocks shall gain,  
Rais'd from the Deep, the Surface of the Main;  
When lowly Po the Mountain-Summit laves,  
And Appennine shall plunge beneath the Waves;  
When Nature's Monsters meet in strange Delight,  
And the fell Tygres shall with Stags unite;  
When the fierce Kite shall woo the willing Dove,  
And win the Wanton with adulterous Love;  
When Herds on brindled Lions fearless gaze,  
And the smooth Goat exults in briny Seas,  
Then, and then only, to the tempting Gale,  
To spread repentant the returning Sail.

To cut off all our Hopes; those Hopes that charm  
Our Fondness home, let Us with curses arm  
These high Resolves. Thus let the Brave and Wife,  
Whose Souls above th' indocile-Vulgar rise;  
And let the Croud, who dare not hope Success,  
Inglorious, these ill-omen'd Seats, possess,

But Ye, whom Virtue warms, indulge no more  
These female Complaints; but quit this fated Shore;  
For Earth-surrounded Sea our Flight awaits,  
Offering its blissful Isles, and happy Seats,  
Where annual Ceres crowns th' uncultur'd Field,  
And Vines unprun'd their blushing Clusters yield;  
Where Olives, faithful to their Season, grow,  
And Figs with Nature's deepest Purple glow.

From

Millions. Others believe these fortunate Islands to have been the Canaries, in the West of Afric, opposite to the Kingdom of Sus.

43. *Reddit.* ] Shews the Fidelity of the Seasons; for Corn is a Kind of Pledge intrusted to Earth, which it annually restores.

Dac.

But first let's swear we'll then return again,  
When Rocks shall float upon the Main,  
When lowly Po shall pour his Crystal Urn  
O'er Alpine Tops, then we'll return;  
When Appennine runs out, and cuts the Floods,  
When nimble Dolphins graze in Woods,  
When wond'rous Lust strange Kinds shall strangely  
join,

Fierce Tygers leap the willing Kine,  
The fearless Does shall court the Lyon's Love,  
And cruel Hawks gallant the Dove:  
When Goats grown smooth shall leave the flow'ry  
Plain

And dive and wanton in the Main:  
To this, and such as cut off sweet Return  
When we have all devoutly sworn,  
Let's go, Curt Town, but let the soft and base  
Still stick to their unhappy Place:

You Men of Worth unmanly Grief give o'er,  
'And nimbly pass the *Thuscan* Shore,  
The Ocean waits, and in smooth Calanets smiles,  
Let's go and seek the happy Isles,

Where Fields untill'd an annual Harvest bear,  
And Vines undress'd bloom all the Year:  
Where Olives ne'er the Farmer's Hopes do mock,  
And ripe Figs grace their proper Stock:

There

46. *Suum arborem.* ] The natural, not ingrafted Tree; for all Things grow without Art in the fortunate Islands.

Bonds

Bbbz

48.

Mella cavâ manant ex ilice: montibus altis  
 Levis crepante lympa defilit pede.  
 Illic injussæ veniunt ad mûlctra capellæ,  
 Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera; 50  
 Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,  
 Nec intumescit alta viperis humus;  
 Plurima felices mirabimur; ut neque largis  
 Aquosus Eurûs arva radat imbris;  
 Pinguia nec siccis uranter semina glebis, 55  
 Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.  
 Non huc Argôo contendit remige pinus,  
 Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem:  
 Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,  
 Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssæi. 60  
 Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullius astri  
 Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia.  
 Jupiter illa piæ secrevit litora genti,  
 Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum:  
 Ærea dehinc ferro duravit sæcula; quorum 65  
 Pîis secunda, vate me, datur fuga.

## EPODE

48. *Crepante pede.* ] Poets animate all Nature, and have given Feet to running Waters, because they advance successively from Place to Place, as if they were marching. SAN.

— *sonans liquido pede labitur unda.*

VIRG. Culex.

— *liquido pede detulit undas.*

LUCRET.

Let not the Translator appear too bold in attempting to preserve the Beauties of his Author, even in Expressions yet unknown to the English Tongue.

51. *Nec vespertinus.* ] After having described the Riches of this happy Country, our Poet now passes to the Evils from which it is exempt. It is secure from Insults of Foreigners; Corruption of Manners and Breach of Faith have not spread their Infection there; the Passions which debase Mankind to Brutes are there unknown; nor have Diseases and Pestilence committed their dreadful Ravages in these blissful Seats. SAN.

57. *Non huc Argôo.* ] The Translation hath chosen to illustrate and open the Sense of Horace, by following his Reasoning and Sentiments rather than to be too punctual to his Expressions. The Argonauts never touched this happy Shore for Plunder and Piracy; Medea never spread her Poisons, or practised her Witchcraft here; the Sidonians, remarkable for Merchandise and Want of Probity, never introduced the

Where Honey from the hollow Oak distills;  
 And down the Mountain's verdant Side  
 Light bounds, with noisy Foot, the limpid Stream;  
 Where Goats untaught the flow'ry Mead  
 Forsake, and haste, in friendly Flocks, to bring  
 Their swelling Udders to the Pail.

No evening Bears there round the Sheep-fold growl,  
 Nor Vipers heave the tainted Mold;

New Wonders to the ravish'd Soul still rise!

For there, with too abundant Showers,

Nor watry *Eurus* deluges the Plain;

Nor in parch'd Furrows pines the Seed,

Strangled by two excessive Heat: The God

Hath so attemper'd each Extreme.

Hither nor sail'd the *Argonauts*; nor here

*Medea* her dire Magic taught:

Nor bold *Sidonians*, led by Thirst of Gain,

Have cast an Anchor on this Coast:

Nor wise *Ulysses'* much-enduring Mates

Landed one Vice or Folly here.

Thro' the glad Flocks no Murrain spreads; no Star

Afflicts them with his fiery Breath.

When Brass impure the Golden Age deform'd,

And that to Iron soon gave Way,

With gracious Counsel, for the pious Race

Great *Jove* this happy Clime reserv'd;

Whither, with happy Omen, now he bids

The raptur'd Bard direct their Flight.

## EPODE

bad Arts of Commerce; and the Companions of Ulysses, equally known by their Vices and by their Labours, never landed here in all their Wanderings.

61. *Nulla nocent pecori.* ] These two Lines, if so bold an Alteration were pardonable, might better be placed after the fifty-third Verse, where the Poet mentions the negative Blessings of these Isles. He is here speaking of those Advantages, which their Inhabitants enjoy, with regard to Foreigners.

65. *Ærea.* ] Mr. Cuninghame has restored this Reading from five or six excellent Manuscripts. The Construction is more natural and easy. *Quorum* is referred to the two last Ages of Brass and Iron. Mr. Dacier remarks, that Horace does not mention the Silver Age, because that and the Golden seem to be the same. SAN.



From hollow Oaks where honey'd Streams distill,  
And bounds with noisy Foot the pebbled Rill;  
Where Goats untaught forsake the flowery Vale,  
And bring their swelling Udders to the Pail;  
Nor evening Bears the Sheep-fold growl around,  
Nor mining Vipers heave the tainted Ground;  
Nor watry Eurus deluges the Plain,  
Nor Heats excessive burn the springing Grain.  
Not Argo thither turn'd her armed Head;  
Medea there no magic Poison spread;  
No Merchants thither plow the pathless Main,  
For guilty Commerce, and a Thirst of Gain;  
Nor wise Ulysses, and his wandering Bands,  
Vicious, though brave, ere knew these happy Lands.  
O'er the glad Flocks no foul Contagion spreads,  
Nor Summer Sun his burning Influence sheds.

Pure and unmix'd the World's first Ages roll'd,  
But soon as Brass had stain'd the flowing Gold,  
To Iron harden'd by succeeding Crimes,  
Jove for the Just preserv'd these happy Climes,  
To which the Gods this pious Race invite,  
And bid the raptur'd Bard direct their Flight.

EPODE

66. *Vate me.* ] The Poet, in Quality of Apollo's Priest, declares himself inspired by the Gods, that he may add more Weight to the Advice which he has given. S A N.

There Honey flows from Oaks, from lofty Hills  
With murmur'ing Pace the Fountain trills,  
There Goats uncull'd return from fruitful Vales,  
And bring stretch'd Dugs to fill the Pails:  
No Bear grins round the Fold, no Lambs he shakes;  
No Field swells there with pois'nous Snakes.  
More we shall wonder on the happy Plain;  
The watry *East* descends in Rain,  
Yet so as to refresh, not drown the Fields,  
The temperate Glebe full Harvest yields;  
No Heat annoys, the Ruler of the Gods  
From Plagues secures these blest Abodes.  
Here *Jason* never fix'd swift *Argos'* Oars,  
Nor base *Medea* touch'd these Shores;  
Ne'er *Cadmus* came when forc'd by angry Fates,  
Nor stout *Ulysses'* weary Mates.  
No Rot here reigns, no Star here taints the Meads,  
And pois'nous Heat unkindly sheds.  
When *Jove* allay'd the Golden Age with Brass,  
For Pious Men he kept this Place:  
Now *Iron* hardens the old *Brazen* Age,  
And Fraud grows up, and Wars, and Rage,  
And ev'ry Ill, I press a quick Retreat,  
And show the good, the happy Seat.

EPODE

EPODE XVII. *Ad CANIDIAM.*

JAM jam efficaci do manum scientiæ,  
 Supplex & oro regna per Proserpinæ,  
 Per & Dianæ non movenda numina,  
 Per atque libros carminum valentium  
 Refixa cœlo devocare sidera,  
 Canidia, parce vocibus tandem sacris,  
 Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.  
 Movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,  
 In quem superbus ordinarat agmina  
 Myforum, & in quem tela acuta torserat:  
 Luxere matres Iliz addictum feris  
 Alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,  
 Postquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit  
 Heu! pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.  
 Setosa duris exuere pellibus  
 Laboriosi remiges Ulyssæi,  
 Volente Circe, membra: tunc mens & sônus  
 Relatus, atque notus in vultus honor.

Dedi

If Canidia be ranked in Company with Medea, Circe, and the most famous Witches of Antiquity, she is indebted to Horace for the Obligation. She now appears the second time upon the Stage, and with all the Splendours of a Triumph. The Force of her Art is acknowledged, and Homage is paid to her Power. She is no longer an infamous Sorceress, but a Goddess who subdues all Nature to her Empire; to whom Prayers are addressed, and Sacrifices promised.

Canidia, more insolent than compassionate by these Submissions of a vanquished Enemy, prepares to make him feel the most dreadful Effects of her Indignation. Yet all these Submissions, and all these Menaces are Irony and Satire, so much more severe and violent as they are more disguised.

S A N.

Verf. 7. *Citumque retro.*] Propertius and Martial mention a magical Instrument called *Rhombus*. Theocritus and Lucian tell us, that it was made of Brass; and Ovid says, it was turned round by Straps of Leather, with which it was bound. This is probably the same Instrument, which Horace calls *tarbo*, and he beseeches Canidia to turn it backward, as if to correct the fatal Effects which it produced in its natural Course.

T O R R.

8. *Telephus*] Was King of Mysia. When the Greeks entered his Country, in their Passage to Troy, he opposed

EPODE XVII. *To CANIDIA.*

By Mr. FRANCIS.

CANIDIA, to thy matchless Art  
 Vanquish'd, I yield a suppliant Heart;  
 But oh! by Hell's extended Plains,  
 Where Pluto's gloomy Confort reigns;  
 By bright Diana's vengeful Rage,  
 Which Pray'rs, nor Hecatombs assuage,  
 And by the Books, of Power to call  
 The charmed Stars, and bid them fall;  
 No more pronounce the sacred Scroll,  
 But back the magic Circle roll.

Even stern Achilles could forgive  
 The Mysian King, and bid Him live;  
 Though proud he rang'd the Ranks of Fight,  
 And hurl'd the Spear with daring Might.  
 Thus, when the murderous Hector lay  
 Condemn'd to Dogs, and Birds of Prey,  
 Yet when his Royal Father kneel'd,  
 The fierce Achilles knew to yield,  
 And Troy's unhappy Matrons paid  
 Their Sorrows to their Hector's Shade.

Ulysses' Friends, in Labours try'd,  
 When Circe will'd, threw off their Hide,  
 Assum'd the human Form divine,  
 And drop'd the Voice and Sense of Swine.

them vigorously; but being wounded by Achilles, he was told by the Oracle that he could only be cured by the same Weapon with which he was wounded. He applied to Achilles, who, scraping his Lance, poured the Filings into his Wound. Pliny mentions a Picture, in which Achilles was painted performing the Cure.

L A M B.

11. *Luxere.*] This Reading is of more than ten Manuscripts, and has been received by our best Editions. The Copyists who read *unxere* did not reflect, that the Body of Hector was washed and perfumed, before it was carried to Troy.

B E N T. C U N.

## EPODE XVII. To CANIDIA.

By Mr. HARE.

I Yield, I yield, confess thy Sway,  
 And vanquish'd thus, *Canidia* pray;  
 By her that holds th' infernal Reign,  
 And *Dian'* ne'er provok'd in vain;  
 By the dire Writings that impart  
 The Myst'ries of the magic Art;  
 And teach with Charms to call from high  
 The starry Glories of the Sky;  
 No more thy Curfes let me feel,  
 Loose back, O loose thy racking Wheel.  
 Some Pity to a suppliant Foe,  
 E'en *Thetis'* cruel Son cou'd show;  
 Tho' *Telephus* against him brought  
 His *Myfian* Troops, and sharply fought,  
 Yet at his humble Suit he found  
 His Pray'rs reciev'd and cur'd his Wound.  
 Tho' once he swore, whene'er he kill'd  
*Hektor* the Murd'rer of the Field,  
 To expose his Limbs in open Air  
 For rav'nous Birds and Dogs to tear;  
 Yet when old *Priam* came from *Troy*  
 Trembling before the haughty Boy,  
 And at his Feet the Corfe implor'd,  
 He heard, relented, and restor'd;  
 With Balm the *Trojan* Matrons spread,  
 And safe interr'd their Hero dead.  
 By *Circe's* Art the drudging Train,  
 That row'd *Ulyffes* o'er the Main,  
 Their proper Shape were forc'd resign,  
 And lose the Man in bristly Swine;  
 But when the Gen'ral humbly su'd,  
 Her Pow'r the human Form renew'd,  
 Their pristine Mind and Voice and Face  
 Return'd, and ev'ry manly Grace.

## EPODE XVII. To CANIDIA.

NOW, now thy Pow'r I Conquer'd own,  
 And humbly beg by *Pluto's* throne,  
 By Pow'rs below, by *Proserpine*,  
 By fierce *Diana's* angry Shrine,  
 By all those Charms that can remove  
 And call down Stars from Seats above,  
 Recall thy Sroke, thy Charms forbear,  
 Spare me at last, *Canidia*, spare:  
*Achilles* *Teleph* nobly spar'd,  
 Tho' with his *Myfian* Bands he warr'd:  
 Tho' boldly he oppos'd his Fate,  
 And buoy'd the sinking *Trojan* State:  
 Stout *Hektor* doom'd to Beasts a Prey  
 The *Trojan* Matrons bore away,  
 When *Priam* 'midst the *Grecian* Fleet  
 Had fall'n at proud *Achilles'* Feet:  
 By *Circe's* leave, *Ulyffes'* Men  
 Receiv'd their former Shapes again;  
 Their Limbs, their Minds and Voice restor'd,  
 They spoke, not grunted to their Lord.

Enough



Dedi satis superque poenarum tibi,  
 Amata nautis multum & infitoribus: 20  
 Fugit juvenas, & verecundus color  
 Reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida:  
 Tuis capillus albus est odoribus.  
 Nullum à labore me reclinat otium:  
 Urget diem nox, & dies noctem; neque est 25  
 Levare tenta spiritu prœcordia.  
 Ergo negatum vincor ut credam miser,  
 Sabella pectus increpare carmina,  
 Caputque Marsâ diffilire nœniâ.  
 Quid ampliùs vis? ô mare! ô terra! ardeo, 30  
 Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules  
 Nefsi cruore, nec Sicana fervidâ  
 Furens in Ætnâ flamma: tu, donec cinis  
 Injuriolis aridus ventis ferar,  
 Cales venenis officina Colchicis. 35  
 Quæ finis? ecquod me manet stipendium?  
 Effare: jussas cum fide poenas luam;  
 Paratus expiare, seu poposceris  
 Centum juvencos, sive mendaci lyrâ  
 Voles sonari: tu pudica, tu proba 40  
 Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.

Infamis

19. *Dedi satis superque.*] This whole last Part is all Disguise. It opens with Irony, continues with Fiction, and ends in Falshood. Horace would persuade Canidia, that he is violently tormented by her Enchantments; but the most sensible Pleasantry is attributing the Whiteness of his Hair to the Force of her Drugs, which he calls Odours. Poisons have been frequently conveyed in Perfumes, Flowers, Gloves, &c.

S A N.

20. *Amata nautis.*) The Poet here uses Words of an ambiguous and doubtful Meaning. *Nauta* is properly a Sailor; but it also signifies a Merchant, of rich and extensive Commerce. It appears by a Number of Inscriptions, that the *Nauta* formed a Corporation, of which the Magistrates and Knights of Rome were frequently Members. *Infitor* not only signifies a Person employed by Taylors to sell Clothes for them in the Streets, but a Factor or Merchant-Adventurer, such as Horace calls *pretiosus emptor*. Since a Translation cannot preserve both these Meanings, it must chuse that, which seems most proper to continue the Deceit, and impose upon Canidia.

S A N.

21. *Verecundus color reliquit.*) *R. liquit* is governed by *me* understood. Thus in Plautus *vires reliquere*, and in Virgil *cum lunine vita reliquit*. This Passage, through Inattenti-

O Thou whom Tars, and Merchants love,  
 Too deep thy vengeful Rage I prove;  
 Reduc'd alas! to Skin and Bone,  
 My Vigour fled, my Colour gone;  
 Thy fragrant Drugs upon my Head  
 More than the Snows of Age have shed.  
 Days press on Nights, and Nights on Days,  
 Yet never bring an Hour of Ease,  
 While gasping in the Pangs of Death,  
 I stretch my Lungs in vain for Breath.

Thy Charms have Pow'r ('tis now confess)  
 To split the Head, and tear the Breast.  
 What would you more, all-charming Dame?  
 O Seas, and Earth! this scorching Flame!  
 Not such the Fire Alcides bore,  
 When the black-venom'd Shirt he wore;  
 Nor such the Flames, that to the Skies  
 From Ætna's burning Entrails rise;  
 And yet, Thou-Shop of Poisons dire,  
 You glow with unrelenting Fire,  
 'Till by the rapid Heat calcin'd,  
 Vagrant I drive before the Wind.

What mighty Ransom shall I pay?  
 Speak — I the stern Command obey.  
 To expiate the guilty Deed,  
 Say, shall an hundred Bullocks bleed?  
 Or shall I to the lying String  
 Thy Fame and spotless Virtue sing?  
 Teach Thee, a golden Star, to rise,  
 And deathless walk the spangled Skies?

When

on, has been unjustly criticised by Scaliger, weakly defended by Mr. Dacier, and ill corrected by Doctor Bentley. Such Ellipses are frequent in Horace; and we have another Instance of them in the next Line, *ossa pelle amicta lurida*, where *sunt* must be understood.

CUN. SAN.

35. *Officina.*) The ancient Scholiast has well explained this Passage, *ipsam Canidiam officinam venenorum diserte dixit*; Horace calls his Witch a Shop of Poisons, as we call a learned Man a living Library.

O thou much-lov'd, much-honour'd Dame,  
The Tars' and Pedlars' common Flame,  
Too much already, Faith, I've bore,  
And oh! torment me now no more;  
Brisk Youth is fled, the blushing Rose  
On my fair Cheek no longer glows,  
Instead of lovely White and Red,  
With fallow Skin my Bones are spread:  
My Locks alas! grow grey, besmear'd  
With magic Oils that you prepar'd;  
My ev'ry Part dire Tortures seize,  
Nor can I find one Moment's Ease:  
Night follows Day, but yields no Rest;  
Day chafes Night, but still my Breast  
Struggles with mighty Pangs possess'd.  
Convinc'd by sad Experience I  
No more the Force of Charms deny,  
Own they can burst the Chest in twain,  
And split the crazy Head with Pain.  
Oh Earth! Oh Sea! I'm all on Fire,  
What can'st thou worse than this desire?  
I burn, I burn tormented more  
Than *Hercules* by *Nessus'* Gore,  
More rapid Heats possess my Veins  
Than *Ætna's* raging Womb contains.  
Ah! in your Magazine of Woes  
Poisons on Poisons you'll compose,  
'Till all to Cinders scorch'd at last  
I fly the Sport of ev'ry Blast.  
Speak; What's the Fate that I must find,  
The Mule, the Penalty design'd!  
Whate'er you ask, I'll gladly pay,  
An hundred Bulls, — or lying Lay.  
"Thou modest, virtuous, all divine  
"With Stars a golden Star shalt shine:

In

Enough, enough hath vext my Soul,  
O Tar's and Tinker's lovely Trull!  
My Youth, my rosy Cheeks are gone,  
And left pale Skin stretch'd o'er the Bone:  
My Head grows White, it feels thy Bane,  
No Ease doth lay me down from Pain;  
Days urge the Nights, and Nights the Days,  
Yet my swoln Heart can find no Ease:  
Now I'm convinc'd, 'tis now confess'd,  
Thy force hath reach'd my troubled Breast:  
Now I'm convinc'd by wondrous Harms,  
My Head is split with Magick Charms:  
My slow Belief I sadly mourn;  
What more? O Earth, O Floods, I burn!  
Not half the Heat *Alcides* bore  
When fir'd by *Nessus* poys'nous Gore:  
Not half the Heat in *Ætna* reigns,  
That scorches o'er my boyling Veins:  
Yet still you heat 'till I'm calcin'd  
To Dust, and scatter'd by the Wind:  
What end of Pain? What hope for Ease?  
Speak, Speak, I'll suffer what you please,  
I'm eager to avoid my Fate,  
And satisfy at any rate;  
A hundred Bulls shall pay their Blood,  
Or lying Verse proclaim thee Good;  
Chaste, Modest, Just, thou shalt appear,  
And walk 'midst Stars a glorious Star:

Great

of the first Book.

*Mendaci lyra.*) We have here another Ambiguity. *Horace* would have *Canidia* believe, that he gives this Epithet to his Lyre, for the Verses which he had compos'd against her; but his concealed Meaning is, that it is a lying Instrument if it shall sing her Praises.

C c c

42.

39. *Centum juvencis*) This Reading, instead of *juvencos*, has been restored from an ancient Manuscript, and received by our late Editor. It is an elegant, poetical manner of speaking, and has been used by our Poet in the fourth Ode

Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vicem,  
Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,  
Ademta vati reddidere lumina.  
Et tu (potes nam) solve me dementiâ,  
O nec paternis obsoleta ffordibus,  
Nec in sepulcris pauperum prudens anus  
Novendiales dissipare pulveres.  
Tibi hospitale pectus, & puræ manus:  
Tuusque venter partumeius; & tuo  
Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit;  
Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.

45

50

42. *Offensus vicem.*) *Propter vicem Helenæ.* This Reading is of several Manuscripts; and Doctor Bentley has proved, that it is an usual Manner of Expression among the Latins, both in Verse and Prose.

46. *Paternis ffordibus.*) The Poet, according to the old Commentator, reproaches Canidia with being born in Adultery, the most criminal of all unlawful Commerce.

47. *Sepulchris pauperum.*) Acron well remarks, that Horace only means the Sepulchres of the Poor, since those of the Rich were surrounded with Walls, to protect them from the Sacrilege of Sorcerers.

48. *Novendiales pulveres.*] Servius, in his Notes upon the fifth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, says, that a dead Body

When Helen's Virtue was defam'd,  
Her Brother-Gods, with Rage enflam'd,  
Yet to the Bard his Eyes restor'd,  
When suppliant he their Grace implor'd.  
Oh calm this Madness of my Brain,  
For nothing can thy Rage sustain.  
You never knew the Birth of Shame,  
Nor by thy Hand, all-skilful Dame,  
The poor Man's Ashes are upturn'd,  
Though they be thrice three Days inurn'd.  
Thy Bosom's bounteous and humane,  
Thy Hand from Blood and Murder clean;  
And with a blooming Race of Boys,  
Lucina crowns thy Mother-Joys.

was preserved seven Days, burned on the eighth, and interred on the ninth; and that Horace intended these Ceremonies in the present Passage. This Explication, although contradicted by Acron, has been received by our ablest Commentators; yet there is little Probability, that such Ceremonies were observed in the Funerals of poor People, of whom alone the Poet speaks here. He seems rather to mean, that

CANIDIAE Responsio.

QUID obferatis auribus fundis preces?  
Non taxa nudis furdiora navitis  
Neptunus alto tundit hibernus falo.  
Inultus ut tu riferis Cotyttia  
Vulgata, facrum liberi Cupidinis?  
Et Esquilini Pontifex venefici  
Impune ut urbem nomine impleris meo?

5

Quid

Canidia was provoked by the pretended Penitence of the Poet; she had discovered all the Disguise of it, and boasted that she would have open Vengeance for this new Affront. Horace thought he could not better shew his Contempt of her Menaces, than by putting them into Verse. The principal Ridicule of this Answer consists in Canidia's never attempting to prove the Falsity of that detestable Execution with which she is charged in Epode 5, as if she thought it more prudent to be silent concerning a Fact, whose Notoriety did not give a Possibility of her Justification. S A N.

Verf. 4. *Riferis Cotyttia vulgata.*] *Cotyttia vulgandoridenda propofueris.* Cotys, or Cotytto, was the Goddess of

CANIDIA'S Answer.

I'LL hear no more. Thy Pray'rs are vain.  
Not Rocks, amid the wintry Main,  
Less heed the shipwreck'd Sailor's Cries,  
When Neptune bids the Tempest rise.  
Shall you Cotyttia's Feasts deride,  
Yet safely triumph in thy Pride?  
Or impious, to the Glare of Day  
The sacred Joys of Love betray?  
Or fill the City with my Name,  
And Pontiffe-like our Rites defame?

Did

Impurity; and although she did not preside over Assemblies of Witches, yet, as there were many vile and infamous Ceremonies practised in them, the Poet satirically makes Canidia call them the Feasts of Cotys. Better to explain his Design, he adds *liberi Cupidinis facrum*, Mysteries of a licentious and unbounded Love. A Roman Proverb calls a Per-

foa



In Praises thus my Pray'rs begin,  
 Such Pray'rs great *Leda's* Sons cou'd win.  
 'Gainst *Helen* dar'd the Bard to write,  
 And vengeful they depriv'd of Sight:  
 But when he suppliant chang'd his Strain,  
 They pitying gave his Eyes again.  
 As pow'rful, O be kind like these,  
 My tortur'd Soul of Madness ease.  
 ——— Illustrious Dame, whose glorious Race  
 No Blots of Infamy disgrace,  
 You hate malicious Hags obscene,  
 Your Breast is gen'rous, Hands are clean,  
 Unstain'd with Blood; — You ne'er explore  
 The Mansions of the buried Poor,  
 Steal the warm Ashes hoarded there,  
 And impious dissipate in Air.  
 Your Womb, as well your Midwife knows,  
 With false Protub'rance ne'er arose:  
 What, tho' you feel no trav'ling Smart,  
 And from your Bed with Vigour start?  
 Yet, O, your Births must needs be true,  
*Lucina* favours harmless you.

## CANIDIA'S Answer.

IN vain, base Man, in vain you pray,  
 My Ears are deaf to all you say;  
 Sooner shall Rocks, whose craggy Sides  
 Are dash'd by loud tempestuous Tides,  
 Melt at the Ship-wreck'd Sailor's Woe,  
 Than I one Glimpse of Pity show.  
 Should you *Cotytto's* Rites proclaim,  
 And make the Jest of common Fame,  
 Expose God *Cupid* rev'lling free,  
 And unreveng'd, untortur'd be?  
 Shou'd you thus act the Censor's Part  
 As the high Priest of magic Art,  
 With my Disgrace the City fill,  
 Blast my dear Fame, and I be still?

What

Great *Caster*, vex'd at *Helen's* Wrong,  
 With Blindness pay'd the railing Song;  
 Yet Prayers prevail'd, he heard his Cries,  
 And soon restor'd the Poet's Eyes:  
 And now forget my curst Offence,  
 Restore (thou canst) my perish'd Sense.  
 O nobly born and nobly bred,  
 Thou ne'er had'st Skill to raise the Dead,  
 Unbind the poor Man's quiet Urn,  
 Or make his shiv'ring Soul return;  
 Nor scatter Ashes o'er a Tomb;  
 As chaste as fruitful is thy Womb,  
 And e'er thy Child-bed Clothes are clean,  
 Strange Breeder, thou art well again.

these Witches dug up the Ashes of the Dead, nine Days after they were interred; and perhaps the Number nine might have had somewhat mysterious in it, which was thought to give force to their Enchantments. The Laws of the twelve Tables had nothing determined concerning the Number of Days, which a Corps should be kept before it was to be carried out to Burial.

S A N.

## CANIDIA'S Answer.

I'M deaf, I'm deaf, thou beg'st in vain;  
 Rocks beaten by the raging Main,  
 Not half so deaf, will sooner hear  
 The naked sinking Mariner:  
 Could'st thou *Cotytto's* Rites reprove,  
 Disclose my Mysteries of Love,  
 Could censuring You my Tricks proclaim,  
 And fill the Country with my Fame?  
 At all my Arts prophandly laugh,  
 Yet dare to fancy to be safe?

In

son of dissolute and vicious Manners, *Coty's contubernalis*, a  
 Companion of *Cotys*. POLITIAN.

C c c 2

Quid proderit ditasse Pelignas anus  
 Velociusve miscuisse toxicum?  
 Sed tardiora fata te votis manent.  
 Ingrata misero vita ducenda est, in hoc,  
 Novis ut usque suppetas laboribus.  
 Optat quietem Pelopis infidi pater,  
 Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapis;  
 Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti;  
 Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus  
 In monte saxum; sed vetant leges Jovis.  
 Voles modò altis defilire turribus,  
 Modò ense pectus Norico recludere;  
 Frustraque vincla gutturi innectes tuo,  
 Fastidiosa tristis ægrimonia.  
 Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques;  
 Meæque terra cedet insolentiae.  
 An quæ movere cereas imagines,  
 (Ut ipse nô: curiosus) & polo  
 Deripere Lunam vocibus possim meis,  
 Possim crematos excitare mortuos,  
 Desiderique temperare poculum;  
 Florem artis in te nil valentis exitum?

6. *Esquilini Pontifex venefici.* ] *Tanquam si esses Pontifex.* You have presumed, says Canidia, to ridicule and condemn our Actions on the Esquilian Hill (a Place where Witches assembled, because the Bodies of poor People were buried there) as if you were sovereign Pontiffe, who was Arbiter and Judge of all Affairs, in which Religion was concerned.

T O R R.

8. *Quid proderit.* ] It is very little probable, that Horace, who thus laughs at Witchcraft, should apply to Charms or Incantations to defend him from the Power of Canidia. This Opinion, which is maintained by some of his Commentators, destroys all the Irony of his Recantation, and enfeebles the Spirit of it. We have seen that Canidia had assembled several Witches at Naples, to assist her in her Spells.

S A N.

9. *Toxicum* ] Was properly a Poison, with which the Scythians bathed the Points of their Arrows; and as the Wound was mortal, it became a Name for all incurable Poisons.

10. *Sed tardiora fata.* ] The Word *velocius* seemed to threaten Horace with instant Death; but thy Crime, says Canidia, deserves more lengthen'd Torments, and I will make thee feel my Vengeance in every Hour of a Life dragged on in Pain; Death, which is now an Object of your Fears, shall become an Object of your Wishes, and yet shall be denied you.

S A N.

13. *Optat quietem.* ] In the Prayers which Horace had addressed to Canidia, he had endeavoured to move her Pity

Did I with Wealth in vain enrich,  
 Of potent Spells each charming Witch,  
 Or mix the speedy Drugs in vain?  
 No ——— through a ling'ring Length of Pain,  
 Unwilling shalt Thou drag thy Days,  
 While every Hour new Pangs shall raise.  
 Gazing on the delusive Feast,  
 Which charms his Eye, yet flies his Taste,  
 Perfidious Tantalus implores,  
 For Rest, for Rest, the vengeful Powers;  
 Prometheus, while the Vulture preys  
 Upon his Liver, longs for Ease;  
 And Sisyphus, with many a Groan,  
 Uprolls, with ceaseless Toil, his Stone,  
 To fix it on the top-most Hill,  
 In vain, for Jove's all-ruling Will  
 Forbids. Thus when in black Despair  
 Down from some Castle, high in Air,  
 You seek an headlong Fate below,  
 Or try the Dagger's pointed Blow,  
 Or if the left-ear'd Knot you tye,  
 Yet Death thy vain Attempts shall flie;  
 Then on thy Shoulders will I ride,  
 And Earth shall shake beneath my Pride.

Could I with Life an Image warm,  
 (Impertinent, you saw the Charm)  
 Or call bright Luna from her Skies,  
 Or bid the Dead, though burn'd, to rise,  
 Or mix the Draught inspiring Love,  
 And shall my Art on Thee successless prove?

by Examples of Forgiveness and Mercy. Her Answer now shews, by opposite Examples, that he had no right to expect any Compassion from her.

D A C.

22. *Vectabor humeris.* ] This Metaphor, taken from Persons carried by Slaves in Chairs, signifies to triumph, to reduce to Servitude. All Mankind, says Canidia, shall acknowledge my Power, *Insolentia*, which nothing shall be capable of resisting; nothing shall equal.

D A C.

27. *Possim crematos.* ] Canidia uses the Word *crematos*, to convince the Poet of her superiour Science. To raise the Spirits of the Departed; to reanimate dead Bodies, was the Trade of inconsiderable Witches; but to inspire with Life a Corps, which had been reduced to Ashes, was the highest Instance of their Art, and worthy of Canidia.

B O N D.

28.

What boots it now that you of late  
 Brib'd *Marſian* Hags at ſuch a Rate,  
 Your adverſe Poiſons mix'd ſo faſt,  
 Since, Wretch, you ſuffer thus at laſt?  
 Your hated Life ſhall long remain  
 For ſad Variety of Pain:  
 Quite mad with Torment ſhall you try  
 To graſp kind Death, but Death ſhall fly.  
 The treach'rous *Tantalus*, that ſtands  
 Starving with Dainties at his Hands,  
 Intreats for Eaſe; *Prometheus* bound,  
 The Eagle's Prey, from Hell profound  
 Roars out for Eaſe; with many a Groan  
*Sifyphus* labours his huge Stone  
 Up the high Mount's ſteep Side, in hope  
 At length to lodge it on the Top,  
 But all in vain; for *Jove* denies,  
 And endleſs Pain to each ſupplies.  
 Sad, melancholy, loathing Light  
 You now ſhall ſcale the Turret's Height,  
 And ſeek from thence to end your Smart;  
 Now point the Dagger to your Heart,  
 Now round your Throat the Halter throw,  
 Nor find a Refuge for your Woe.  
 I'll on your Neck in Triumph ride,  
 Make you bend low beneath my Pride,  
 And o'er the trembling World preſide.  
 Shall I with ſuch vaſt Pow'r endu'd,  
 (My Pow'r your prying Eyes have view'd)  
 Shall I, that wond'rous Motions give,  
 And teach the waxen Mould to live;  
 Shall I, that from the vaulted Pole  
 With mighty Voice the Moon can roll;  
 I, that can ope the yawning Buſt,  
 And raiſe to Life the buried Duſt;  
 Can mingle Cups of ſtrong Deſire,  
 And alter Hate to am'rous Fire;  
 Shall I, o'er Nature that prevail,  
 My Impotence of Art bewail,  
 And on your little Body fail?

In vain thou ſhalt, in vain enrich  
 With precious Gifts the famous Witch;  
 In vain ſtrong Drugs and Charms require;  
 Fate ſhall be ſlow to thy Deſire:  
 Wretch, hated Life ſhall ſtill remain,  
 That thou might'ſt bear new Racks of Pain:  
 False *Tantalus* doth beg for Reſt,  
 Deluded by the hanging Feaſt:  
 Condemn'd the griping *Vultur's* Prey,  
*Prometheus* begs a dying Day:  
 Poor *Sifyphus* would fix his Stone,  
 But *Jove* forbids it to be done.  
 Now thou from Tow'rs ſhalt madly fall,  
 Now run thy Head againſt a Wall;  
 And tir'd at laſt with ſqueamiſh Pain,  
 Shalt tie the Nooſe, but tie in vain:  
 Then on thy Neck I'll bravely ride,  
 And make thee bend beneath my Pride.  
 Shall I that can, whene'er I pleaſe,  
 Waſte Men by waxen Images?  
 Shall I that can, as thou haſt known,  
 (Curſt prying thou!) eclipse the Moon,  
 Draw down the Stars from Seats above  
 And mix a furious Draught of Love,  
 Shall pow'rful I now grieve to ſee  
 My Force too weak to baffle Thee?

28. *Artis in te nil valentis.*] Nothing, ſays Mr. Dacier, can be more fatiguing, than to read all that the Commentators have written upon this Paſſage, which they have turned in twenty different manners, without giving the true Explanation of it; and yet his Explanation well deſerves a Place among thoſe which he has condemned. All the Difficulty will diſappear by correſting the Text, according to ſome ancient Copies and Editions. *An plorem exitum artis nihil valentis in te?* The Conſtruction is pure Latin; perfectly natural, and eaſily underſtood. S A N.

END OF THE EPODES.



# CARMEN SECULARE.

# THE SECULAR POEM.

Lib. 3.  
Ode 1.

## PROLOGUS.

**O**DI profanum vulgus & arceo.  
Favete linguis: carmina non prius  
Audita, Musarum sacerdos,  
Virginibus puerisque canto.

## PARS ALTERA.

### HYMNUS AD APOLLINEM.

*Uterque Chorus.*

Lib. 4.  
Ode 6.

**D**IVE quem proles Niobæa magnæ  
Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor  
Sensit, & Trojæ prope victor altæ  
Phthius Achilles,

5

Ceteris

This Poem is, beyond Contradiction, one of the noblest Pieces of Lyric Poetry, and we may be bold to say, that we have nothing more valuable in all the Works of Horace. It was an Honour to Him to have been chosen by Augustus to celebrate the secular Games, and his Performance is a curious, indeed the only Monument of the Ceremonies observed in that Festival. When we shall have read the Poem in its present Form, we shall acknowledge that Horace hath filled his Subject in its utmost Extent, and that Antiquity hath left us nothing more perfect.

The Celebration of these Games was distinguished by the Solemnity of three great Festivals, which were divided in their Institution, but by Degrees became united, and formed one Entertainment, which continued three Days and three Nights successively. They were called *Ludi Terentini*, *Ludi Seculares*, and *Ludi Apollinares*.

Valerius  
Maximus,  
L. 2. c. 5.

In the first Ages of Rome, a certain Person called Valerius Valerius, who lived in the Territories of the Sabines, had two Sons and a Daughter smitten with a Plague. He was commanded, by his Domestic Gods, to go down the Tiber with his Children to a Place named Terentum, and there to make them drink Water warmed upon the Altar of Pluto and Proserpine.

His Children being perfectly cured, the grateful Father offered Sacrifices upon the spot; celebrated Games; performed the *Lectisternia*; and to preserve in his own Name a Remembrance of such an extraordinary Event, called Himself Manius Valerius Terentinus; *Manius*, from the

By Mr. FRANCIS.

## The PROLOGUE.

**S**TAND off, ye Vulgar, nor profane,  
With bold, unhallow'd Sounds, this festal Scene:  
In Hymns inspir'd by Truth divine,  
I Priest of the melodious Nine,  
To Youths and Virgins sing the mystic Strain.

## SECOND PART.

### HYMN TO APOLLO.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

**T**ITYOS, with impious Lust inspir'd,  
By chaste Latona's Beauties fir'd,  
Thy Wrath, O Phœbus, try'd;  
And Niobe, of Tongue profane,  
Deplor'd her numerous Offspring slain,  
Sad Victims of their Mother's Pride.

The

infernal Deities to whom he had sacrificed; *Valerius*, from the Verb *valere*, because his Children had recovered their Health; and *Terentinus*, from the Name of the Place.

In the Year 245, in which the Kings were expelled, a violent Plague, accompanied with numberless Prodiges, having thrown the City into the utmost Consternation, Publius Valerius Poplicola sacrificed to Pluto and Proserpine upon the same Altar; and the Contagion ceased. Sixty Years afterward the same Sacrifices were performed by Order of the Sibylline Priests, with an Addition of some Ceremonies prescribed by their Books. It was then commanded, that these Feasts should from thence be regularly observed at the End of every Age, which gave them the Name of Secular Games. In the second Punic War the Apollinarian Games were instituted in Honour of Apollo and Latona: They were celebrated yearly, but not distinguished from the secular Games, in the Year when these last were represented.

The Pomp and Ceremonies of this Festival were very remarkable. Some Days before it began, the Quindecimviri distributed to the People certain lustral or expiatory Things; such

THE  
SECULAR  
POEM.

By Mr. HARE.

The PROLOGUE.

TH' unhallow'd Crowd my constant Hate  
I drive far off: Restrain all Noise,  
And hear the Muses' Priest relate  
Songs yet unknown, to Girls and Boys.

SECOND PART.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

THOU God, who all the Offspring slew  
Of Niobe presumptuous Dame,  
Whose vengeful Fury Tityus knew,  
And rued the Madness of his Flame:  
Achilles just with Vi&rsy blest,  
(Sad Iliou sinking to the Ground,

In

such as Torches, Bitumen, Sulphur, and Grain of particular Kinds. These are expressed in some ancient Medals in this Manner, S U F. P. D. *Suffimenta populo data*; and by these three Letters, P P P. *piamina populo præbita*. Sacrifices were offered in the Night to Pluto, and Proserpine; to the Fætes; to the Ilithiæ, and the Earth: in the Day to Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Latona, Diana, and the Genii. Watches and Supplications were performed; the Statues of the Gods were placed on Cushions, where they were served with the most exquisite Dainties. During the three Days in which these Games continued, three different Pieces of Music were performed, as Zosimus assures us. The Scene chang'd each Day; on the first the People assembled in the Campus Martius; the second in the Capitol; the third upon Mount Palatine.

The first Secular Games were represented in the Year 245; the second in 305; the third in 505; the fourth in 605; and the fifth, which were those of Augustus, in 737. It is not easy to determine in what Season these last were celebrated; whether at the End of April, (as we may conjecture from the 79th Line) when Prayers were offered to Pales

THE  
SECULAR  
POEM.

The PROLOGUE.

BEGON, begun, I hate ye all,  
Both you great Vulgar, and you small;  
Nor Mysteries, Prophane, behold:  
To Boys and Maids unstain'd with Crimes  
The Muses Priest, in Sacred Rhimes,  
Doth unknown Songs, and wondrous Truths unfold.

SECOND PART.

HYMN TO APOLLO.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

GREAT God, whom Niobe's Race did know  
A sharp Revenger of a haughty Tongue,  
Whom lustful Tityos' Wrong  
Provok'd to draw his fatal Bow;  
And stout Achilles found too great a Foe:

Tho'

for Preservation of the Flocks; or at Beginning of Autumn, which was the Time, as Zosimus informs us, appointed for their Celebration. But whatever might be the particular Season, we know, by the 83d and 104th Verses, that the Moon was in her Increase.

We have said that this Piece of Horace is the most ancient which remains to us upon this Occasion; at least it is the most complete. That of Catullus, beginning with these Words *Diana sumus in fide*, was apparently composed for some particular Festival of Apollo and Diana. Or, if it were intended for the Secular Games, it is only one of the three which formed this kind of Poem. Perhaps it was designed to be sung in 705, but the Poet died a Year or two before, nor were the Games represented; either through Carelessness of the Pontiffes, or because the civil War broke out at that Time between Cæsar and Pompey. They were neglected in 405, probably from some such Reasons.

The Romans, in Imitation of the Greeks, had a kind of Lyric Poem composed of many Parts, each of which preserved to itself a particular Form of Measures, and which, being divided from the Whole, might separately make so many little Odes. The Secular Poem of Horace is the most ancient.

Ceteris major, tibi miles impar;  
 Filius quamquam Thetidos marinæ  
 Dardanas turres quateret, tremendâ  
     Cuspide pugnax.  
 Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro  
 Pinus, aut impulsâ cupressus Euro,  
 Procidit latè, posuitque collum in  
     Pulvere Teucro.  
 Ille, non inclusus equo Minervæ  
 Sacra mentito, male feriatos  
 Troas, & lætam Priami choreis  
     Falleret aulam;  
 Sed palam captis gravis, heu nefas, heu!  
 Nescios fari pueros Achivis  
 Ureret flammis, etiam latentes  
     Matris in alvo:

ancient, but not the single Instance of this kind of Composition. Claudian, Terentianus Maurus, Ausonius, and Martianus Capellus have left us many others, which have been imitated by some modern Poets. That of Claudian was written upon the Marriage of Honorius, and begins with these Words, *Princeps corusco fidere pulchrior*. But we must not confound this Species of Poetry (which was called *Polymetrum Saturnium*) with the *Polymetra* and *Pammetra* of the Ancients, which were more like our modern, irregular Poems; and in which Verses of all different Measures were employed, without any uniform Order and Connexion.

Verf. 1. *ODI PROFANUM VULGUS*.] The Poet here takes a Tone of Inspiration; nor could he propose his Subject in a Manner more noble, or more capable of engaging Attention and Respect. At Beginning of the Sacrifices it was usual to bid the Persons depart, who were not initiated in the Mysteries. *Profanus* is derived from *Pro* and *Fanum*, and signifies those who were excluded the Temple, and stood before the Gate, *pro sano positi*.

2. *Favete linguis*.] These Words are also borrowed from Religion, and admit of three different Senses, which may be all applied to this Passage. In the first, they require a religious Silence amongst the Assistants; *favere*, says Festus, *pro filere usi sunt*. In the second, they order that nothing shall be spoken, which may disturb the Sacrifice, or hinder the Effect of the Prayers; *abstinere a verbis duris, malis, ominosis*: And in their third Sense, they invite the Assembly to pronounce Words of a favourable Import, and to unite their Vows to those of the Priests who officiate; the Prince and Magistrates who preside, and the Children who sing the Hymn.

*Carmina non prius audita*.] This is literally true in whatever Sense we understand it. It was an hundred thirty-two Years since the Secular Games were represented; consequently no Person then alive had ever heard a Poem sung upon such Occasion. Besides, this almost seems to have

The Son of Thetis, azure Dame,  
 10 Unrival'd in the Fields of Fame,  
     Broke through the Ranks of Fight;  
 Though, dreadful with his pointed Spear,  
 He shook the Trojan Tow'rs with Fear,  
     Yet bow'd to thy superiour Might;  
 15 The Cypress, when by Storms impell'd,  
 Or Pine, by biting Axes fell'd,  
     Low bend the towering Head;  
 So falling on th' ensanguin'd Plain,  
 By thine unerring Arrow slain,  
 20 His mighty Bulk the Hero spread.  
 He had not Priam's heedless Court,  
 Dissolv'd in Wine and festal Sport,  
     With Midnight Art surpris'd;  
 But bravely bold, of open Force,  
 Had proudly scorn'd Minerva's Horse,  
 And all its holy Cheat despis'd.  
 Then arm'd, alas! with Horrors dire,  
 Wide-wasting with resistless Ire,  
     Into the Flames had thrown  
 Infants upon whose faltering Tongue  
 Their Words in formless Accents hung,  
 Infants to Light and Life unknown:

Ni

But

been the Form which the Heralds used, who were sent thro' the Provinces to invite the whole World to the Celebration of a Festival, which they had never yet beheld; nor should ever behold again.

4. *Virginibus puerisque*.] The secular Poems were sung by fifty-four young Persons of both Sexes, equally divided into two Choirs. *Ter novem illustres pueri, cum totidem virginibus hymnos & Pæanas canunt; — scorsum autem puella ipse chororum habeant, & scorsum puerorum masculus ordo.*

Zozimus.

This first Strophe carries the strongest Characters to justify our placing it at the Head of the secular Poem. The Poet begins with two religious Forms of speaking, *Odi profanum vulgus*, and *Favete linguis*, nor could such an Opening have any Object less important than some Ceremony consecrated to the Worship of the Gods. He says, that he will pronounce his Verses to Youths and Virgins, *Virginibus puerisque canto*, and he adds, that these Verses were never heard by any Person, *carmina non prius audita*.

It was hardly possible for him to mark the secular Poem with stronger Characters; nor upon any other Occasion could he seriously say, that the Verses, which he was going



In Fight superior to the rest,  
Was conquer'd by thy fatal Wound.

Ah! what avail'd the haughty Boy  
His Mother Goddess of the Main,  
That once he shook the Tow'rs of *Troy*,  
And fought the Terror of the Plain?

As by the eating Ax the Pine,  
Or by the Wind the Cypress falls,  
Thus fell the Hero's Limbs divine  
Wide-stretch'd beneath the *Trojan* Walls.

He, had he liv'd, had never deign'd  
Within the hollow Steed to go,  
The sacred Rites of *Pallas* feign'd,  
And caught with pious Guile his Foe;  
Their Troops in ill-tim'd Mirth employ'd  
And unprepar'd had ne'er surpriz'd,  
Or Courtiers at a Ball destroy'd,  
But done his Bus'ness undisguis'd;

Rush'd on the Town with open Rage,  
And storm'd it in the Face of Day;  
Burnt Children yet of infant Age,  
Burnt 'em as in the Womb they lay:

Had

Tho' fierce in Arms, tho' *Thetis'* Son,  
Tho' Death did wait upon his Sword, and Fear  
Attended on his Spear;  
Tho' wretched *Troy*, almost o'erthrown,  
Confest his Force, he bow'd to thee alone.

Like Oaks which biting Axes wound,  
Or Cypress tall which furious Storms divide,  
He spread his Ruin wide:

He felt the fatal Dart, he groan'd,  
And hid his noble Head in *Trojan* Ground:

Not he in great *Minerva's* Horse  
Had cheated *Troy*, and *Priam's* heedless Court,  
Dissolv'd in Wine and Sport;  
But hot, and deaf to all Remorse,  
Had fiercely storm'd our Walls with open Force:

And when strong Fates had *Troy* o'ercome,  
Too savage he, alas! with *Grecian* Flames,  
Had burnt the breeding Dames,  
And in their Mother's burning Womb,  
Poor harmless Infants found an early Tomb:

B u

ing to repeat, were never heard before. Mr. Dacier is compelled to acknowledge that Horace here speaks of his secular Poem; and although he puts himself to the Torture to reconcile this Strophe to the first Ode of the third Book, yet after all his forced and violent Explications, He is constrained to confess, that it is only a kind of general Preface, which hath not any particular Reference to that Ode, and which ought therefore to be separated from it by leaving a little Space between them. Indeed it is ridiculous, that Horace should address an Ode to Children, which was to teach them such Maxims of Morality, as were far above their Comprehension; while He excludes, from his Instructions, Persons of a more advanced Age, who alone were capable of understanding, and profiting by them. Scaliger therefore had Reason to say that this Strophe was entirely out of its Place.

Verf. 5. *DIVE*.] This Invocation which, according to the Usage of Poets, follows the Proposal of the Subject, forms the second Part of the Poem. Horace could not better address himself, than to Apollo, in whose Temple the secular Games were performed with great Solemnity; nor could He more artfully make his Court to Augustus, who professed to honour that God in a peculiar Manner, and who had dedicated a Temple to Him some Years before in his Palace.

It is probable, that this Part of the Ode was sung by the two Choirs together, and we find in it a Lyric Boldness, which hath much of Enthusiasm. After the Word *Dive* the Construction demands that we should go down to the last Strophe, *Doctus Argea*, &c. for all between these two Stanzas is a Parenthesis, consisting of twenty four Lines. The Idea of *Troy*, and of *Achilles*, has thrown the Poet into a Wandering, which were inexcusable, if it were not intended to flatter a Prince, who deduced his Origin from the *Trojans*.

The Commentators imagine, says Mr. Dacier, that this is a secular Poem; but they are certainly deceived, nor had They committed such a Fault if they had remembered, that the Poet never speaks in a secular Poem. But this Critic is himself deceived in believing that Horace speaks here in his own Name, and that this second Part and the four last Strophes (of which we have formed the Epilogue) make one Ode. We shall soon be convinced that these two Parts ought to be separated, and that there is not any Thing in this last, which may not justly be spoken by the Poet, who appears only at the Beginning and Conclusion of his Poem; for all between them is sung by the Choirs, and always in their own Name.

17. *Ille non inclusus equo*.] If *Achilles* had lived, the Greeks had not been reduced to a dishonourable Necessity of employing a Stratagem in the Siege of *Troy*, but had taken it in open Day. This is a glorious Character of that

D d d

Hero:

Ni tuis victus, Venerisque gratæ  
 Vocibus, Divum pater annuisset  
 Rebus Æneæ potiore ductos  
     Alite muros.  
 Doctor Argeæ fidicen Thaliæ,  
 Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines,  
 Dauniae defende decus Camenæ,  
     Levis Agyieū.

## TERTIA PARS.

## CHORUS PUERORUM.

Lib. 1.  
 Ode 21. **D**IANAM teneræ dicite Virgines :

## CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium :

## UTERQUE CHORUS.

Latonamque supremo  
     Dilectam penitus Jovi.

## CHORUS PUERORUM.

Vos lætam fluviis & nemorum comâ,  
 Quæcunque aut gelido prominet Algido,  
 Nigris aut Erymanthi  
     Sylvis, aut viridis Cragi :

## CHORUS

Hero: yet, in Mr. Dacier's Judgment, it particularly deserves to be remarked, that Horace speaks not so much from an Enthusiasm, which warms his Imagination, as from the Faith of History, in regard to a famous Dispute at Agamemnon's Table, between Achilles and Ulysses, after the Death of Hector. They deliberated upon the Methods which ought to be used for taking Troy; when Achilles talked with Contempt of the Stratagems which Ulysses proposed; and advised an open Assault. Thus, from a Passage which Homer has only lightly mentioned in his Odyssey, has Horace beautifully drawn a Character of this Hero.

29. *Argeæ*.] The Poet here joins together the Greek and Latin Muses, because these Hymns were sung in both Languages; nor is it improbable, that the Grecian secular Poem was a Translation of the Latin, either by Horace, or by some ingenious Greek. They who read *Argivæ* lose this Opposition, and as some Manuscripts have *Argivæ fidicen Thaliæ*, it is not a violent Alteration into *Argeæ*, which is used by Horace and Ovid. The Correction is due to Mr. Cunningham.

32. *Levis Agyieū*.] Apollo is called *Agyieū*, from a Greek Word, which signifies a Street; because that God

25 But charm'd by Beauty's Queen and Thee,  
 The Sire of Gods, with just Decree  
     Assenting, shook the Skies;  
 That Troy should change th' imperial Seat,  
 And guided by a better Fate,  
 30 . Glorious in distant Realms should rise.  
 Oh! may the God, who could inspire  
 With living Sounds the Grecian Lyre;  
     In Xanthus' lucid Stream,  
 Who joys to bathe his flowing Hair,  
 Now make the Latian Muse his Care,  
 And powerful guard her rising Fame.

## THIRD PART.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

**Y**E Virgins, sing Diana's Praise.

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Ye Boys, let youthful Phœbus crown your Lays.

## THE TWO CHOIRS.

Together let us raise the Voice  
 To Her belov'd by Jove supreme;  
 Let fair Latona be the Theme,  
 Our tuneful Theme his beauteous Choice.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Ye Virgins sing Diana's Fame,  
 Who bathes delighted in the limpid Stream;  
 Dark Erymanthus' awful Groves,  
 The Woods, that Algidus o'erspread,  
 Or wave on Cragus' verdant Head,  
 Joyous th' immortal Huntress loves.

## CHOIR

had Statues and Altars erected to him there, as Diana had in Highways. The Epithet *levis* is particularly applied to Apollo, who was always represented without a Beard, as a Mark of his Youth and Beauty. Such is the Epithet *intonsus* in the 34th Line.

Had not the Pow'r that Nature sways  
 Been mov'd by *Venus* and by Thee,  
 And giv'n the Goddess' Son to raise  
 A luckier Empire o'er the Sea.

Instructor of the tuneful Nine  
 That bath'st thy Hair in *Xanthus'* Flood,  
 Still bid th' *Italian* Muses shine,  
 Harmonious, ever-blooming God.

## THIRD PART.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

YE Virgins chaunt *Diana's* Praise,

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Ye Boys to *Phæbus* tune your Lays,

## THE TWO CHOIRS.

And let *Latona*, whence they sprung,  
 Embrac'd by mighty *Jove*, be sung.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Sing *Dian'* pleas'd with limpid Floods  
 And cooling Leaves of shady Woods,  
 That *Algidus* or *Cragus* crown,  
 Or *Erymanthus'* Sides embrown.

## CHOIR

33. *DIANAM TENERÆ*, &c.] This third Part was sung in the Capitol the second Day. It is of a Character different from the second and the fourth. The Constructions of it are natural; the Style easy; the Images rural; and, while it seems only a Preparation to the next Part, it is really a Panegyric upon *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Latona*.

We may be bold to say, that all the Commentators appear in favour of the present Arrangement of this Ode; some of them assure us, that it was intended for the Secular, others for the Apollinarian Games. Both have reason for their different Opinions, and really agree while they believe that they contradict each other, since both these Games composed only one Festival in the secular Year, as hath been already observed. Some however of the Critics have been deceived in imagining that the Poet, in his own Person, invites the Choirs to sing the following Hymn. It was sung by them alternately.

35. *Latonum*.] One of the Commentators thinks, that

But your kind Prayers, and *Venus'* Face,  
 Prevail'd on Fate, made angry *Juno* kind,  
 And bent *Jove's* mighty Mind  
 To grant a more auspicious Place,  
 To raise a Town for brave *Æneas'* Race:  
 Fam'd Artift on the Muses Lyre,  
 That bath'st thy yellow Locks in *Xanthus'* Flood,  
 Sweet, smooth-fac'd charming God,  
 Improve the Rage thou didst inspire,  
 Encrease my Heat and still preserve my Fire.

## THIRD PART

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

YE tender Maids, *Diana* sing;

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

*Apollo* praise, ye rising Boys,

## THE TWO CHOIRS.

And both to equal Honours bring;  
*Latona* too, whom mighty *Jove*  
 Did deeply love,

And show the pious Duty of your Joys.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

*Diana* sing, *Diana* loves  
 The purling Springs that softly flow,  
 The pleasing Woods and quiet Groves  
 That shady *Erymanthus* bears,  
 Or *Cragus* rears,

Or in cold *Algidum* but slowly grow.

## CHOIR

*Latona* was never mentioned in this Poem, yet we are assured by *Macrobius* and *Zosimus* that he is mistaken. *Apollini sacrum fiebat bove aurato, & capris duabus auratis; item Latonæ bove feminâ auratâ.* MACROB. *His autem Diis rem sacram faciunt, videlicet Jovi, Junoni, Apollini, Latonæ, Dianæ, &c.* ZOSIM. *Latona* had a Part in the Apollinarian, which entered into the secular Games.



## CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Vos Tempe totidem tollite laudibus,  
 Natalemque, mares, Delon Apollinis,  
 Insignemque pharetrâ  
 Fraternâque humerum lyrâ.

## UTERQUE CHORUS.

Hæc bellum lacrymosum; hic miseram famem, 45  
 Pestemque, à populo & principe Cæsare in  
 Persas atque Britannos  
 Vestrâ motus aget prece.

## QUARTA PARS.

## AD APOLLINEM ET DIANAM.

*Uterque Chorus.*

PHOEBE, sylvarumque potens Diana,  
 Lucidum coeli decus, ô colendi 50  
 Semper, & culti, date quæ precamur  
 Tempore sacro;  
 Quo Sibyllini monuere versus,  
 Virgines lectas, puerosque castos  
 Dis, quibus septem placuere colles, 55  
 Dicere carmen.

## CHORUS

45. *Hæc bellum.* ] This Correction was proposed by Doctor Bentley, and, if we follow the Poet's Reasoning, we shall see the Necessity of it. We may remark in this and the next Piece, that when the Choir of Boys have sung alone, the Choir of Girls immediately sings in the same manner: If therefore we give this whole Strophe to the Boys, nothing remains for the Girls, and the only Method of reconciling the Difference between them, is to make them sing it together. If therefore the two Choirs ought to be united here, consequently Apollo and Diana should each have their Part in the four last Verses; and it seems against all Decencies, that the Poet, after having celebrated the Attributes of the two Divinities in the three preceding Strophes, should instantly exclude Diana, and only speak of the Power of Apollo, and of the Prayers which ought to be addressed to him. Thus, by an Alteration of a single Letter, the Order of the Poem, the Regularity of the Chorus, and the Decencies of Character are preserved.

46. *A populo & principe Cæsare.* ] Here the two Choirs join, and congratulate each other upon the Success, which they hope for from their Prayers. *Motus aget* can be grammatically applied only to Apollo; but the Sense requires

## THE SECULAR POEM.

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Ye Boys, with equal Honour sing  
 Fair Tempe cloath'd with ever-blooming Spring;  
 Then hail the Delian Birth divine,  
 Whose Shoulders, beaming heavenly Fire,  
 Grac'd with his Brother's warbling Lyre,  
 And with the golden Quiver shine.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS

Mov'd by the solemn Power of Pray'r,  
 The Gods shall make imperial Rome their Care;  
 Powerful to turn the direful Woes  
 Of Famine and of weeping War,  
 From Rome, from sacred Cæsar far,  
 And pour them on our British Foes.

## FOURTH PART.

## TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

YE radiant Glories of the Skies,  
 Ever-beaming God of Light;  
 Sweetly-shining Queen of Night;  
 Beneath whose Wrath the wood-born Savage dies;  
 Ye Powers, to whom with endless Praise  
 A grateful World its Homage pays;  
 Let our Prayer, our Prayer be heard,  
 Now in this solemn Hour prefer'd,  
 When by the Sibyl's dread Command,  
 Of spotless Maids a chosen Train,  
 Of spotless Youths a chosen Band,  
 To all our guardian Gods uplift the hallow'd Strain.

## CHOIR

that it should be extended to Diana; and there are many Examples of such Expressions.

47. *In Persas atque Britannos.* ] That is, far from Italy; for these two Nations mark the Extremities of the Roman Empire to East and West.

49. *PHOEBE SYLVARUM.* ] The last Day of this Festival was celebrated in the Temple of Apollo on Mount Palatine, where the two Choirs sung this fourth Part; which properly

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

By turns exalt in equal Strains  
Fair *Delos*' Isle, and *Tempe*'s Plains;  
The Ornaments of *Phæbus* sing,  
His Quiver and *Fraternal* String.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Mov'd by your Prayers the Gods afar  
Shall banish Famine, Plague and War;  
To *Britain* or to *Persia* send,  
And *Rome* and *Cæsar* still defend.

## FOURTH PART.

## TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

O *Phæbus* God of tuneful Lays,  
*Diana* Queen of shady Hills,  
Whose Presence radiant Light displays,  
And all the Skies with Glory fills,  
Still, as in Ages past, to be ador'd,  
Hear what we ask, and graciously afford.

Lo, now the Festal Days proceed,  
When *Sibyls*, in their sacred Verse,  
Selected Boys and Girls decreed  
Their Prayers and Praises to rehearse,  
To sooth the Guardians of the Town that lies  
On sev'n fair Mountains tow'ring to the Skies.

## CHOIR

properly concludes the secular Poem. We may remark, in general, four Attentions of our Poet to vary his Songs. He consecrates the first to Apollo alone; in the second he joins him with Diana and Latona; in the third, he addresses himself to the other Divinities who were worshipped in this Festival. He uses the same Measures in the first and third, but he has thrown between them another Kind of Composition, that he might avoid a tedious and disagreeable Uniformity. The Manner of Singing is also varied. In the first, the two Choirs always sing together; in the others, they sometimes divide, and sometimes unite; but with this Difference, that the two Choirs sing together at the Beginning of the third, and separately at the beginning of the second. There is also a remarkable Variety in the Kinds and Species of Verse, which form this Poem. The first and last are Hymns; but they are divided by another Piece, which is properly only an Ode; and even these two Hymns

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Ye Males, with equal Songs, rehearse  
The flow'ry *Tempe*'s open Air,  
Or sing, with an immortal Verse,  
Fair *Delos*' Isle, the happy Earth  
That gave him Birth;

His charming Harp, his Bow, and graceful Hair.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

He, by your pious Vows o'ercome,  
Pale Famine, and rough Wars shall drive  
From *Cæsar*, and his happy *Rome*,  
And make those raging Plagues infest  
The distant West:

Whilst we in wanton Peace and Plenty live.

## FOURTH PART.

## TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

*Chorus of Youths and Virgins.*

QUEEN of the Groves! and God of Day!  
Long blest, and ever to be blest;  
O hear us, whilst our Vows we pay,  
And celebrate the solemn Feast.

Our Boys and Virgins, chaste and young,  
For so the *Sibyls* have ordain'd,  
Shall to the Gods begin a Song,  
The Gods, the Guardians of our Land.

## CHOIR

are of a different Character.

53. *Sibyllini versus.*] The first Woman who pronounced the Delphic Oracles, was called Sibylla, and her Successors were from her named Sibyls. It is not possible to ascertain their Number, from that Diversity with which Authors speak of them. The common Opinion is, that there were ten of them, at least there were ten more famous. The pretended Books of these Oracles at present are thought fictitious, and Cicero judged in the same manner of those in his Time. *Callide, qui illa composuit, perficit, ut quodcumque accidisset prædictum videretur, hominum & temporum definiti-one sublatâ. Adhibuit etiam latebram obscuritatis, ut iidem versus aliâ in aliam rem posse accommodari videretur.* The Critics, who have examined at what time the Books might have been forged, which have been handed down to us, believe them to be the Work of the second Age; and few

People

## CHORUS PUERORUM.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui  
 Promis & celas, aliusque & idem  
 Nasceris, possis nihil urbe Româ  
 Visere majus.

60

## CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Rite maturos aperire partus  
 Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres;  
 Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,  
 Seu Genetyllis.  
 Diva, producas sobolem; Patrumque  
 Prosperes decreta super jugandis  
 Feminis, prolisque novæ feraci  
 Lege marita:

65

## UTERQUE CHORUS.

Certus undenos decies per annos  
 Orbis ut cantus referatque ludos,  
 Ter die claro, totiesque gratâ  
 Nocte frequentes.

70

Vosque

People of Understanding, at present, imagine them authentic.

54. *Virgines lætas.* ] These two Epithets *lætas* and *castas* must be applied equally to the two Choirs; but the Poet hath chosen to join *castus* to *puer*, because the Meaning of this Epithet is included in the Word *Virgo*. The Youth, who sung the secular Poem, ought not only to be of distinguished Quality, but also such as were *patrimi* and *matrimi*, whose Parents were yet living, and who had been married with the Ceremony called *confarreatio*.

57. *Alme Sol.* ] It was a superstitious Custom of the Heathens in their Hymns, to give the Gods all their different Names, for fear of omitting any that might be more agreeable. In this Piece, the Boys call the Son of Latona, *Phœbe*, *alme Sol*, *Apollo*, *Augur*, *decorus arcu*, *acceptus novem Cemenis*; and the Girls call the Sister of this God *Ilithyia*, *Lucina*, *Genetyllis*, *siderum regina*, *Diana* and *Luna*.

62. *Ilithyia.* ] The Sibylline Oracle mentions the *Ilithyia*; *post hæc Ilithyias placato puerperas hostiis*; and Suidas speaks of many *Genetylles*, *Genetyllidas Dianæ comites d. cum partuum præsidis*. The Ancients acknowledged more than one *Lucina*; *Parcis* & *Lucinis*, says Zosimus.

These three Names signified the same Office, and were common to all the Goddesses who presided over Births; but they are given particularly to Diana, because she had the

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS:

Fair Sun, who with unchanging Beam  
 Rising another, and the same,  
 Canst from thy beamy Car unfold  
 The glorious Day,

Or hide it in thy setting Ray,  
 Of Light and Life immortal Source;  
 May'st Thou, in all thy radiant Course,  
 Nothing more great than seven-hill'd Rome behold.

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Goddeß of the natal Hour,  
 Or if other Name more dear,  
 Propitious Power,  
 Can charm thine Ear,

Our pregnant Matrons gracious hear:  
 With lenient Hand their Pangs compose,  
 Heal their agonizing Throes;  
 Give the springing Birth to Light,  
 And with every genial Grace,  
 Prolific of an endless Race,

Oh! crown our Marriage-Laws, and bless the  
 nuptial Rite:

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

That when the circling Years complete  
 Shall this awful Season bring;  
 Thrice with the revolving Light,  
 Thrice beneath the Shades of Night;  
 In countless Bands our youthful Choirs may sing  
 This festal Hymn; these pious Games repeat.

Ye

sovereign Authority.

64. *Genetyllis.* ] The usual Reading is *genetilis*, but we cannot find any Author who uses the Word in the Sense, which it hath in this Place. *Genetyllis* is a Greek Word, derived from *γενος*, *nativitas*; and our Author, says Doctor Bentley, seems particularly to have affected the Use of Greek Names in this Poem. *Ilithyia* and *Agyieus*.

68. *Feraci lege marita.* ] *Marita feminas lege feraci novæ proles*, Marry our Women, in virtue of the new Law made



## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

All-bounteous *Sol*, that shut'st the Day,  
 Then rising cloth'd in Orient Flame,  
 Driv'st far the gloomy Night away,  
 And shin'st Another and the Same,  
 As o'er the Heav'ns thou roll'st, may *Rome* be found  
 The noblest Object in thy spacious Round.

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

O *Ilithya*, kind to ease  
 The Labours of the pregnant Fair,  
 Or if *Lucina* better please,  
 Or *Genitalis* suit your Ear;  
 Preserve the teeming Dames, and O aright  
 Mature the Birth, and gently bring to Light.

The Works of Generation bless,  
 Let num'rous Progenies arise,  
 And give the Statutes all Success,  
 That favour sacred Nuptial Ties;  
 Let *Julius'* Law for ever prosp'rous stand  
 Fertile with large Supplies to fill the Land.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

The mighty Festal as before  
 The rolling Cent'ries thus shall bring,  
 And Plays and Games be acted o'er  
 And still succeeding Youth shall sing;  
 Thrice in the lucid Day collect their Throngs,  
 And thrice at pleasing Eve exalt their Songs.

Ye

in their favour; or, as the Words may be explained, *Et prospera decreta supra maritali lege, quæ ferax est novæ proli.* Mr. Sanadon prefers the first Explication, and there is little difference in the Sense.

In the Year 736, Augustus made a Law, *de maritandis ordinibus*, in which he proposed Rewards to those who would marry; and Punishments or Fines for those who continued in Celibacy. In 762 he made another Law, by the Consuls Marcus Papius Mutilus, and Quintus Poppeus Secundus. The first called the Julian; the second, Papian Law. They were intended to restore to Rome the Number of her Citizens, which had been greatly lessened during the Civil Wars; yet Augustus only revived those ancient Ordinances, which expressly commanded the Censors not to permit the Citizens to live unmarried. *Calibes esse prohibito.* These Laws as equally regarded Men as Women; but the Choir of Virgins naturally mention that Sex alone of which they them-

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

May *Sol*, whose late and early Rays  
 Are ever bright and ever new,  
 In all the Climates he surveys,  
 No greater State, nor Empire view.

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Goddeſs of Births! protect our Dames,  
 And crown their Pains with lovely Sons;  
 Thee we invoke by all the Names,  
 The sacred Names thy Godhead owns.

Give us a Race mature and strong,  
 And all those sacred Statutes bless,  
 That guard the nuptial Bed from Wrong,  
 And crown the State with fair Increase.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Thus, when the Age comes round again,  
 Our Songs, and Sports, and solemn Rites,  
 The crowding *Romans* shall detain,  
 Three glorious Days, and happy Nights.

The

selves are a Part.

69. *Undecies decies per annos.*] There were among the Latins two Opinions concerning the Duration of an Age. Before the Time of Augustus it reckoned exactly an hundred Years, and the Sibylline Oracle, which then subsisted, marked precisely the same Number. The fifth secular Games gave occasion to a new Opinion. Augustus, persuaded that it was of great consequence to the State not to omit the Celebration of this Festival, gave order to the Sibylline Priests to consult at what time of the current Age it ought to be represented. They perceiving that it had been neglected in 705, under Julius Cæsar, were anxious to find some way of covering their Fault, that they might not be thought answerable for all the Calamities of the Civil War. Three Things made their Imposture easy. They were the sole Depositaries of the Sibylline Books; the World was not in general agreed upon the Year by which the Games should be regulated; and it was divided even upon the Date of those in which they had formerly been celebrated. The Priests did not fail to take Advantage from hence, to flatter Augustus, by persuading him that the secular Year regularly fell upon 737. To this purpose they published Commentaries upon the Sibylline Books, in which they prov'd by the very words of the Sibyl, (tho' with some Alteration from their ancient Reading) that an Age ought to contain an hundred and ten Years, and not an hundred only.

The Authority of these Priests, being infinitely respected by a superstitious People, instantly put this Fallshood into the

Place

Vosque veraces cecinisse, Parcæ,  
 Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum.  
 Terminus servat, bona jam peractis 75  
 Jungite fata.

Fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus  
 Spiceâ donet Cererem coronâ:  
 Nutriant fœtus & aquæ salubres,  
 Et Jovis auræ. 80

## CHORUS PUERORUM.

Condito mitis placidusque telo  
 Supplices audi pueros, Apollo;

## CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Siderum regina bicornis audi,  
 Luna, puellas.

## UTERQUE CHORUS.

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliæque 85  
 Litus Etruscum tenere turmæ,  
 Jussa pars mutare lares & urbem  
 Sospite curfu;  
 Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam.  
 Castus Æneas patriæ superstes  
 Liberum munivit iter, daturus  
 Plura reliquia;

Place of Truth, without any Person's daring to contradict it, since it was forbidden, upon Pain of Death, to communicate the Books of the Sibyls. The Prince, charmed to see that the Gods had reserved to his time the Celebration of so great a Festival, immediately supported the Imposture by his Edicts to authorise the Discovery of the Priests. Whether in Flattery, or Credulity, the Poet gave himself to the public Opinion; and indeed he must, with a very bad Grace, have followed the ancient System in a Poem composed by Order of Augustus, and sung in the Presence of that Prince, and of the Priests in the Name of the whole Empire.

70. *Cantus referatque ludos.* ] In fact many different Hymns were sung; many different Games were celebrated. The Poet's Expression is therefore perfectly correct, *ter referat cantus.*

71. *Gratâ nocte.* ] The Coolness of the Night gave a new Pleasure to their Shows, without mentioning their Illuminations in the Temples; public Places, and Gardens.

Ye Fates, from whom unerring flows  
 The Word of Truth; whose firm Decree  
 Its stated Bounds, and Orders knows,  
 Wide-spreading through Eternity,  
 With Guardian Care around us wait,  
 And with successive Glories crown the State.

Let Earth her various Fruitage yield,  
 Her living Verdure spread,  
 And form amid the waving Field,  
 A sheafy Crown for Ceres' Head;  
 Fall genial Show'rs, and o'er our fleecy Care  
 May Jove indulgent breathe his purest Air.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Phœbus, whose kindly Beams impart  
 Health and Gladness to the Heart,  
 While quiver'd lies thy pestilential Dart,  
 Thy youthful Suppliants hear;

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Queen of the Stars, who rul'st the Night  
 In horned Majesty of Light,  
 90 Bend to thy Virgins a propitious Ear.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Di If, ye Gods, the Roman State  
 Was form'd by your immortal Power;  
 Or if, to change th' imperial Seat,  
 And other Deities adore,  
 Beneath your Guidance the Dardanian Host  
 Pour'd forth their Legions on the Tuscan Coast;  
 For whom Æneas, through the Fire,  
 In which he saw his Troy expire,  
 A Passage open'd free to happier Climes,  
 Where they might nobler Triumphs gain,  
 And to never-ending Times,  
 With boundless Empire reign;



Ye Maids, that *Jove's* high Orders know,  
 In your Predictions ever true,  
 That boldly say, Let Things be so,  
 And thus the sure Events ensue;  
 Pronounce that *Rome's* great Fortune still shall last,  
 And future Times be happy as the Past.  
 With huge Increase let Cattle breed,  
 The Earth abundant Products yield,  
 In golden Ears arise the Seed,  
 And weighty Harvests crown the Field;  
 Each kind of Young let wholesome Rains from *Jove*,  
 And gentle Airs indulgently improve.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Thy Arrows sheath, thy Bow unbend,  
 Look down with kind propitious Rays;  
*Apollo*, to the Boys attend,  
 The suppliant Boys that hymn thy Praise:

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

O *Luna*, hear thy Virgins tuneful Sound,  
 Queen of the Stars with Silver Crescent crown'd,

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

*Rome*, *Rome* to you its Fortune owes;  
 The great *Aeneas* brought his Band,  
 Sav'd from the Rage of Flames and Foes,  
 Safe o'er the Main by your Command;  
 By you securely fixt on *Latium's* Coast,  
 And gave a nobler Empire than they lost.

With

The fatal Sisters! who preface  
 Th' Events of Things with sure Fore-cast,  
 With Blessings crown the coming Age,  
 And make it happy as the past.  
 Let Fruits and Flocks the Year adorn,  
*Ceres* her yellow Garlands wear;  
 No noxious Vapours hurt the Corn,  
 Nor taint the Streams, nor blast the Air.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

*Phæbus*! no more in Arms delight,  
 But let our Youths their Vows obtain:

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

And thou, fair Empress of the Night,  
 O *Luna*! hear our Virgin Train.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

*Rome*, by your Godlike Conduct, rose,  
 When to *Etruria's* happy Shore,  
 The *Trojans*, rescu'd from their Foes,  
 Their Gods, their Laws, and Empire bore;  
 Thro' Flames, and Toils by Sea and Land,  
 Their great *Aeneas* led them on,  
 And taught his *Phrygians* to command  
 A People greater than their own.

The

the Sacrifices offered to Earth; a Boar and a black Sow; *itemque Terra feraci porcus & sus mactetur nigra*; and *Zosimus* reckons *Ceres* in the Number of the Divinities who shared the Honours of this Festival; *Cereri, & Diti patri, & Proserpinæ*.

83. *Siderum regina bicornis*.] This Poem was sung the first Nights of the new Moon, as appears by this Verse and the hundred thirty-fourth.

85. *Roma si vestrum est opus*.] These Words are to be referred to all the Deities who had been already invoked, and who had contributed to the Foundation or Grandeur of the Roman Empire. But the Poet particularly means *Apollo* and *Diana*, by whose Order the *Trojans* had been settled in Italy.

92. *Di probos mores*.] It is sufficient for private Persons, that Youth should be educated in Principles of Virtue, and that Age should enjoy its last Days in Tranquillity; but a State requires Wealth, Subjects, and Glory. This Distinction is well supported, but the Prayer would have been more proper for the Manners of ancient Rome.

We may believe that the Description of those artificial Fires in *Claudian*, upon the sixth Consulate of *Honorius*, is not less agreeable to the secular Festival, than to the Games of the Circus.

73. *Vosque veraces cecinisse Parca*.] The Sibyl had commanded, that Sacrifices of Lambs and She-Goats should be offered to the *Parca* the first Night of the Festival; *Nox quando supervenerit, sole abscondente suam lucem, sacrificio omnium generatricibus Parcis agnos & capras*.

The Ancients were persuaded that the *Parca* regulated the Destinies of Mortals in the Moment of their Birth, and that what they once pronounced was immutable and certain. Hence their Epithet *veraces*, and in another Ode *Parca non mendax*. They are introduced here as Attendants and Assistants of *Diana* in the Hour of Birth.

77. *Fertilis frugum*.] Nothing can be more beautiful than this Image of the Earth crowning *Ceres* with Corn, to shew the Abundance of Harvest. The Sibylline Verses mention



Dī probos mores docili juventæ,  
 Dī senectuti placidæ quietem,  
 Romulæ genti date reinque prolemque, 95  
 Et decus omne.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis,  
 Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis,  
 Imperet bellante prior, jacentem  
 Lenis in hostem. 100

Jam mari terræque manus potentes  
 Medus, Albanasque timet secures:  
 Jam Scythæ responsa petunt, superbi  
 Nuper & Indi.

Jam Fides, & Pax, & Honos, Pudorque 105  
 Priscus, & neglecta redire Virtus  
 Audet; apparetque beata pleno  
 Copia cornu.

## CHORUS PUERORUM.

Augur & fulgente decorus arcu  
 Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camenis, 110  
 Qui salutari levat arte fessos  
 Corporis artus,

Si Palatinas videt æquus arces,  
 Remque Romanam, Latiumque felix,  
 Alterum in Lustrum meliusque semper 185  
 Prioroget ævum;

## CHORUS

97. *Quique vos bobus, &c.* ] Augustus was present and personally offered Sacrifices to Jupiter, Apollo, and Diana.

99. *Imperet bellante prior, &c.* ] The Construction is remarkable. *Prior* signifies *prius, potius*; and *bellans* is opposed to *lenis*. *Augustus lenis imperet prior seipso bellante*, is to be construed, *Augustus imperet potius parcendo hosti subjec- to, quam debellando armatum*.

105. *Pudor priscus.* ] The Laws, which Augustus made for the Celebration of these Games, give us an Example of his Attention to regulating the public Manners. He not only ordered that the three Nights should be observed with all possible Decency, but forbade that any young Persons of either Sex should appear at the nocturnal Ceremonies, without being accompanied by their Relations, who were of Age to watch over their Actions, and answer for their Conduct. But the Poet had in View particularly those Laws, which Augustus established the Year before for Encouragement of

Ye Gods inform our docile Youth  
 With early Principles of Truth;  
 Ye Gods indulge the waning Days  
 Of silver'd Age with placid Ease,  
 And grant to Rome an endless Race,  
 Treasures immense, and every sacred Grace.

The Prince, who owes to Beauty's Queen his Birth,  
 Who bids the snowy Victim's Blood  
 Pour forth to Day its purple Flood,  
 Oh! may He glorious rule the conquer'd Earth;  
 But yet his milder Glory shew  
 In Mercy to the prostrate Foe.

Already the fierce Mede his Arms reveres,  
 Which wide extend th' imperial Sway,  
 And bid th' unwilling World obey;  
 The haughty Indian owns his Fears,  
 And Scythians doubtful of their Doom,  
 Await the dread Resolves of Rome.

Faith, Honour, Peace, celestial Maid,  
 And Modesty, with ancient Guise, array'd,  
 And Virtue (with unhallow'd Scorn  
 Too long neglected) now appear,  
 While Plenty fills her bounteous Horn,  
 And pours her Blessings o'er the various Year.

## CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

If the prophetic Power divine,  
 Fam'd for the golden Bow, and quiver'd Dart,  
 Who knows to charm the list'ning Nine,  
 And feeble Mortals raise with healing Art;  
 If He with gracious Eye survey the Tow'rs,  
 Where prostrate Rome his Deity adores,  
 Oh! let each Æra still presage  
 Increase of Happiness from Age to Age;

## CHOIR

Chastity and Marriage. *De Pudicitia; de maritalibus ordinibus.*

With virtuous Principles inspire,

Ye Gods, the docile youthful Breast,

But grant the Aged to retire

And breath their last in pleasing Rest:

Give hopeful Offsprings to the *Roman* Line,  
Bid Wealth increase and all that's glorious shine.

Let him who from the heav'nly Spring

Of *Venus* and *Anchises* flow'd,

Who Snow-white Oxen joys to bring,

And pays you Homage with their Blood,

Long let him reign of true Heroick Soul.

The Prostrate raise, the haughty Foe controul.

Our Troops are now all-conqu'ring grown

By Sea and Land; the furious *Mede*

*Rome's* matchless Pow'r is forc'd to own,

And bear the Yoke with trembling Dread;

The stubborn *Scythians* sink beneath our Sway,

And *Indians* seek our Orders and obey.

Old Faith now looks again from high,

Honour and Chastity revive,

And Virtue banish'd to the Sky

Now here again begins to thrive,

Peace sooths with Olive-Wand each hostile Shore,

And from her Horn rich Plenty pours her Store.

#### CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Great God, for Prophecy approv'd,

Grac'd with thy Silver-shining Bow,

By all the sacred Nine belov'd,

From whom the Gifts of Musick flow;

Great God who first display'd the healing Art,

Confirm'ft our Weakness, and remov'ft our Smart;

If thou *Augustus'* Regal Piles,

And pleas'd thy Temple there do'ft view,

On *Rome* and *Latium* shed thy Smiles,

And crown with Blessings ever new;

Our growing Reign perpetually extend.

And still on happy, happier Ages send.

#### CHOIR

The Gods! with Virtue bless the Young,

Secure the Old from toil and care;

Protect our State, our Race prolong,

And make us rich, and great in War.

Listen, ye Pow'rs! when *Cæsar* prays,

Whilst Heifers at the Altar bleed;

*Cæsar* his suppliant Foes shall raise,

And his victorious Arms succeed.

By Sea and Land the vanquish'd *Mede*

Shall humble to the *Roman* Pow'r;

The *Scythian* shall the Senate dread,

And *Latian* Laws confine the *Moor*.

Now Honour, Chastity, and Peace,

Virtue, and banish'd Faith return;

Now Plenty broods a fair Increase,

And fills with Flow'rs her fragrant Horn.

#### CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

*Phæbus*, by Auguries renown'd,

To whom the *Muses* owe their Art,

Still makes the sickly Hale and Sound,

And does the healing Balm impart.

If he beholds, with equal eyes,

The *Roman* State, and *Latian* Force;

Another happy Age shall rise,

And still grow better in its Course.

#### CHOIR

109. *Augur & fulgente, &c.*] *Torrentius* observes that *Horace* hath collected, in these four Verses, the four principal Attributes of *Apollo*; Divination, Archery, Music, and Physic.

115. *Alterum in lustrum.*] *Lustrum* was an expiatory Ceremony, which returned every five Years, and which was constantly celebrated in the secular Year. *Ævum* is used for *seculum*, and as an Age consisted of twenty *Lustra*, the Poet intreats the Gods to raise the Glory of the *Roman* Empire from *Lustrum* to *Lustrum*, from Age to Age. He has expressed in Verse the Form of Prayer used on those Occasions; *ut Di populi Romani res majores, amplioresque facerent*.

## CHORUS PUELLARUM.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque,  
 Quindecim Diana preces virorum  
 Curet, & votis puerorum amicas  
 Applicet aures. 120

## UTERQUE CHORUS.

Hæc Jovem sentire Deosque cunctos,  
 Spem bonam certamque domum reporto,  
 Doctus & Phœbi chorus & Dianæ  
 Dicere laudes.

## EPILOGUS

## AD PUEROS AC PUELLAS.

Lib. 4. S piritum Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem 125  
 Ode 6. Carminis, nomenque dedit Poëtæ.  
 Virginitum primæ, puerique claris  
 Patribus orti,

Delia

118. *Quindecim virorum.*] The Oracles, which concerned the Roman Empire, were anciently put into a Coffer of Stone, and deposited in a subterraneous Place in the Capitol. They were intrusted to the Care of two Priests called *Duumviri sacrorum*, whose principal Business was to consult those Books in all Occasions of the State, but never without a Decree of the Senate. Tarquin added two Officers, maintained at the public Expence, to assist and watch over them in their Ministry. In 388, were added eight Priests to the two first, and the Number was afterwards augmented to fifteen, from whence they were called *Decemviri* and *Quindecim-viri*, which last Name remained when they were multiplied to forty, and even to sixty. Cæsar added a sixteenth, and the Senate permitted Augustus to enlarge the Number as he pleased.

The Capitol having been burned in 671, the Sibylline Books perished in the Fire. Sylla rebuilt the Capitol, and the Senate sent three Deputies into Ionia to collect whatever Verses of the Sibyl Erythræa Tradition had preserv'd, which were almost a thousand. Augustus gathered in Asia minor, in the Islands of the Ægean Sea, in Africa, and the Colonies of Italy, more than two thousand Volumes of Greek and Latin Verses, which passed under the Names of the Sibyls; and after having burned all that the Priests judged apocryphal, He placed them, with those which he took out of the

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

And may the Goddess, on these favourite Hills  
 Whose diffusive Presence fills  
 Her hallow'd Fane,  
 Propitious deign  
 Our holy Priests to hear,  
 And to our Youth incline her willing Ear.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Lo! We the chosen, youthful Choir,  
 Thus taught with Harmony to raise  
 Apollo's and Diana's Praise,  
 In full and certain Hope retire,  
 That all th' assembled Gods, and sov'reign Jove  
 These pious Vows, these choral Hymns approve.

## THE EPILOGUE

## TO THE CHOIRS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

P HŒBUS taught me how to sing,  
 How to tune the vocal String;  
 Phœbus made me known to Fame,  
 Honour'd with a Poet's Name.  
 Youths and Virgins, fair and young,  
 From illustrious Parents sprung,

Mark

Capitol, under the Base of Apollo's Statue, in the Temple which he had erected to that God. They continued in this State to the Times of Honorius, who ordered Stilicon to burn all that remained of these pretended Sibylline Verses.

125. *SPIRITUM PHŒBUS.*] After so noble a Poem, a little Vanity may be not unpardonable. Yet the Poet speaks thus advantageously of Himself, to encourage the Choirs in their singing; and he says, that Apollo inspired these Verses, to insinuate to them, that the God was disposed to hear their Prayers.

Spiritus



## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Thou too, *Diana*, Goddess bright,  
Hear us and bless with Looks benign,  
Thou whom the sacred Hills delight  
Of *Algidus* and *Aventine*;  
Hear and regard the *Sibyls'* sacred Priests,  
And kindly grant our musical Requests.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

We chosen Choir thus taught to sing  
*Phæbus'* and *Dian's* solemn Praise,  
Home certain Hope will joyous bring  
That both the Gods have heard our Lays,  
That *Jove* approves, and all the Pow'rs divine  
To bless the *Roman* State unanimous combine.

## THE EPILOGUE

## TO THE CHOIRS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

**P**HOEBUS my Genius first inspir'd,  
*Phæbus* has taught the Art to sing,  
By him I rise a Bard admir'd,  
Ye youthful Train attend my String.

Care

*Spiritus Carminis*, and *Ars Carminis*, are very different Expressions. The former shews an Elevation of Genius, which Nature alone can give; the latter expresses the Beauty of Versification, which is perfected by reading the most excellent Models of Antiquity, and by Exercise of Composition. Whoever possesses these two Excellencies may be secure of Immortality, and the Name of Poet.

These four last Strophes have been always placed at the End of the sixth Ode of the fourth Book, only because the Measures are the same, and that *Phœbus* is named in both.

## CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Of sacred Hills and Shrines possesst,  
*Diana* shall in smiles descend;  
And listen to the solemn Priest,  
And to our prostrate Youth attend.

## CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

Whilst all the Gods and mighty *Jove*  
Assent to what the *Chorus* prays;  
Their Songs shall charm the Pow'rs above,  
With *Phæbe's* and *Apollo's* praise.

## THE EPILOGUE

## TO THE CHOIRS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

**F**ROM *Phæbus* all my Fancy came,  
'Twas *Phæbus* first that taught me how to sing,  
And strike the speaking String;  
He Art inspir'd, he rais'd my Fame,  
Gave me the Glory of a Poet's Name.

You

But it were easy to perceive that these Odes are extremely different, if we remark that the first was properly an Hymn, addressed to *Apollo*; and that in the other the Poet speaks to the Choirs who sing it, without any Connexion between them, but that they are Parts of the same Whole; of the secular Poem. Mr. Dacier very well perceived that they ought to be divided, but his Lights did not direct Him further.

Delix tutela Deæ, fugaces  
Lyncas & cervos cohibentis arcu.  
Lesbium servate pedem, meique  
Pollicis ictum.

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,  
Rite crescentem face noctilucam,  
Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos  
Volvere menses.

Nupta jam dices, Ego Dis amicum,  
Seculo festas referente lucas,  
Reddidi carmen, docilis modorum  
Vatis Horati.

131. *Lesbium pedem.* ] The Saphic Measures only are mentioned, because the greater Part of the three Songs is composed of them. The Poet exhorts the Choirs to observe the Measures of his Verse, *Lesbium pedem*; and the Cadence of the Music, *pollicis ictum*; for the Ancients marked the Cadence not only with the Foot, but the Thumb;

*Quam pollicis sonore, vel plausu pedis  
Discriminare, qui docent artem, solent.*

Terentianus Maurus.

In this manner Horace poetically represents Himself beating Time, while the Chorus was singing.

135. *Prosperam frugum* ] Is an Ellipsis, for *prosperam in negotio frugum*. The People were persuaded, that the In-

130 Mark the Lesbian Measures well,  
Where they fall, and where they swell;  
And in various Cadence sing,  
As I strike the changing String.

To the God, who gilds the Skies,  
Let the solemn Numbers rise;  
Solemn sing the Queen of Night,  
And her Crescent's bending Light,  
Which adown the fruitful Year  
Rolls the Months in prone Career.

Soon upon her bridal Day,

Thus the joyful Maid shall say,  
When the great revolving Year

Bad the festal Morn appear,

High the vocal Hymn I rais'd,

And the list'ning Gods were pleas'd;

All the vocal Hymn divine,

Horace, tuneful Bard was thine.

fluences of the Moon reached to the Bosom of Earth and Seas; Horace therefore speaks according to the popular Opinion.

It is with a sensible Pleasure I am convinced, that I have not made any considerable Alteration in this Poem, of which the Learned and the Critical have not before me perceived the Necessity. I have followed their Doubts; urged forward

F I N I S.



Care of the Pow'r that takes Delight  
The flying *Lynx* and Deer to kill,  
Illustrious Boys and Girls, aright  
Observe the Motion of my Quill.

Solemnly sing *Latona's* Son,  
Sing her that silvers Night's dull Face,  
To rising Fruits propitious Moon,  
That brings the fleeting Months apace.

Each Nymph, become a wedded Dame,  
Shall say with Pride in future Days,  
When round the rolling Cent'ry came,  
I join'd to sing the festal Lays;

The Lays, that from our Virgin Throng  
The smiling Gods delighted heard,  
Compil'd by *Horace* skill'd in Song,  
And set to Musick by the Bard.

ward their Conjectures; endeavoured to lighten their Difficulties, and I flatter myself, that in advancing in the Ways

You, noble Maids, and noble Boys,  
The chaste *Diana's* chieftest care below,  
Whose dreadful Darts and Bow  
Fierce *Tygers* fear; observe my Voice,  
Observe the measures of the publick Joys:

Just Praises give *Latona's* Son;  
And sing the Moon with her encreasing Light,  
The beauteous Queen of Night,  
Kind to our Fruits, and swift alone  
To turn the rapid Months, and whirl'em down.

When Marriage Bands confine thy Love,  
Then boast, as Years brought round the Feast, I plaid  
The Tunes that *Horace* made;  
I sung his Verse; and this did prove  
A pleasing Tribute to the Gods above.

which They opened to me, I have been happy enough to form, in their natural Order, the different Parts of this Poem, which before were broken, and unconnected.

SANADON.

The END.







## ERRATA.

Page 8. Column 1st. Line 34. read *Circumvolat*. P. 42. Col. 1. L. 38. r. *Pæno*. P. 59. Col. 2. L. 30. r. *Desires*. P. 62. Col. 2. L. 11. for *with* r. *in*. P. 111. Col. 1. L. 2. r. *tragic*. P. 122. Col. 2. L. 16. r. *could*. P. 135. Col. 2. L. 29. r. *Horse*. P. 142. Col. 1. L. 28. r. *Occupet*. P. 148. Col. 1. L. 8 r. *Geryonem*. P. 152. Col. 1. L. 4. r. *Cælebs*. P. 153. Col. 1. L. 1. r. *Structures*. P. 155. Col. 2. L. 6. r. *Persian*. P. 171. Col. 1. L. 15. r. *condescends*. P. 174. Col. 1. L. 40. r. *Costum*. P. 183. Col. 1. L. 11. r. *Pow'rs*. P. 198. Col. 1. L. 51. r. *dimovit*. P. 201. Col. 1. L. 1. r. *your*. P. 217. Col. 2. L. 11. r. *gild*. P. 249. Col. 2. L. 10. r. *blast*. L. 15. r. *Mountains*. P. 287. Col. 2. L. 9. r. *Feats*. P. 289. Col. 2. L. 11. for *deeps* r. *dips*. P. 296. Col. 1. L. 17. for *rura* r. *prata*. and L. 18. for *prata* r. *rura*. P. 302. Col. 2. L. 14. for *to* r. *so*. P. 312. Col. 1. L. 41. r. *honestum*. P. 330. Col. 2. L. 5. for *they* r. *thy*. P. 333. Col. 2. L. 10. r. *wretched*. P. 342. Col. 1. L. 67. for *ut* r. *ubi*. P. 353. Col. 1. L. 23. r. *Charms*.

## In the NOTES.

Page 17. Col. 2. L. 3. r. *Delights*. P. 24. Col. 2. L. 10. for *arces* r. *arcis*. P. 60. Col. 1. L. 7. r. *finging*. P. 88. Col. 1. L. 24. r. *quæ*. P. 109. Col. 1. L. 8. for *diversoque* r. *diverso quoque*. and L. 9. for *fuertis* r. *fuit*. P. 130. Col. 1. L. 11. r. *conjectural*. P. 142. Col. 2. L. 15. r. *might*. P. 148. Col. 1. L. 28. r. *and*. P. 164. Col. 1. L. 23. r. *plundered*. P. 219. Col. 2. L. 5. r. *Strophes*. P. 254. Col. 2. L. 6. r. *Augustus*. P. 256. Col. 1. L. 18. r. *consecrated*. P. 289. Col. 2. L. 20. r. *naturally*. P. 301. Col. 1. L. 28. r. *Mosibus*. P. 311. Col. 1. L. 3. r. *confess*. P. 346. Col. 2. L. 6. r. *Lieutenant*. P. 374. Col. 1. L. 15. r. *Dum*. P. 376. Col. 1. L. 14. r. *and*.

# INDEX ODARUM:

## Lib. I.

Ode I.	<b>M</b> æcenæ atavis	P. 2
II.	Jam satis terris	6
III.	Sic te Diva potens Cypri	12
IV.	Solvitur acris hyems	16
V.	Quis multâ gracilis,	18
VI.	Scriberis Vario	20
VII.	Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon	24
VIII.	Lydia dic per omnes	28
IX.	Vides ut altâ stet nive	32
X.	Mercuri facunde	36
XI.	Tu ne quæsieris	38
XII.	Quem virum aut heroa	40
XIII.	Quem tu Lydia	46
XIV.	O navis referet	48
XV.	Pastor cum traheret	50
XVI.	O matre pulchrâ	54
XVII.	Velox amœnum	58
XVIII.	Nullam Vare sacrâ vite	60
XIX.	Mater sæva cupidinum	64
XX.	Vile potabis	66
XXII.	Integer vitæ	68
XXIII.	Vitas hinnuleo	70
XXIV.	Quis desiderio sit pudor	72
XXV.	Parcius junctas	74
XXVI.	Musis amicus	76
XXVII.	Natis in usum lætitiæ	78
XXVIII.	Te maris & terræ	80
XXIX.	Icci beatiss	84
XXX.	O Venus regina Cnidi	86
XXXI.	Quid dedicatum	88

XXXII.	Poscimus si quid vacui	90
XXXIII.	Albi ne doleas	92
XXXIV.	Parcus deorum cultor	94
XXXV.	O Diva gratum	96
XXXVI.	Et thure & fœdibus	100
XXXVII.	Nunc est bibendum	102
XXXVIII.	Perfidos odi puer	106

## Lib. II.

Ode I.	<b>M</b> otum ex Metello	P. 108
II.	Nullus argento color est	114
III.	Æquam memento	118
IV.	Ne sit ancillæ	122
V.	Nondum subacta	124
VI.	Septimi Gades	126
VII.	O sæpè macum	128
VIII.	Ulla si juris tibi	132
IX.	Non semper imbres	134
X.	Rectius vires Licini	136
XI.	Quid bellicosus Cantaber	138
XII.	Nolis longa feræ bella	140
XIII.	Ille & nefasto te posuit	144
XIV.	Eheu fugaces Postume	148
XV.	Jam pauca aratro	152
XVI.	Otium Divos rogat	154
XVII.	Cur me querelis exanimas	158
XVIII.	Non ebur neque aureum	162
XIX.	Bacchum in remotis	166
XX.	Non usitatâ nec tenui	170

Lib.

# INDEX ODARUM.

	Lib. III.	
Ode I.	<b>R</b> Egum timendorum	P. 172
II.	Angustam amici pauperiem	176
III.	Iustum & tenacem	180
IV.	Descende cælo, & dic age	186
V.	Cælo tonantem	194
VI.	Delicta majorum	200
VII.	Quid flet, Asterie,	206
VIII.	Martiis cælebs	210
IX.	Donec gratus eram	214
X.	Extremum Tanain	216
XI.	Mercuri, nam te docilis	218
XII.	Miserarum est	222
XIII.	O fons Bandusiae	224
XIV.	Herculis ritu modo dictus	226
XV.	Uxor pauperis Ibyci	230
XVI.	Inclusam Danaen	232
XVII.	Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo	236
XVIII.	Faune Nympharum	238
XIX.	Quantum distet ab Inacha	240
XX.	Non vides quanto	242
XXI.	O nata mecum	244
XXII.	Montium custos	246
XXIII.	Cælo supinas si tuleris	248
XXIV.	Intactis opulentior	250
XXV.	Quo me Bacche rapis	256
XXVI.	Vixi puellis nuper	258
XXVII.	Impios parrae recinentis	260
XXVIII.	Festo quid potius die	266
XXIX.	Tyrrhena regum progenies	268
XXX.	Exegi monumentum	274

## Lib. IV.

Ode I.	<b>I</b> Ntermissa Venus	P. 276
II.	Pindarum quisquis	280

III.	Quem tu Melpomene	286
IV.	Qualem Ministrum	288
V.	Divis orte bonis	296
VII.	Diffugere viros	300
VIII.	Donarem pateras	304
IX.	Ne forte credas	308
X.	O crudelis adhuc	314
XI.	Est mihi nonum	316
XII.	Jam veris comites	320
XIII.	Audire Lyce	324
XIV.	Quæ cura patrum	326
XV.	Phæbus volentem	328

## LIBER EPODON.

Epode I.	<b>I</b> Bis Liburnis	P. 334
II.	Beatus ille	338
III.	Parentis olim	344
IV.	Lupis & agnis	348
V.	At ô Deorum	348
VI.	Quid immerentes	358
VII.	Quò, quò, scelesti, ruitis?	360
IX.	Quando repostum Cæcubum	362
X.	Malâ soluta navis exit	366
XI.	Petti, nihil me	368
XIII.	Horrida tempestas	370
XIV.	Mollis inertia	372
XV.	Nox erat, & cælo fulgebat	374
XVI.	Altera jam bellis	376
XVII.	Jam jam efficaci do manum	380

## CARMEN SECULARE.